

T H E
N O N P A R E I L;

O R, THE
QUINTESSENCE of WIT and HUMOUR :

B E I N G

A choice Selection of those Pieces that were most admired in the ever-to-be-remember'd

MIDWIFE; or, *Old WOMAN'S MAGAZINE.*

Pieces which (as a celebrated Author observes) will stand the Test of all Ages, and live and be read 'till Time is no more.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

An INDEX to MANKIND;

O R,

MAXIMS selected from the WITS of all Nations.

For the Benefit of the *present Age* and of *Posterity.*

Interspersed with some *Axioms in Life*, and seasonable *Reflections* by the same Author.

W I T H

A PREFACE by her good Friend the late Mr. POPE.

My Son attend unto my Wisdom, and bow thine Ear unto my Understanding.

PROVERBS.

CATOPSION, in his Discourse on the Genius of Nations, observes, that most of the celebrated Pieces published in *Britain* in the Year 1751, and 1752, were written by old Women, as a Proof of which he quotes this valuable Work.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. CARNAN, in *St. Paul's Church-yard.*

M.DCC.LVII.

NON PARLI

Quintessence of Wit and Humour

A choice selection of the best of the most
famous of the world's comedians
and actors, from the days of the
ancients to the present time.

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AN INDEX TO THE WORKS

of the various authors of all nations
and of all ages, and of all
languages, who have written
and published works of any kind.



A printed by the printer of the
British Museum, and sold by the
booksellers, and by the
author.

Printed by the printer of the
British Museum, and sold by the
booksellers, and by the
author.

LONDON:
Printed for T. Cadogan, in Strand, near Chancery Lane.
1840.



THE INTRODUCTION.

CONTAINING

Some Account of the Author.

 N or about the year one thousand seven hundred and forty eight, a person who had been a great traveller came to *London*, fraught with learning and experience, and frequented the coffee-houses and other places about town, where the sage and polite resort, dressed in a high crown-hat, and otherwise accoutred like a piece of venerable antiquity.

A personage so sage and respectable, and one who was also a stranger, might doubtless expect, from the politeness of the *English* nation, a different treatment from that she met with at her first coming to *London*; where she was so little regarded that *Bully Wilson*, in ridicule, offered to salute her at the *Smyrna*, but he received so severe a box on the ear, that he staggered back

A 2

and

iv INTRODUCTION.

and clapp'd his hand to his sword, she her's to the poker, upon which his anger subſided, and there was a drawn battle before the firſt onſet.

From frequenting the coffee-houſes late of an evening, or from ſome other cauſe unknown to us at preſent, ſhe was called *Mrs. Midnight*; but when her political abilities were diſcovered, and the Sage ones, who ſettle the affairs of Europe every morning with their coffee, found that ſhe knew more of the intereſt of the ſeveral ſtates, and the machinations of courts than any of them, ſhe was by way of pre-eminence diſtinguiſhed and known by the name, ſtile, and title of *Madam Midnight*.

Nor was her ſtudy confined to politicks only! no, ſhe was perfectly well acquainted with all the ſciences and underſtood every language! ſhe was ſometimes a profeſſor at the *Sorbonne*; ſhe received the degree of doctor in phyſic at *Bordeaux*; and was almoſt made a ſerjeant at law in *London*.

Merit, (as a great author obſerves) *like a virgin's bluſhes, is ſtill moſt diſcovered, as it labours moſt to be concealed.* Her wonderful abilities procured her, in ſpight of her teeth, the friendſhip, eſteem and correſpondence of the literati of all nations: nor were the politicians and unlearned, leſs her admirers. She is ſaid to have planned many treaties at their requeſt, to compoſe the differences among the *European* princes, and to lull to ſleep the ambitious; ſome of which were carried into execution, but not in that ample, extenſive, and effectual manner which ſhe intended.

INTRODUCTION. Y

At last the *French*, who are always monopolizing every thing that is curious, and ever ready to rob us of what is most dear and valuable, made proposals for taking her into the council of the Grand Monarch; but this she refused with disdain, and all the favour the *French* negotiator could obtain for his master was that of her picture to adorn the *Luxemburgh* gallery. She was drawn while smoking with her coadjutor, and a copper-plate was engraved from the original painting by Monsieur *Riviere*, which the reader will find placed as a frontispiece to this volume.

About the year 1750, in order the more effectually to serve her countrymen, and especially those who deserved her countenance, she published the following advertisements.

Mrs. MIDNIGHT, who is intimately acquainted with Fortune, and has great power over her wheel, intends on Tuesday the 19th instant to open an office of intelligence and prediction by consulting of which all persons may be inform'd whether they are to have blanks or prizes in the present lottery.

N. B. All the gentlemen that propose to reap any benefit from this office, are to bring certificates of their worth and honesty, signed by any three of their enemies, and the ladies to produce testimonials of their virtue signed by any two of their own sex. All are to come dress'd suitable to their circumstances in life, and to take care that the money they adventure is their own.

vi INTRODUCTION.

* * * *As the reputation Mrs. MIDNIGHT has acquired by her learned lucubrations, has induced several authors, to apply for her imprimatur to their works; this public notice is given, that imprimatures from her are to be had for all pieces of divinity, that are approved of, and are not controversial, gratis, for all tracts of law and physic, at a price in proportion to the mischief they may be supposed to do in the world, for all pieces of real wit and humour a trifle, that is, something in proportion to what the author may reasonably expect, from the candour and generosity of the present age; and for all wisby wasby, shim sham performances, that are manifest impositions on the public 20 l. and the price paid, to be printed at the bottom of the imprimatur, and signed thus:*

M. MIDNIGHT.

N. B. *In the last case ready money will be expected.*

Soon after this the world was presented with her INDEX to MANKIND, a work long wished for; and some little time after that, a proposal was handed about by people of such extream distinction, that Mrs. *Midnight* and her learned labours were the topic of every conversation; it was in substance as follows.

INTRODUCTION, vii

In the press, and speedily will be published,

The MIDWIFE ; or, Old WOMAN'S MAGAZINE

Containing *all* the WIT, and *all* the HUMOUR, and *all* the LEARNING, and *all* the JUDGMENT, that has *ever been*, or *ever will be* inserted, in *all* the other *Magazines*, or the *Magazine of Magazines*, or the *Grand Magazine of Magazines*, or any other book whatsoever ; so that those who buy this book will need no other.

Published pursuant to *several acts of parliament*, and by the permission of their *most christian* and *most catholic* MAJESTIES, the GREAT MOGUL and the STATES GENERAL.

Embellished with CUTS according to CUSTOM:

And it is from this work, and this Index or Maxims abovementioned that the editor has compiled this golden curiosity.



THE

INTRODUCTION

It is the duty of every citizen to be acquainted with the principles of the Constitution, and the rights and duties of the citizen. This book is intended to be a guide to the citizen, and to show him the rights and duties of the citizen. It is intended to be a guide to the citizen, and to show him the rights and duties of the citizen. It is intended to be a guide to the citizen, and to show him the rights and duties of the citizen.

Published by the American Book Company, New York, N. Y. 1888.

Embellished with cuts according to custom.

And it is from this work that the reader is to learn the rights and duties of the citizen. It is intended to be a guide to the citizen, and to show him the rights and duties of the citizen. It is intended to be a guide to the citizen, and to show him the rights and duties of the citizen.



THE ORIGINAL

P R E F A C E.

GENTLE READER,

THIS Preface, which you may call a Dedication, or by any other name you please, was not wrote because the following stupendous performance required it, but modestly speaking, to shew my own wit.

Wit is like the blaze of an *Oxford* faggot, where wood is sold by the ounce.——Or 'tis like honour, ay, and like honour too confined in the *Chilobonti* of the brain, by two membranes, which are so extremely thin, they never yet could be discovered by the most artful anatomist. Or, wit is like a sundial, — or like a comet, — or like a mopstick, — or like any thing but wisdom.

Having thus proved mathematically and beyond all contradiction, what wit is like, I shall now proceed to demonstrate to you what it is not like. Wit then, for instance, is not like the writings, or any part of the writings of Dr. * * *, Mr. * * *, Madam * * *, *Billy* * * *, or any writings whatsoever but my own.

Wit

10 P R E F A C E.

Wit was begot by *Fancy*, born of *Fable*, fed by *Folly*, and has been generally nursed and maintained at the expence of *Virtue* and the public.

Wit and wisdom are for the most part blended by the poets, and considered as one and the same thing; but philosophers who know better, place them at a great distance and diametrically opposite. To give an instance,—the Rev. Dr. * * * has a fever in his brain, that precipitates him to scribble an epigram, the point of which is turned on his best friend; and this we call wit: but had the good Dr. under the same circumstances, swabb'd himself in an easy chair, and compos'd his spirits to a nap by reading one of his own sermons, and not fatyrized his best friend, it had been wisdom.

Wisdom is a substantial being, *Wit* an imaginary one, and between these two was begot *Humour*, who is a sort of hermaphrodite, and neither real nor imaginary. *Wisdom* was always greatly enamoured with *Truth*, because she was naked, and between them was begot *Good-nature*; but she long since died of a hectic under the hands of Dr. — So that the only beings that preside over poets, (except the *Muses*, who by the way are become mere prostitutes) are *Wisdom*, *Wit*, and *Humour*; who seat themselves in the brain, and there make as much bustle, as *Pride*, *Love*, and *Reason* did in the breast of the princess *Periwinkle*, whose soliloquy on that occasion I shall give you from the pen of my ingenious friend *Mr. Ebenezer Pentweasel*.

The

P R E F A C E.

11

*The Princess Perriwinkle sola, attended by fourteen
maids of great honour.*

Sure such a wretch as I was never born,
By all the world deserted and forlorn;
This bitter-sweet, this honey-gall to prove,
And all the sugar and vinegar of love.
Pride, Love and Reason will not let me rest,
But make a devilish bustle in my breast.
To wed with FISGIG, *Pride, Pride, Pride* denies,
Put on a *Spanish* padlock. *Reason* cries;
But tender gentle *Love* with every wish complies. }
Pride, Love and Reason fight till they are cloyed,
And each by each in mutual wounds destroy'd,
Thus when a barber and a collier fight,
The barber beats the luckless collier — white;
The dusty collier heaves his pond'rous sack,
And, big with vengeance, beats the barber — black,
In comes the brick-dust man, with grime o'er-spread,
And beats the collier and the barber — red.
Black, red and white in various clouds are toss'd,
And in the dust they raise, the combatants are lost.

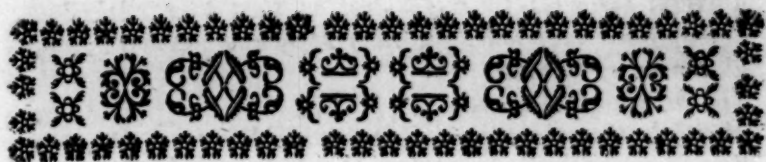
The copy of this work has been submitted to the learned, and various are their opinions concerning these my labours. Mr. *Concord*, the grammarian, tells me there is not a word of *English* in the whole book. Mr. *Cypher* the arithmetician, has already sent me an account cast up of six thousand faults, for the discovery of which he has employed every rule in his art, except reduction. Mr. *Flourish*, the rhetorician, assures me, it is wrote without invention or disposition, and that it is impossible to pronounce it with any degree of elocution. Mr. *Puff*, the poet, has wrote a panegyric on the occasion; but then he and I have agreed to rub elbows. Mr. *Puzzle*, the logician, has obliged me with his observations

in

in mood and figure, A, E, I, O, *Barbara, Cele-
rent, Darri, Ferio, Baralipton*, and proved syllo-
gistically that I am the cleverest fellow in the world,
except himself. Mr. *Carp*, the critic, sent me a
botcher to mend my work, a snarling puppy! Mr. *Rust* the antiquarian, is very angry, and of
opinion that the antients did not write in my man-
ner. A certain *divine* also shakes his head, and
says people had better read sermons; and a *physician*
declares publickly, that it has made many of his
patients mad, for which my good friend the *lawyer*,
assures me, the doctor is liable to an action, and de-
sires my leave to cloath him with a suit. Mr. *Fa-
thom*, a mighty scholar! a living lexicon! A Gentle-
man who has read the *Great Grammar of the Universe*,
and obtained an intimate acquaintance *with men and
things*, sends me word that there is no sense in my
book; but assures me at the same time, that I need
not be discouraged on that account, for it is the more
likely to sell; and to verify this, he refers me to se-
veral senseless pieces that have been published lately
with success, and to the taste of the times. My
bookseller also, by way of consolation, and to lead
me out of this labyrinth, informs me, that he has
great interest with a pastry-cook, who lives near
him, and that he can help me off with the greatest
part of the impression, if the paper be of good sub-
stance. But after all the opinions of these great
people, I shall rely on my own judgment, which
I think preferable to that of any man, or any body
of men whatsoever.

N. B. *This piece may serve either as a dedication or
preface to any book whatever; and for the future
save my brother authors a great deal of trouble.*

T H E



T H E

CONTENTS.

<i>A Letter from Mrs. Midnight to Mr. Hoyle, partly complementary, and partly objurgatory.</i>	Page 1
<i>The Villain : a true history</i>	7
<i>A Letter from Mrs. Mary Midnight to the Royal Soci- ety, containing some new and curious improvements on the cat-organ</i>	12
<i>One instance of a man's being honest</i>	17
<i>A dissertation on dumb rhetoric : or the language of the limbs</i>	25
<i>A letter from R. Reynard Esq; High-sheriff of the county of * * * to Mrs. Midnight</i>	31
<i>M^{rs}. Midnight's answer, in which some directions are given to Mr. Reynard how to behave himself when he goes to meet my lord judge, and at the assize</i>	32
<i>A letter from Mrs. Midnight to the society of Antiqua- rians, giving them an account of a curious petrification found near Penzance in Cornwall</i>	35
<i>Things to be laughed at : or, a collection of honest preju- dices selected from many celebrated authors</i>	38
<i>A survey of Moorfields, humbly addressed to the Whigs and Tories</i>	41
<i>The amours of Mr. H. Lovewell and Miss E. Good- will</i>	46
<i>A letter from farmer Trueman's dog Towzer to 'squire Heavyside's dog Ponto, on an act to lay a tax on that most useful animal</i>	53

Towz

<i>Towzer's scheme for a poll-tax on that part of the human species, the sad-dogs, lazy dogs, and puppies.</i>	Page 55
<i>A survey of Bedlam</i>	56
<i>The history of Hannah * * *</i>	59
<i>A dissertation on the dignity, benefit and beauty of ugliness</i>	63
<i>The survey of Bedlam continued</i>	68
<i>The case of Mr. Wimble, which is a very bad case, and inserted here for the information of all those who have estates to leave, and sense enough to receive instruction</i>	72
<i>To the venerable society of Antiquarians</i>	77
<i>A letter from an eminent undertaker in town to an eminent physician in the country</i>	81
<i>On the improvement of life</i>	82
<i>An oration spoken to the clappers, biffers and damners attending both theatres, by Mrs. Midnight</i>	88
<i>A pastoral piece written by Mrs. Leaper</i>	89
<i>A song</i>	93
<i>Seasonable advice to a new married lady</i>	94
<i>A letter from Mrs. Midnight to David Garrick, Esq;</i>	95
<i>To the right honourable the lady * * *</i>	96
<i>Apollo and Daphne; an epigram</i>	101
<i>Concerning domestic news</i>	ibid.
<i>An epigram on Mr. Timothy Grouse, who has a remarkable long nose</i>	103
<i>To the ladies of quality</i>	ibid.
<i>An epigram on a woman, who was singing ballads for money to bury her husband</i>	105
<i>A new song for the Swan-society in Chandois-street</i>	ibid.
<i>A query</i>	107
<i>The genuine memoirs and most surprising adventures of a very unfortunate tye-wig</i>	108
<i>A Letter from Mrs. Midnight to the college of physicians, in which old women and nature are proved to be their greatest enemies. To which is added a modest proposal for extirpating the one, and preventing the operations of the other</i>	113
<i>The itch of scribbling proved to be catching</i>	118
<i>The miser and mouse; an epigram</i>	122
<i>A journey to Paris in a letter from a country 'squire to his papa</i>	ibid.

The CONTENTS.

iii

<i>A certain method by which a man may engage the fates in his favour</i>	Page 127
<i>Things to be laughed at: or a collection of honest prejudices continued</i>	130
<i>Verses written in a London church-yard</i>	133
<i>To the wise inhabitants of Tring in Hertfordshire on their putting to death a poor man and his wife for witchcraft</i>	134
<i>An epigram on two fine gentlemen disputing on religion</i>	142
<i>To the little elevators in poetry who love to surprise</i>	ibid.
<i>Mrs. Midnight's dissertation on the perpetual notion</i>	148
<i>A Jack-boot, being an essay in the manner of the moderns, on times, persons and things</i>	145
<i>An epigram on a certain scribbler</i>	147
<i>Mrs. Midnight's laws of conversation</i>	ibid.
<i>A letter from Mr. Alexander Robinson Esq; to Mr. Walter Smyth, against duelling</i>	149
<i>Mrs. Midnight's account of her own abilities, in imitation of several authors</i>	150
<i>An essay on love</i>	153
<i>A remarkable prediction of an author, who shall write an history of England in the year 1931, with part of the contents of his 23d chapter; by Mrs. Midnight</i>	157
<i>The history of the birth and adventures of Mess. Inclination and Ability</i>	160
<i>Some account of a new mill to grind old people young</i>	163
<i>To the critics and poets</i>	165
<i>Epigram of Martial, imitated by Mrs. Midnight</i>	171
<i>A letter to Mrs. Midnight from the Guildford miller with some fresh cases</i>	ibid.
<i>The little lighterman; or, the dissembling waterman chirurgically dissected</i>	175
<i>A question to be debated by the Robin Hood society, whether honey or mustard is the best to oil a man's wig</i>	182
<i>To Mrs. Sarah Rowden, senior-organist of St. Paul's church, London</i>	ibid.
<i>A genius restored; or, the matter set in a true light</i>	183.
<i>The question discussed, whether it be best to oil a man's wig with honey or mustard</i>	187
<i>An epigram by Sir Thomas Moore imitated by master Christopher Midnight</i>	192
<i>To</i>	

The CONTENTS.

<i>To Mrs. Mary Midnight, on a poem in praise of Hack-</i>	
ney	Page 195
<i>An epigram</i>	196
<i>A new ride to Rumford; being an epistle from Ralph</i>	
Ragandjaw	197
<i>On lovely Peggy</i>	199
<i>To Cloe, a persuasive to love</i>	201
<i>The fair moralist</i>	202
<i>The necessity of keeping one's friend in one's pocket, demon-</i>	
strated on the principles of Sir Isaac Newton's philo-	
sophy	203
<i>A conundrum upon a conundrum</i>	206
<i>An epigram on the report that a certain courtesan got the</i>	
ten thousand pounds in the present lottery	207
<i>A scheme for raising annually forty-five millions sterling,</i>	
drawn from the story of Dr. Dove and his horse	
Nobs	ibid.
<i>Mrs. Midnight to the critics</i>	211
<i>To Miss Kitty Bennet and her cat Crop</i>	214
<i>A pair of spectacles</i>	215
<i>A whim</i>	217
<i>Where's the poker? a tale</i>	ibid.
<i>An epigram on gentleness; by Sir Walter Wisby-Washy</i>	219
<i>To the Rev. Mr. * * *, on the non-performance of a pro-</i>	
mise he made the author of an hare	220
<i>The price</i>	221
<i>An epigram on a coquette</i>	222
<i>An ode on the 29th of January being the birth-day of a</i>	
lady	ibid.
<i>A week's invitation from parson A to parson B. an e-</i>	
pistle	224
<i>Epitaph on an infant in Wisbech church-yard</i>	226
<i>To the memory of Master * * *, who died of a lingering</i>	
illness, aged eleven	227
<i>To my worthy friend Mr. T. B. one of the people called</i>	
Quakers, written in his garden	ibid.
<i>Epigram on the British-lion</i>	228
<i>A ballad</i>	229

THE CONTENTS

AN INDEX TO MANKIND.

	Page
<i>O</i> <i>f the Prince</i>	1
<i>Of Ministers of State</i>	5
<i>Of Politicians and Parties</i>	7
<i>Of the People, as a Body</i>	10
<i>Of Religion and the Clergy</i>	11
<i>Of the Law and Lawyers</i>	13
<i>Of the Physician</i>	14
<i>Of Wisdom, Learning, and Good Sense</i>	16
<i>Of Wealth and Honour</i>	19
<i>Of the Ladies</i>	22
<i>Of Love and Conjugal Virtue</i>	25
<i>Of the Passions</i>	28
<i>Of Virtues and Vices</i>	33
<i>Of Extravagance and Avarice</i>	39
<i>Of Friendship</i>	41
<i>Of Secrecy</i>	45
<i>Merchants and Tradesmen</i>	46
<i>Youth and Education</i>	47
<i>Of Conversation</i>	48
<i>The Buffoon</i>	50
<i>The Critic</i>	53
<i>Of Flattery</i>	53
<i>The Fop</i>	ibid.
<i>Of Gaming</i>	55
<i>Of Quarrels</i>	ibid.
<i>Of Detraction</i>	56
<i>Of Old Age</i>	58
<i>Of Death</i>	60
<i>Miscellaneous</i>	62

F I N I S



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THE
NONPAREIL.

A Letter from Mrs. Midnight to Mr. Hoyle,
partly complimentary, and partly objurgatory.

Mr. Hoyle,

 ERMIT me, fir, to address you with that reverence and obsequious deportment, which is due to the author of a book more read and studied than the Bible. Permit me to add my congratulations to those of the publick, on your *useful* and *important* treatise concerning the game of *Whist*. Every little helps (as the old woman said when she *did something* in the sea) the applause therefore of mother *Midnight* will be some little adjunct to your universal fame; that fame, whose hundred throats are hoarse with your praises, yet who still despairs of doing justice to your merit.

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For

For my part, I think it wou'd be no more than your due, to erect a statue to you in every town in this kingdom, because nothing on earth redounds so much to the honour, interest, and happiness of a nation, as its being distinguish'd for a spirit of gaming; which glorious spirit has been greatly supported and increased by your means. It is very much to be lamented, that *Gaming* is not reckon'd one of the cardinal virtues, as it is attended with such admirable consequences. By *Gaming*, a man acquires a noble contempt of money, the soul is enlarg'd, and totally disentangled from the *weakness* of humanity, and that pusillanimous concern and tenderness which some people are apt to entertain for their wives, children, and friends. What a *great creature* is a losing gamester — what sublime expressions! what exalted hyperboles shall you hear from him! How exemplary magnanimous is that person, who shall challenge and arraign omnipotency itself! and (though he can neither write nor read) find fault with the whole system of the universe, because at a certain emergency he did not hold the knave of spades!

But now, worthy sir, as I have paid my compliments to you for the *good* services you have done for your country, I shall make bold to call you to an account for what you have left undone: And here I am sorry to say, you have pass'd by unregarded some of the most useful, as well as most elegant games upon the cards. This (I own) is an heavy charge, but I shall take upon me to support it.

In

The NONPAREIL.

3

In the first place, you have totally neglected the advantageous and genteel game of

ONE AND THIRTY.

From this exquisite diversion our children learn the first elements of arithmetick, and grow acquainted with that serious truth and important proposition, that *two and two make four*. Add to this, that their frequently drawing out, inures them betimes to disappointments, and initiates them in the virtue of patience: The thoughts therefore of Mr. *Hoyle* upon this game are very necessary, and consequently very much expected and desired.

You have also neglected

DRIVE THE KNAVE OUT OF DOORS.

That this is a game of a very moral tendency is manifest from its title; teaching our youth how people of that denomination ought to be served, and deterring them from dishonest practices by the force of example. The difficulty that attends the expulsion of the knave, shews them that a rascal is not always to be easily got rid of, from whence they may learn some knowledge of the world.

In the next place, you have neglected to give us your thoughts upon

BUILDING HOUSES WITH CARDS.

This is a very useful and admirable diversion. It was from this game, that Sir *Christopher Wren* had his first idea of architecture; and the great *Coborn* his earliest notions of fortification. From this our little ones not only get a taste for building, but behold in

4 [The NONPAREIL.

emblem the glassy precariousness of all human fabricks; and here again the doctrine of patience and diligence are tacitly inculcated.

You have also neglected

COMMERCE OR TRAFFICK.

I think there is no one so hardy as to deny the expediency, and even the necessity of this being taught the children of a *trading nation*. Here the little traders barter their mock merchandice, and lisp the language of the *change*. Here they have the earliest impressions of the advantage and pleasure of honest industry, and learn that noble and most useful lesson of doing honour to their country, at the same time that they are enriching themselves. The fish being made use of as stakes, has a glorious effect; for it both naturally and unavoidably turns their thoughts to maritime affairs; and when they receive money for them, they cannot but reflect on *Britannia's* gold mine, or the *British* herring fishery for ever, and they view future wealth through the pleasing prospect-glass of hope.

You furthermore neglected those two celebrated games of

PUT and ALL-FOURS.

That these are of most undoubted antiquity, is plain, from a controversy which has subsisted for these seventeen years last past, between Dr. *Rubbish*, deputy cockle-shell-keeper to the of ---, and the incomparable M^r. *Bridle-Go*, master of the menagerie. The point in debate is which of these two games (for they are very clear one of them

them it was) *Alexander the Great* played at with the queen of the *Amazons* the night before her departure. Dr. *Rubbish* (who by the bye is a very sanguine man) insists with great vehemence, that it was the former; and adds, that *Alexander* lost fifty talents with *Thalestris*, in the same manner, and for the same ends, as some of our noble youth often do, when they wilfully lose an hundred guineas at piquet with a fair lady. On the other hand, Mr. *Bridle-Goose* asserts, not with the same passion indeed, but with an equal degree of positiveness, that it was the latter, and that her majesty was particularly successful in her turn up cards; and whenever *Alexander* begg'd one, she was for going a card further. I shall not dwell any longer upon this affair, because there is now actually in the press, and speedily will be published, in thirteen volumes folio, a brief narrative of the state of the controversy between the learned Dr. *Rubbish*, Deputy cockle-shell-keeper to the university aforesaid, and the incomparable Mr. *Bridle-Goose*.

You have also neglected the modest and now modish game of

B R A G.

Which is peculiarly adapted to the fair and softer sex, and is therefore so much in vogue amongst ladies of distinction. Hereby they acquire a decent assurance, and competency of countenance, so absolutely necessary in life, and remedy that shamefacedness, which is a defect of nature, by the assistance

6 *The* NONPAREIL.

of her handmaid art. I must *add*, that it is a game truly military, and it is a very unfoldier-like thing not to understand it; it was imported into this kingdom by some travellers, who are all fond of it to this day.

You have also neglected

LU, and LAUGH AND LYE DOWN.

The latter of which is of moral import, and exceeding instructive, pointing out to the *British* fair the evil consequence of excessive giggling; and the former, in which *Pam* is so often call'd upon to be civil, gives a practical hint for the promotion of urbanity and good manners.

You have neglected also

CRIBBAGE.

This is a game which tries the genius, and teaches the art of *thriwing*, especially when sharp's the word, and you play accurately. A man very often learns humility at this diversion, by being taken down a peg lower. In short, I look upon it to be absolutely necessary for the matriculation of such persons, who are intended to serve their country in the character of taylors, bumbailiffs, bookfellers, and excisemen. — I dare say Mr. --- plays a good game at Cribbage.

You have also neglected

MY LADY'S HOLE.

That this game was invented by a person of quality, is too obvious to be insisted upon, from the dignity of its appellation. It is an amusement attend-
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The NONPAREIL. 7

ed with many exquisite consequences, but is rather too obnoxious to the punsters, who are not aware that it is evidently derived from the *Greek* word *ἅλῳ*, which signifies the *whole*, or sum total, that is, in short, the sweep-stakes.

You have also neglected.

SNIP, SNAP and SNORUM.

Delectable and profitable is this old *English* amusement, and a sovereign remedy against the hyp. It promotes the circulation of the glass, and is the foster mother of jocularity. It is an exceeding good game to finish the heel of an evening; which is an hint for me to finish this letter, in which I have said all that can be urged in the favour of gaming; and its worst enemies can bring but three SMALL objections against it; namely, that it is the parent of ROBBERY, BLASPHEMY and MURDER. — I am, sir, with my bonnet cock't, and a low courtesy,

Your humble servant, in an honest way,

M. MIDNIGHT



The VILLAIN. *A True History.*

AS we have many more male than female writers, it is not to be wondered at, that the vices and foibles of the women are most maliciously satyrized; it shall be my province sometimes to give my sex their revenge, by laying open the villainy of these our masters, these lords of the creation. In

their transactions with each other they are obliged to keep up an appearance of probity, but in regard to us, every stratagem, every deceit, is put in practice to corrupt the innocent, and to betray the unwary. But why it should be a less crime to deceive an unexperienced girl, whose age and situation render it impossible she should know the world, than it would be to direct a blind man to the brink of a precipice, I am at a loss to imagine; yet custom, that tyrant custom, has taught us this, and many more absurdities. The following fact seems to me to shew as much baseness on one side, and artless innocence on the other, as any thing I have heard.

Mrs. Jenny - - - - having lately lost her father, that she might not be a burden to her mother, who had for her own support but a small annuity, determined to apply to a relation in *London*, for her assistance in getting her a genteel service: In order to this, she took a place in a stage coach; the other passengers were an elderly gentlewoman and her son, a lad of about fifteen, and three gentlemen. The early hour of setting out, and their being entire strangers to each other, kept them almost silent for the first ten miles: By this time the young spark grew exceeding sick, and the indulgent mother insisted on being set down at the first town they came to, saying, her child's health was dearer to her, than all the *Londons* in the world. They were now near the town where the coach usually puts up, that the company may breakfast. They no sooner arrived, than the young man and his mother retired to a chamber, leaving our country-

woman

woman to pursue her journey, without any of her own sex to accompany her. The first day was passed without any more than the common civility of bearing her expences, which was equally divided between the three men; only now and then a smile of approbation, accompanied with a sigh, seemed as it were to escape from the genteel and best dressed of them, whenever she by chance cast her eyes on him. At supper he shewed the utmost assiduity to please her, insisted on her being lodged in the best room in the house, and, in short, spared neither pains nor expence to render himself agreeable. Thus they went on for the first three days; but, on the fourth, which was to be the last of their being together, he appeared disconcerted and uneasy. At noon, he intreated her to permit him to walk with her in the garden of the inn, where they dined, for a few minutes: There he made the warmest professions of love, mixed with the most solemn appeals to heaven, that he had no other views than those which were for her honour and interest; he told her, he must unavoidably be unhappy, if she refused to let him know where he might see her again. To all this she replied, that providence had placed her in such a situation, that it was impossible she should grant his request, since she did not know where she should be fixed; as her business in town was only to get a service. A service! he returned with some emotion; no, no, that must never be the case, while I have an estate to maintain, or hands to work for you. I am at present possessed of upwards of 400 *l.* a year; and expect by the death of an

uncle, to more than double my fortune. If, dearest creature, I am so happy as not to be disagreeable to you, consent to share it with me. By this time the coachman called, which relieved *Jenny* from her embarrassment. At length they arrived at their journey's end. She was met at the inn by her cousin, to whose house she went for that night. As they were getting into a hackney coach, she observed her lover speak to the coachman, and look earnestly at the coach door, but she knew not what this meant. Next day she was surprised at hearing herself called by a voice she knew to be her fellow-traveller's. This interview was the forerunner of many more; till at last, after a strict enquiry into his character and circumstances, she consented to be his wife; but, as their marriage was to be kept private, he proposed the *Fleet*, as the most proper place for the performance of the ceremony. This, with some reluctance, she agreed to; when, as if recollecting himself, he cried, there can be no occasion for our running the hazard of being seen, since a minister will come to us, and it will be equally valid. This also, weak and unthinking, she consented to. The next day they went to a tavern, and he ordered a drawer, whom he asked for at the bar, to go for a clergyman from the *Fleet*. This same drawer served for both father and clerk. The solemn ceremony being over, he carried her to genteel lodgings, at the court end of the town, where he behaved with the utmost tenderness for three months. She was now with child, and he began to be less frequent in his visits; when one day, on her desiring leave to acquaint her mother with her happiness, he told her,
that

that happiness was hers no longer than she kept it a secret, and immediately left her. She saw him no more for several days ; and when he came home, was in the height of ill-humour, and told her he was going out of town for a fortnight. She asked him for money for her support, when flinging her a guinea, he flounced out of the room. This behaviour, so different from what she had reason to expect, filled her heart with anguish, and her eyes with tears. But who can describe the astonishment, the misery, the torture, of this poor creature, when the woman of the house told her, she must provide herself with other lodgings ; for the gentleman whom she called her husband, had payed her to that time, and told her, she must expect no more from him ! She ran ——— she flew to the tavern where she was married ; but, on enquiry, found the drawer had been discharged two months before : She then asked, if any of the family knew the minister that was sent for by Mr. — — — —, but they all pretended ignorance. Thus artfully deprived of every resource, to whom could she apply for justice ? The wretch that betrayed her was flown ; her kinswoman refused her succour, called her an infamous creature ; and, to compleat her misery, told her, that she had the week before received a letter, which gave an account of the death of her mother. Loaded with grief she returned to her lodgings : the woman had compassion enough to let her remain there that night, and the next morning she was in a high fever. The expences of an apothecary and nurse soon dissipated her little store, and the pity of her landlady did not continue

tinue much longer. By this time the strength of her constitution got the better of the distemper; and she lives to feel more distress. But, if the villain, the cruel, the inhuman villain! still refuses to provide for her and his child, his name and place of abode shall soon be made public,

By MARY MIDNIGHT.



A Letter from Mrs. Mary Midnight to the Royal Society, containing some new and curious Improvements upon the CAT-ORGAN.

GENTLEMEN,

I Need not inform persons of your infinite experience and erudition, that the *Cat-Organ*, as it has hitherto been made use of, was no more than what followeth, *viz.* A plain harpsichord, which instead of having strings and jacks, consists of cats of different sizes, inclosed in boxes, whose voices express every note in the gamut, which is extorted from the imprison'd animals, by placing their tails in grooves, which are properly squeez'd by the impression of the organist's fingers on the keys. — This instrument, unimprov'd as it was, I have often heard with incredible delight; but especially in the *grand* and the *plaintive*. — This delight grew upon me every time I was present at its performance. At length I shut myself up for seven years, to study some additions and improvements, which I have at length

length accomplished, agreeable to my warmest wishes, and which I with all due submission now lay before you.

In the first place then it is universally known and acknowledged, that these animals, at the time of their amours, are the most musical creatures in nature; I would therefore recommend it to all and singular *Cat-Organists*, to have a most especial regard to the time of cater-wawling, particularly if they have any thing very *august* or *affecting* to exhibit.

Secondly, It is also very well known, that the best voices are improved by castration: I therefore never have less than eight geldings in my treble clift. — And here I cannot help informing you of an experiment I lately made on an *Italian* boar-cat, and an *English* one of the same gender; and I solemnly protest that, after the operation, my country animal had every whit as delicate, piercing, and comprehensive a tone, as the foreigner. — And I make no sort of doubt but some of our harmonious *Englishmen* would shine with an equal lustre, if they had the same ADVANTAGES as the *Italians*. — This may be worth the consideration of the people in power: — For, if this experiment had been tried with success, how many thousand pounds would it have saved this nation?

Thirdly, Of the *forte* and *piano*. — I must not omit to tell you, gentlemen, that my *Cat-Organ* resembles a double harpsichord; for as that has two rows of keys, so mine has two layers of cats. — The upper row, on which I play *piano*, or softly, consists

sifts of cats, both of a lesser size, and whose tails are squeezed by a much less degree of pressure; that is, by nothing but the bare extremity of the key. — But the lower row, on which I play *forte*, or loudly, contains an harmonious society of banging grimalkins; and whose tails are severely prick'd by brass pins, inserted at the end of the key for that purpose.

Fourthly, Of the *shake*. — There was one enormous defect in this instrument, before I took it in hand, and that was in the shake; the imperfectness of which gave me great offence. — But as it is now managed, it has the most ravishing effect in the world. — There are between all the keys little wires fixed almost imperceptibly. — These go underneath 'till they reach each pufs's throat. — At the extremity of these wires are placed horizontally wrens quills, about the length of a quarter of an inch. — When the artist therefore has a mind to form his shakes, he touches the wires, which soon sends the quills in a tickle, tickle, tickle, up to the cat's throat, and causes the most gurgling, warbling, shaking, quaking, trembling, murmuring sound in the world.

Fifthly, Of the *staccato*, and an infallible method of keeping the four-footed performers under proper regulations.

The most intolerable deficiency of the old *Cat-Organ*, was as follows: Some of the cats were apt to continue their mew after the proper note was expressed, to the great confusion of the tune and
vexation

vexation of the organist. — This I have entirely cured ; and, I think, I can play the most perfect *staccato* in the world. — I have underneath my instrument a treddle, like that of a spinning-wheel, which I work with my foot : This treddle actuates a certain number of forceps or pincers, which open and shut at my pleasure, upon the noses and chins of all the cats ; and if any of them over act their part, I tip St. *Dunstan* upon mrs. pufs, and she is obliged, of necessity, to be silent.

Sixthly, Of the education of cats for the organ. — My predecessors were egregiously out in this article, as well as many others, which, whatever it may appear to the incredulous or incurious, is a matter of the last importance. — With regard to their diet, milk and flummery, fry'd mice, and fish, have the best effect ; — I mean for the trebles and tenors : As for the bases, I have fed them with good success on bullock's liver, hog's harslet, and sometimes with viands of a much less delicate nature. — As for exercise, moderate mousing, and being well tugged and haul'd about by the children, will very well suffice.

Mr. *Collier*, in his essay on ' musick, says, that he makes no doubt but that there might be a war-like instrument contrived, of such an hideous sound, that instead of inspiring men with courage, it would strike the most undaunted with dismay. This may be effected by the abovementioned instrument : For, tho' the *Cat-Organ*, when accurately in tune, is incomparably melodious, yet it may be so managed,

as to utter shrieks very little inferior to the cries of the infernals themselves. — Happy that instrument, where terror and transport, ornament and utility, are so exquisitely blended : — Which, by its perswasive harmony, can, at one time, draw St. Cecilia from the spheres ; and, at another, with proper alteration, would frighten away the devil himself in *propria persona*.

I am

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient humble servant,

M. MIDNIGHT.

Mrs. MIDNIGHT'S MAGGOT.

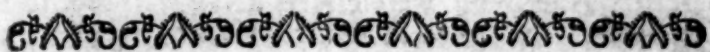
A New Country-dance for the Cat-Organ.



Cast

The NONPAREIL. 17

Cast off one Couple. — The man hands round three at bottom, and the woman the same at top. — Cast off the third couple and turn. — Lead up to the top. — Cast off right and left quite round.



One Instance of a Man's being honest.

SOME time since, a country gentleman of good understanding, but a little antiquated in his dress and deportment, walked into the quadrangle of a college, in one of our famous universities, to view the building. His uncouth garb drew round him several of the young students, who, as they are too apt to misplace their wit, as well as their time, and money, began to banter, or, which is a more fashionable word, to humbug the good old gentleman, on account of his dress.

This was observed by a young student, reading at one of the windows, who perceiving that the poor old gentleman was greatly embarrass'd, came down to his relief. He rallied his brother students sufficiently, yet in a manner, and with a grace, that bespoke the man of sense and politeness. He told them, their behaviour was base, rude, and ungenerous, mean, and unmanly; that he was ashamed any of his associates should be so remarkably depraved. That if they considered themselves as scholars and gentlemen, they should act consistently with that character, but if they preferr'd the name of buffoon to that of a fine gentleman, they had better change
their

their garb, and barter the gown for a coat of many colours. At this they all departed, and most of them with seeming concern ; for virtue will ever be secretly esteemed and admired, even by the most abandoned. After they were dispers'd, *Leontine* (for that was the young gentleman's name) took the stranger by the hand, desired that he would refresh himself with a glass of wine, and at the same time begg'd of him not to take any bad impression of that university, from the rude sample he had received. The good old gentleman, without hesitation, accepted of the favour ; and after he was sufficiently refreshed, *Leontine* shewed him every thing that was worthy his notice in the university. By the observations and reflections which *Arcaſto* made (for so we shall call the old gentleman) *Leontine* found that he was a man of exquisite taste and judgment, and of a chearful disposition. What he had of the old man in him appeared rather as a foil to set off his other excellent qualities ; and notwithstanding the great disparity in their age, *Leontine* thought himself happy in his acquaintance. As the town was at that time very full, and the accommodations at the inn but indifferent, *Leontine* entreated *Arcaſto* to make use of his apartment, during his stay at the university ; assuring him at the same time, that it would be no inconvenience, for that he had the liberty of another gentleman's room, who was absent. Little ceremony should be used between gentlemen of sense and learning. The business of politeness is to render us agreeable, not troublesome ; and therefore *Arcaſto*, after some little hesitation, thankfully accepted the favour. When he left

left the university he embraced *Leontine*, and gave him a strong invitation to his country seat, which request was soon after repeated by a letter, attended with a considerable present. *Leontine*, the next vacation, returned the old gentleman's visit, and was received with all the tender tokens of friendship and esteem. At his first entrance he was struck with the splendor and magnificence of the house, the furniture, and the attendants, and had the pleasure to find that his friend was a man of much greater consequence than he imagin'd. After the old gentleman had talk'd some little time to *Leontine*, and given him several affectionate looks, and friendly shakes of the hand, he introduced him to his daughter, who was indeed a beauty inferior to none in that country. After dinner they took a turn in the garden, where *Leontine* was surpris'd to see how the dædal hand of nature was improved by the aid of art. That every thing might wear the face of nature, all exotics were excluded, to make room for plants of our own growth. The thorn, the hawthorn, and even the bramble, had a place among the rest. There was a delightful and just irregularity in the trees, some whereof tower'd their tops to the clouds, while others humbly submitted to their superiors, and bow'd themselves beneath their branches. His statues were not placed at the extremity of an avenue, or to terminate a walk, but hid themselves among the trees, and the underwoods. Thus, by endeavouring, as it were, to conceal his riches, *Arcaſto* made every thing more agreeable, and more superb and grand.

Thro'

Thro' these trees, loaded with pippins and pears, you might see *Pomona*. *Flora* had hid herself in a large bush of roses, jessamin, and honeysuckles; surrounded with tulips, pinks, and carnations; *Sylvanus* was retired into a thicket of trees. *Diana*, out of regard to her chastity, was cloathed so thick, you could hardly see her; and *Bacchus* was rejoicing under a vine.

In the middle of the garden was a sort of wilderness, or thicket of trees and shrubs; where *Arcaſto*, at the request of this daughter, (who was his only child) had erected a little hovel, in form of a ruined cottage. The inside of it was cieled with moss, and the outside over-run with a thick ivy, that afforded a safe asylum for the birds, especially the smaller sort, which were seen in great numbers, and were the only inhabitants of the place, except the young lady, Miss *Clora*, who spent great part of her time with them; and had, by frequent feeding them, taught them to hop round her like so many tame doves. Kindness and constancy will tame the fiercest animals; and 'tis perhaps owing to our cruelty, that we are abandoned by those agreeable companions. While *Leontine* was admiring the rusticity of the hovel, and the harmony of the birds, *Clora* reached an ivory flagellet, and play'd several short tunes, which, to *Leontine's* great surprize, were repeated by some bullfinches, and imitated by other birds. 'Twas impossible to enter this retired place without being charmed, and especially with the divine *Clora*, who had the art of making every thing surpassingly agreeable. *Leontine*, the moment he saw her, was struck with admiration, which,

which, by *Clora's* good sense, and engaging behaviour, was soon converted into a violent flame; which, however, he concealed, till he had reason to believe, from the manner in which she entertained him, and her behaviour, that she herself was in the same situation. There are certain indelible characters in every face, which, when compared with the actions of the party, will to a nicety discover the sentiments of the heart: For, as a certain great general and politician observes, 'tis much easier for a man to command a large army, than the muscles of his own face; and a lady of *Clora's* good sense must undoubtedly have drawn the same conclusion of her lover. *Leontine's* honour, and the friendship he bore to her father, would not permit him to make any advances without his consent, which he endeavour'd to ask, but was still intimidated by the inequality of their fortunes. A man of sense is never so much at a loss for words as in matters of love. *Arcaſto*, however, was a gentleman of too much good sense and penetration, not to perceive from his manner, and the interruptions in his discourse, that something of this sort was labouring in his breast; and, to relieve him from the perplexity, and save him the pain of a blush, the old gentleman ask'd him, if any thing he was possess'd of could make him happier? and generously bid him speak, without fear or ceremony. *Leontine* immediately unbosom'd himself; and good old *Arcaſto*, without making any reply, led him by the hand to *Clora*, who was then in the garden, and saluting her, said, *My dear child, this is the only*
gentleman

gentleman in the world to whom I am ambitious of being related ; and if you can approve of him for a husband, 'twill greatly add to my felicity; and then turning short, left them together.

The manner of *Arcaſto's* making this propoſal to his daughter, (tho' it proceeded from candour and generoſity, and was the overflowings of his friendſhip and good-nature) gave *Clora* ſome reaſon to apprehend, that this courtſhip was concerted between her father and *Leontine* at their laſt interview ; and that the paſſion the young gentleman expreſſed for her, might not ariſe ſo much from a conſideration of her perſonal merit, as her plentiful fortune. She was therefore determined to be ſatiſfied in this point, before ſhe gave *Leontine* any hopes of ſucceſs ; and, as they walk'd together in the garden, ſhe made no reply to any thing he ſaid for near an hour : and before they left the garden, as he earneſtly entreated to know the cauſe of her grief, ſhe fell upon her knees, and begged of him, if he had the leaſt regard for her future welfare, to forbear any farther ſolicitations ; adding withal, that this refusal did not proceed from any diſlike ſhe had to his perſon or character, but was in conſequence of her being previously engaged, unknown to her father, to a young gentleman who had been viſiting in that neighbourhood, and was then in *London*. This was the ſevereſt ſhock *Leontine* had ever felt. He ſtood motionleſs for ſome time, and was unable to make her any reply. At laſt, collecting all his ſpirits, and ſentiments of honour and generoſity, he with tears told

told her, that whatever his fate might be, his love for her, and his friendship for her good father, would not permit him to attempt any thing that might give her a moment's uneasiness; and that he would not only decline his own suit, but endeavour to obtain her father's consent, for her to marry the man to whom she was so solemnly engaged. From this time *Leontine* grew very pensive and melancholy, but did not forget his promise to *Clora*; and having obtained her father's consent for her to marry the person she mentioned, he one evening gave it her in the garden, assuring her, at the same time, that he therewith surrendered his peace, and every thing that was dear and valuable to him on earth; and after he had embraced her, retired with precipitation. *Clora*, tho' she perceived him trembling and cold at the time he left her, took t'other turn in the garden, to enjoy this ill-timed artifice; for she was under no engagement to any one, but, on the contrary, was deeply enamour'd with *Leontine*, was determined to marry him, and only made use of this artifice, as I have already observed, to try his affection. She enjoy'd this the more, as it raised him in her esteem, and convinced her of his truth and fidelity. But while she was thus heaping up happiness to herself, her father called to know what had been done, that *Leontine* should himself take his horse out of the stable and ride away, even after it was dark, without so much as taking leave of him, or speaking to any of the family. Here all the woman was alarm'd: Her piles of promis'd joy and pleasure vanished, and her whole thoughts were now employ'd
for

for the recovery of the lost *Leontine*. To her father she discover'd the whole affair, who was greatly enraged at her indiscretion, and much affected at the loss of his friend. Messengers were sent to all the places in the neighbourhood where they knew he was acquainted, and another dispatch'd to the university. Her fears were yet more encreased and multiply'd by a violent tempest which then arose, [of the most terrible thunder and lightning, attended with both hail and rain, and which she supposed would overtake him before he could possibly get over the plains. The quarrel between her father and she had render'd a separate apartment necessary: There she remain'd inconsolable till the messenger return'd, without any tidings of *Leontine*, and then hysterics confined her to her bed. This brought on a reconciliation with good old *Arcaſto*, who seeing his daughter so ill, would not leave her day nor night, and impatiently waited to hear from *Leontine*. After they had remain'd in this perplex'd and miserable state near a fortnight, a gentleman's servant came one morning, just as they had rais'd the poor lady to give her a jelly, with a letter directed to Miss *Clora*, and to be deliver'd into her hands only. The old gentleman, when he saw the letter, (concluding it must come from *Leontine*) sprung from his chair with joy; and, snatching it from the servant, ran to *Clora*, kiss'd her, and put the letter into her hand. She, ready to devour it with eagerness, cry'd out, my *Leontine*! my *Leontine*! and, breaking it open, after a short pause, in which I perceived her soul labouring

labouring with something too great for utterance, cry'd ha! his will! — his will! — and died away. I was myself too much affected to observe how good old *Arcaſto* received this ſhock; and my indispoſition obliged me to leave the room; but in the afternoon I had the miſfortune to hear that the poor old gentleman was confined to his chamber, and attended by three phyſicians; and that the unhappy *Clora* had loſt the uſe of her reaſon, and raved to an amazing degree. *Arcaſto*'s ſervant, from whom I had this me'ancholy account, brought me alſo a copy of the letter, which occaſioned this woeful ſcene of diſtreſs.



A Diſſertation on DUMB RHETORIC:

Or, the Language of the Limbs, with ſome Account of Queen MAB, which is now acting with aſtoniſhing Applauſe, at the Theatre Royal, in Drury-lane. By Mrs. MIDNIGHT.

Nature deſigning man for a ſocial and converſible creature, gave him diverſe methods of expreſſing his ideas; and the mutual traffick of the mind may be negotiated by many ſigns and tokens, beſides words and ſounds. A certain modification, and curious diſpoſition of the fingers only, will conſtitute a very intelligible language, as I myſelf can teſtify; for when I was a young girl, one of my lovers taught me to ſpeak with my hands, and we have called one another by the tendereſt

C

names,

names, unperceived, in the presence of a very austere and suspicious guardian. Ten thousand ideas may be expressed by the gesticulation of the body, and there's scarce a muscle about us, but at certain times speaks something to the purpose.

Those critics therefore that condemn all pantomimes as unmeaning things, do not seem duly to have considered this. There is an intention and a plot in the worst of them, and nature in this sort of drama is rather disguised than banished: as the imagination is naturally delighted with whatever is new and surprizing, it is impossible not to be struck with the machinery, which will always please more with its novelty, than offend with its absurdity. A pantomime is to a play, what the *Arabian* tales are to a novel; in the latter you have nothing but what may be fact, and in the former there's hardly any thing that can be so. The *Talisman*s, the *Genii*, and many other things out of nature, afford astonishing delight to young readers, and I own I like them to this day. Why therefore should we affect to despise pantomime, which may be considered as one of these tales carried into action, and the surprizing mutation and variation of the scenery effected by the *Genii* and the *Talisman*'s power?

Having said thus much in behalf of pantomime, I expect the thanks of my friend Mr. *Garrick*, who has now got his old woman, as well as *Moliere*, and I desire he'll pay the same regard to my judgement, as his rival of *France* did to that of *La Foret*.

This I shall take for granted, and proceed to give some account of the entertainment, which opens as usual

usual with an old father or guardian, a foolish servant, and a pretty girl that is to be immured. Nothing happens remarkable that I remember, till *Harlequin*, the hero of all these pieces, is introduced on a pedestal, where he very naturally represents a statue; but *Queen Mab* sends an ambassador extraordinary; for you must know that good-natured fairy is determined the young lady shall not die an old maid, but that honest *Harlequin* shall have the towzling of her. His excellency of *Fairy-land*, who by the bye is a very pretty fellow, issues from the pedestal, and after singing you a song, in which he tells you the intent of his arrival, he waves his wand to Mr. *Collet*, who, with *Orpheus's* skill, falls to work, in order to tweedle *Harlequin* into existence; his skill has the desired effect, and *Harlequin* comes to life gradually to a very pretty tune, and in exceeding good time; after which he comes forward, makes his reverence several times, thinking himself doubtless under great obligations both to the fairy and the fidler.

The next thing worth observation is a tall footman, who is just come from off a journey, if (as PETULANT in *The Way of the World* expresses it) we may judge by the information of his boots. His errand is to carry a letter to the lady from a fine gentleman, who is to be *Harlequin's* rival. Some ceremony passes between the two servants, which gives *Harlequin* an opportunity of getting into the house, but not before he has testify'd his respects to the tall gentleman, by giving him a good slap with his sword, the wooden wit of which always meets

with extravagant applause from the gallery. The young lady, who, I suppose, has the usual denomination of *Columbine*, is introduced in a handsome apartment, admiring herself in her glass; and in order to behold herself in different attitudes, she dances a sort of semi-minuet, when on a sudden the glass vanishes, and *Harlequin* appears as a picture in the frame; which has a very pretty effect, and shews the composer, or rather contriver of this drama, to be now as good a painter, as in the beginning he was a statuary. *Harlequin* however, knowing that a fine lady will not be long contented with daubing and canvas, soon demonstrates to his mistress, that he is actually flesh and blood, by several warm embraces. But, alas! they are soon interrupted by the appearance of the old gentleman, and *Harlequin* is reduced to make his escape by a very high leap head foremost thro' the scene; which gives the spectators and his lady a great opinion of his agility.

Soon after this event, the tall footman, whose humour consists principally in taking a great quantity of snuff and blundering, brings an answer back to the fine gentleman his master, who is in his dressing-room, surveying the lady's picture in miniature; but, as he's perusing his letter, up comes a little fairy, steals the picture, and at the same time a suit of cloaths, and disappears with the booty. Next in order comes the pursuit of *Harlequin*, in which the old gentleman and the young one, the tall servant and the short one, distinguish themselves, by beating and tumbling over one another through mistake; which, together with some more of *Harlequin's* wooden wit, gives incredible

credible satisfaction to the populace. In the succeeding scene, to the best of my memory, poor *Harlequin* appears alone in a grove, and shews his melancholy in several mournful gesticulations; but is soon consoled by the fairy, who brings him the picture and suit of cloaths, which he puts on, in order to introduce himself in his rival's stead.

There is a good *deceptio* in the admission of *Harlequin* into the house: — Mr. *Blakes*, who acts the part of the rival, is brought in a chair, and actually appears to the audience; but upon opening the same chair, out comes *Harlequin*; upon which the *trapdoors* meet with universal applause. In a very short time Mr. *Blakes* shews himself in the chair again, gets out in a great passion, and follows *Harlequin*. In the next scene we have them both, when, if it was not for *Harlequin*'s cloven face, it would be impossible to know one from the other. Presently the old gentleman and the young lady enter, who are greatly embarrassed for some time; but, while Mr. *Blakes* is justifying his pretensions, Mr. *Woodward* makes off with his mistress. Hereabouts we have a scene of a pot-house, which is transformed by *Harlequin* into a castle with a draw-bridge, which he makes very good use of to the confusion of his pursuers; escapes himself, but unhappily leaves his lady behind him, who again falls into the clutches of her male-duenna.

Our motley hero soon after appears under her chamber-window, which his mistress opens, and holds out her handkerchief. *Harlequin*, after some hesitation, springs up, puts his foot upon the water-

spout, which is so cleverly contriv'd that it heaves him up to the window, without having itself any visible motion. But *Harlequin* is again discovered, and now we have another pursuit, with entertainments of tumbling by Mess. *Shuter* and *Layfield*, who represent the two servants. — Away we go helter skelter, till we blunder upon a stone-cutter's-yard, which, by the most extraordinary metamorphose in the world, is turned into the *Guildhall*. This has a most astonishing effect, and I could not help observing, how highly delighted the citizens were to see their old friends GOG and MAGOG. After this there is little or nothing worth observation, till the last scene, which is a very grand one; and the fairy dance, which is performed by several little boys and girls, gives a general satisfaction to people of all ranks and tastes. The drama ends happily, for Queen MAB sends his *excellency* before-mentioned, who lays his commands on the old gentleman to pardon *Harlequin*, and give him his daughter, which he accordingly does, and the whole affair ends amicably in a country-dance. I must not conclude without observing, that there is a degree of merit even in the name of this entertainment; for queen *Mab* was a very great favourite both of *Shakespeare* and *Milton*, wherefore there could not have been found any appellation more likely to prejudice the audience in its favour: I am sensible, that in this account there are many particulars omitted, but these omissions were intended; for, I was afraid, if I hung out the picture too like, I should satisfy the people's curiosity, so that they would not be at the expence of seeing the *show*.

A L E T

The NONPAREIL. 31

*A LETTER from R. Reynard, Esq; High Sheriff of the County of * * *, to Mrs. Midnight.*

The Superscription of which, was literally as follows.

To Mrs. Mary Midnight, to be left with Mr. T. Carnan, Bookseller, and Publisher, in St. Paul's Church-yard in London, Middlesex. These present with Care and Speed.

Dear Cousin Midnight,

AFTER my humble service to-you, hoping you are well, as we all are at present, this is to let you know that I am appointed by the king, high sheriff of all this county ; my wife is hugely pleased at it, and desires you'll send her an account of the new fashions, that she may dress out fit to entertain my lord judge, and as becometh the wife of the head man of this large county ; and, as I have never served high sheriff before, I desire that you'll go to my lord judge, to know when he will come, and when I shall meet him, and what he likes for dinner. And I desire when you are there, that you'll enquire if his lordship loves hunting ; if he does, I'll keep up a fox on purpose for him. I am much beholden to the judge, for I am told that I should have lost the place if it had not been for him, for there was several gentlemen made interest for it. I wish you cou'd come down to hear the trials, we shall have rare fun, and be very merry, and you may

come down in the judge's coach. So no more at present from,

Your loving cousin,

R. REYNARD.

Mrs. Midnight's answer to the above letter, in which some directions are given to Mr. Reynard, how to behave himself when he goes to meet my Lord Judge, and at the Assize.

Dear Cousin,

I Had the favour of yours of the 24th instant, and am glad to hear that you are appointed sheriff, which doubtless will add greatly both to the honour and wealth of your family: you must imagine, cousin, that it would give me great pleasure to wait on you, would the publication of the magazine I am concerned in, admit of my absence; but, as it will not, you won't be displeased, if I offer you some instructions how to behave yourself in that high office. And here, as in all my other letters, I shall endeavour to accommodate my style and sentiments, to the strength of your genius and capacity.

Every sheriff, you know, must have his attendants, or javelin men, to ride before him, with their pikes, to clear the way, and these, I think, you should chuse out of the principal of your tenants, and cloath them in your own livery, which will greatly sooth your pride, and at the same time debase and humble them; and if any of the more considerable farmers should refuse to put on your livery, why turn them out of their

their dwellings, and let them know who you are. The morning before you go to meet my lord judge, get your retinue home, and make them all drunk; they'll be the more taken notice of. Then get into your coach, and take with you all your children, and your wife; or, which is better, and more polite and genteel, a favourite wench, if you have one in your family, or neighbourhood. When you are come within sight of my lord judge, you are to look as insensible as possible, and as much like the rest of the family of the fox-hunters as you can. Bow to the judge several times, and whenever you happen to say, sir, which will be often the case, be sure make a great many apologies for not saying, my lord. Your first topic, or subject of discourse (for a subject of discourse and a topic of discourse, are one and the same thing) should be about the weather. You may say, it is fine weather, and my lord will answer and say, Yes, mr. sheriff, it is. Then you may say it is *very* fine weather, and after that *exceeding* fine weather, and by and by, that 'tis a fine day, and a good day for hunting, and then you have the fairest opportunity in the world, to enter into the history of a fox chase, which, if told in your manner, with all the little particular incidents, will very well hold you out to the town. But in this narration, you are not to suffer yourself to be interrupted, nor to give place to any other speaker, but to keep the thread of your discourse, while you have it; and if you are so happy, as not to have finished it that night, re-assume it the next morning at your first meeting. Your good father behaved in

this manner, I very well remember, and came off with great honour.

The morning the trials begin, you would do well to be visiting your friends, and make the court wait, for this will give you the air of a man of consequence. It will be prudent also to drink pretty deep before you go into court, that you may be ripe for a nap. Justice is always painted blind, and I don't know that you can better express your impartiality, than by falling asleep. If by the noise of the crier of the court, or any other noise whatsoever, you happen to be disturbed, and awakened out of your nap, you are then to take your tobacco-box out of your pocket, and replenish your mouth with a good large quid, which will cause a projection in your cheek, and add dignity to your whole face; and, if you are near a pretty modest lady at this time, look up in her face, wink at her, and laugh, and then snap your box, so that it may be heard all over the court. If you have a mind to shew yourself the perfectly polite gentleman, you may, while your box is out, complement his lordship. It sometimes happens that a cause is so intricate, that it can't conveniently be determined, so as for the court to adjourn at the hour appointed for dinner; and, in this case, you may whisper the judge, so as to be heard by the whole court, and tell his lordship that the *haunch* will be spoiled, that to you it seems plain, that the prisoner is guilty, and shew your authority, by driving back any evidences that may be coming up in his behalf. If the prisoner should have on a dirty shirt, and a long beard, (which
may

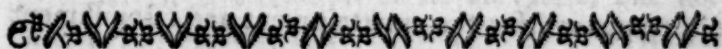
may happen to a man who has lain long in jail, and has no money) you may safely tell him, according to custom, that he looks like a rogue, and every body will admire your wisdom and penetration. Thus, dear cousin, I have endeavour'd to throw together such observations, as I have made at the many assizes I have been at, and to collect from experience, such circumstances as have render'd other sheriffs amiable in the eyes of the people ; which if you treasure up in your mind, and put in practice, will (I doubt not) greatly advance your reputation, your honour, and the dignity of your family.

I am, dear cousin,

Yours affectionately,

M. MIDNIGHT.

P. S. I need not say any thing respecting the judge ; if he does but interrupt the evidences, and put them out of countenance, over-awe the jury, and brow-beat the prisoners, 'twill be sufficient.



A Letter from Mrs. Mary Midnight, to the Society of Antiquarians, giving them an Account of a very curious Petrification found near Penzance, in the County of Cornwall.

GENTLEMEN,

Superfluous and absurd wou'd an apology be from me to you, for any address which I can make, to you, since doubtless I have a right to your acquaintance.

ance, and a property in your protection; being myself a most extraordinary piece of venerable antiquity. But shou'd I wave this privilege, the singular curiosity I am about to present you, in the formation of which, nature, time and art have been employ'd, would sufficiently plead my excuse. As my worthy friend Mr. *Powallis* of *Penzance* was taking an evening's walk in the fields, he accidentally trod upon something, which having all the appearance of an human excrement, made him immediately congratulate himself upon his good luck. But, upon a stricter scrutiny, it appeared to be a pebble, which, both in shape and colour perfectly resembled what he at first took it for. He carried it home to his lady, who at first sight cry'd out, my dear, you have brought home a —, mentioning a word, which I am sorry should ever drop from a woman of her decency and discretion. However, upon handling it she was pacify'd, and diverted herself by now and then depositing it in the parlour, to the confusion of the house-maid, and sometimes dropping it in company, for the entertainment and astonishment of her friends. At length a gentleman, who was an excellent antiquarian, and likewise profoundly learn'd in minerals and fossils, happen'd to pay Mr. *Powallis* a visit; and upon inspection, declared with transport, that it was the greatest curiosity in *Europe*. “ This “ (says he) is really and *bonâ fide*, a petrified excrement, and as it was found in the fields, is a valuable “ monument of ancient simplicity; when our fathers “ (how unlike the effeminacy of our moderns!) used

“ to do *their business* in the most pastoral and unaffected manner, and (as the divine *Milton* sings)

“ Every shepherd *laid his tail*

“ Under the hawthorn in the vale. ”

This gentleman is now in possession of the petrifaction, which he obtained from Mr. *Powallis*, who (because he was his very intimate friend) let him have it at the easy expence of fifty pounds. I wish, gentlemen of the society, it was mine to bestow, I declare I should not hesitate a moment about the disposal of it. But, as it is, you will be content with a description of it, which I shall attempt in as brief a manner as I may: this rarity then, which you may either call an artificial piece of nature, or a natural piece of art, is about seven inches long, and about three and a half diameter; (I mean in the centre) for, towards the end, it's taper, and is (as a certain poet says by a lady's shape)

“ *Fine by degrees and beautifully less.* ”

It resembles a rainbow in its curvature, but not in colour; for in that respect it is uniform to a surprizing exactness, which Dr. *Bolus* assures us is a strong proof that the ancients lived upon a milk and vegetable diet, and were free from those luxurious compositions that discolour the excrements of this degenerate age. Mr. *Fonaledust* (who, tho' he has not the honour to be of your society, is yet a man of great penetration and curiosity) declares, he is absolutely certain that in a few years study he could find out the age, condition, sex, situation, country, and constitution of the person who generously bequeath'd this remarkable relict to posterity.

posterity. — Nay, he still goes farther — and most confidently (tho' I think somewhat rashly) declares, that he can find out whether it is a jewish, pagan, or mahometan business. I intended to have given you a figure of this petrification; but my engraver is such a coxcomb that he refused the job; and swore he wou'd not draw the picture of a damn'd — for any man; speaking disrespectfully of that thing which with us is in such esteem, that, by the courtesy of the kingdom, it has obtain'd the order of knighthood, under the style and title of Sir *Reverence*. Now, gentlemen, having laid before you this matter in as plain and succinct a manner as I was capable of, I humbly take my leave, but not without most sincerely promising you, that if any of *this sort* shou'd occur to me hereafter, I will not fail to communicate it to you, as a testimony of that esteem with which I remain,

Your most humble servant,

M. MIDNIGHT.

Things to be laugh'd at : Or a Collection of honest Prejudices, selected from many celebrated Authors.

BEfore the conquest by the *Normans*, the land in *Norfolk* was so light and fine, that the farmers usually plough'd it with *two rabbits* and a *case-knife*.

JONES's *Wonderful Changes*, p. 86.

There are many stories told of the craft of the fox, to compass his prey : of which *Ol. Magnus* hath many; such as feigning the barking of a dog, to catch prey
near

near the houses; feigning himself dead, to catch such animals as come to feed upon him; laying his tail on a wasp-nest, and then rubbing it hard against a tree, and then catching the wasps so kill'd: ridding himself of fleas, by gradually going into the water, with a lock of wool in his mouth, and so driving the fleas up into it, and then leaving it in the water: by catching crab-fish with his tail, which he saith he himself was a witness of.

DERHAM'S *Physico-Theology*, book 4. chap. 11.
and OL. MAG. *Hist.* lib. 18. c. 39, 40.

Had man been a dwarf, he had scarce been a rational creature: for he must have had a jolt head, so there would not have been body and blood enough to supply his brain with spirits; or he must have had a small head answerable to his body, and so there would not have been brain enough for his business.

GREW'S *Cosmol. Sacr.* B. I. ch. 5. § 25.

The city of *London* is the largest city in the world, and the people of *London* the wisest.

WILSON'S *Candid Traveller*, p. 42.

One Englishman can beat five Frenchmen.

WILLIAMSON'S *Serious Positions*, p. 78.

One English man of war will beat a Dutch fleet.

NEBOLT'S *Naval Expeditions*, cap. 4. § 9.

Among reptiles that have a strange faculty to shift for food, &c. may be reckon'd eels, which, altho' belonging to the waters, can creep on the land from pond to pond, &c. Mr. *Mosely*, of *Mosely*, saw them creep over the meadows, like so many snakes, from ditch to ditch;

ditch; which he thought, was not only for bettering their habitation, but also to catch snails in the grass.

Plot's *History of Staffordshire*, c. 7. § 32.

Had the calf of the leg been providentially and prominently placed before, instead of being preposterously and prejudicially placed behind, it had been evidently better, forasmuch as the human shin bone cou'd not then have been so easily broken.

Dr. MORETON's *Beauty of the Human Structure*, Glasgow edit. 4to, p. 62. Dublin edit. fol. 27.

It hath indeed been a doubt, nay a matter of much debate among historians of the former days, whether *Oliver Cromwell* was that pious good man he pretended to be? But 'tis allow'd, I think, that he was almost continually preaching and praying; and therefore he must have been a pious man, unless we suppose piety not to consist in fervency, which would be absurd and ridiculous.

MORGAN'S *Case fairly stated*, p. 69.

Tho' I have examin'd what all other authors have wrote on this affair with great impartiality, yet I cannot conceive that any of them have the least merit, nor do I find one man that has treated this subject sensibly besides myself.

SMITHSON'S *Amiability of Candour and Diffidence*, p. 8.

[To be continued occasionally, as new matter shall arise to my observation.]

MARY MIDNIGHT.

A Survey

A Survey of Moorfields, (humily address'd to the Whigs and Tories) by Mrs. Midnight.

MOOBFIELDS is situated partly to the north, partly to the south, partly to the east, and partly to the west; that is, if we suppose the observator to stand in the middle — I was thus going on in the manner of my brother magaziners, and propos'd like them to have published a map of this place, but was all of a sudden interrupted with a loud cry of *pick and chuse for a penny! pick and chuse for a penny!* I turned me round, and behold a large hurdle was placed on two joint-stools, and on it a huge promiscuous heap of *Magazine of Magazines, Ben Johnson's posthumous jests, The Art of Legerdemain, Dutch Fortune-teller, Hocus Pocus,* and other sorts of trumpery. I stood aghast at this sight! for indeed I was in pain lest any of my bantlings shou'd be found among them; and making up to the person who had the care of this curious collection, I desired him to look me out the *Midwife*, or *The old Woman's Magazine. The Midwife!* *The Midwife*, says he, *hem!* — *Ay, The Midwife!* *Why that book has sold very well: — there's none to be had: — 'tis the only monthly thing I have not had in my collection, except the Student indeed; an old cat, I wish she was out of the world. — I hate such authors. — It never comes in my way. — An old cat!* — *However, I can get you one, madam, of a bookseller in this neighbourhood, who has lately bought a nobleman's library: but it is bound in turkey, and I believe will be dear; for he knows the value of it.*

But suppose you have the Old Woman's Dunciad, madam, I have enough of them, and as fresh as when they were

were first bought, There's not a foul finger upon one of them ; and these fifty, at this end of the stall, have not been cut open. I was surpriz'd to see my name to such incoherent stupid stuff ; and, pulling out my pocket-book, entered the publishers to my list of drivellers, where they claim preference ; for I find they are celebrated fellows, and capable of very extraordinary actions. This done, I turn'd to my chap, and while I was asking him some questions concerning the place, but especially of the hospital, an old gentleman in an antiquated dress, who had stood behind me unobserv'd, accosted me in the following manner : madam, by the questions you have put to this gentleman, I perceive you are a stranger to this part of the town ; and, if you'll permit me, I will wait on you into the hospital, and give you the best account I can of the place ; and putting his hat under his arm, he gallanted me with great politeness to the iron gates, where stopping short, you must observe, madam, says he, these two figures, which are of exquisite workmanship, and are placed here to represent the two species of madness. That on the left is melancholy, or sullen madness ; and the other downright distraction.

These two statues were copied exactly from two gentlemen of my acquaintance, who are both politicians, (you may observe they are chain'd to prevent mischief). The melancholy gentleman is still employ'd by the government, but can't get to the summit of power ; and on that account has been many years sullen and dissatisfied. The other was once fortune's minion,

minion, her peculiar favourite, her very topknot; but for grasping at thunderbolts, and attempting the chariot of the sun, he was hurl'd down like *Phaeton*, and ever since has done nothing but rave, grin, and distort his muscles in the manner here exhibited. I was surpris'd to find any traces of the politician in this place, and told my *Mentor* that I always thought love was the source of these people's misery. *You are right, madam*, says he, *'tis love indeed; but there are various sorts of love, tho' they may be all, I think, reduc'd to these four heads, viz. love of POWER, love of FAME, love of WEALTH, and that other sort of love which you and I were acquainted with in our younger days.* Now nine tenths at least of the unhappy in this place have lost their reason by means of the three former; for since the declension of virtue, and the exaltation of vice and concupiscence among people in power, love has had little to do in this kingdom. Our *Philis's*, our *Calia's*, and *Chloe's*, are coop'd within the precincts of *Drury* and *Covent-garden*; and a flame, that in the golden days of truth and sincerity wou'd have continu'd half a century, may now be extinguish'd in half an hour: tho' indeed another fire very often arises, as a succedanium to the former; which, by the aid of a skilful surgeon, may preserve a man's mistress in his memory much longer. The mad men of the three former classes, madam, are so considerable, that the latter bears no proportion with them; and then they are abundantly the most obstinate and incorrigible. Why, a doctor of my acquaintance, who keeps a private house of entertainment for these sort of people, was shewing me t'other day his patients,

tients, which he had class'd according to their different disorders. The first class, I remember, were the lovers of power, whom he sooth'd and kept in good temper, by telling them their interests were greatly advanced at court or in the country, at home or abroad, according as their political geniuses were inclin'd : some he complimented with your highness, or your grace ; and others with your honour, or your excellency.

The lovers of money he made easy, by assuring them that the stocks were rising every day ; that the emperor's loan was paid off ; the *African* affairs settled ; that all the stocks were to be either paid, or land security, as well as the security of the government and parliament, given for the money : and, which a little surpriz'd me, for to be sure 'twas a rash thing, he affirm'd, that all the brokers and jobbers in the alley were grown honest, and the stocks wou'd be in a state of stability, and be no more fluctuated like the tide at *London-bridge*, by means of their chicanery and artful contrivance.

The lovers of fame were inform'd that the whole world resounded of their surprizing atchievements. The soldiers were complimented with the title of generalissimo ; and all the poets were to have their plays brought on by the managers of the theatres the week following ; and till that time the town wou'd be very impatient.

The other sort of lovers (such perhaps as you and I were, Mrs. *Midnight*, at the age of eighteen) were entertained with the history of a dart taken directly from the breast of a person who was dying for them ;
and

and this narration was generally interlarded with a poetical description of purling streams, cooling grotts, enamelled meads, woodbine bowers, shady groves, dewy lawns, moonlight glades, warbling birds, fragrant breezes; and of zephyrs flying directly from the cheeks of *Aurora*, to fan the face of the person below'd.

By this dexterous address my friend kept these patients in pretty good order: but he had some that he selected out of the three former classes, which he distinguished by the opposite names of *whigs* and *tories*, and had placed in two different corners of the house, that gave perpetual uneasiness to the rest, and were always endeavouring to destroy each other. These I found were people preposterously infatuated with party principles, and had been made the tools and butts of others of their persuasion, who had more art than themselves. Some of them were such bigots, that they would take no medicines, nor eat any thing, but what had the letters *G. R.* upon it; nor would the other suffer any thing to be brought near them but what was embellish'd with the characters *J. R.*

He was proceeding farther on this head, but I interrupted him with a question concerning the building; upon which the old gentleman corrected himself, and, after asking my pardon for his prolixity, offered to give me some account of the structure, which indeed seems rather too magnificent for a house of charity; but as I had then an appointment on my hands, I begg'd to be excused, and told him I was engaged. The good gentleman gallanted me to a coach that was near at hand; and when we parted, desired

fired me to meet him again at that place some other day. He at the same time made a compliment to my judgement and taste, which was grateful enough, and assured me that he had something to impart to me concerning that hospital which was worthy my attention. As I apprehend a history of that place may be agreeable to many of my readers, I have accepted of the good gentleman's kind offer, which is the more agreeable to me on account of his age, good sense and experience.



*The Amours of Mr. H. Lovewell and Miss
E. Goodwill.*

Mrs. MIDNIGHT,

AS I don't recollect that I have ever seen any censure on that abominable custom of old women marrying young fellows, and thereby impoverishing themselves and children: I believe the following story, which I receiv'd in a letter from an intimate friend, may be acceptable. Nothing, I think, exposes our sex more to ridicule than such unnatural unions. 'Tis bad enough when a girl becomes the wife of a man old enough to be her father; yet, I believe, there have been instances of happiness in this case; but when the infirmities of age are on the side of the woman, she can have little else to expect but contempt and disregard.

I am, madam,

Your constant reader, and humble servant,

MARIA.

MR.

MR. *Goodwill* dying about a year ago, left behind him an immense fortune, made his wife his sole executrix, and guardian to their only daughter *Elmira*. This lady, who is now about nineteen, was tenderly belov'd by Mr. *Lovewell*, a young gentleman of a great deal of merit and an agreeable person. As he was to be the heir of Sir *Harry* —, his uncle, Mr. *Goodwill* had, in his last sickness, listen'd to his proposal with pleasure, but his lady absolutely refus'd her consent. In vain did the lover implore, his uncle entreat, and her husband expostulate. She was still inflexible; and protested if ever her daughter married him, she should be to her as a stranger. Terrified at this menace, the poor young lady resolv'd to stifle her growing tenderness, and to that end begged her father's permission (as he was not at that time worse than he had been for many months) to spend the summer with her aunt, who had a seat in *Shropshire*: thither she went. It was to no purpose that the lover endeavour'd to gain admittance to her before she set out on her journey, or that after she was gone, he tried to learn the place of her retreat. Mrs. *Goodwill* manag'd matters so well that she sent him near two hundred miles on a false scent. Love, fatigue, and disappointment, made the poor man quite sick, when his physicians, as they always do, when the disease is beyond their reach, advised him to a change of Air, and in conformity to this advice, he went to *Montpelier*, his uncle promising in the mean time to use his influence to soften Mrs. *Goodwill* in his favour; but all his solicitations were in vain.

Soon

Soon after he went, Mr. *Goodwill* dying, left, as I said before, the whole of his estate to his wife, except ten thousand pounds to miss, which she is not to receive till she is of age, unless she marries with her mother's consent.

It is near four months since Mr. *Loverwell* returned; on his arrival, he heard the agreeable news of his dear *Elmira's* being unmarried; and that Mrs. *Goodwill* had spoke more favourably of him than formerly. This, join'd to the eager desire he had to see his mistress, induced him to attend his uncle to the house of that lady, a few days after he came home. He was received with all imaginable politeness; but, a little before dinner, *Elmira's* maid came to Mrs. *Goodwill*, on a message from her young lady, desiring her mamma to permit her to dine in her chamber, as she was taken with a violent head-ach. This disappointment much chagrin'd the lover; but the free easy air of the old lady revived his hopes, as she had always before behaved to him with constraint. In short, he often went there, and was always treated with the utmost respect; yet it was a full month before he could see her for whom all his visits were made, and then was not suffered to speak to her alone. However, her dejected looks informed him that his happiness was not half so near as he fondly imagin'd.

Tired with this suspense, he determined to know his doom from the lips of the old lady. But judge his surprize, when instead of giving him her consent, she appear'd startled that he should ask it, told him it was a subject that she wish'd never more to hear him
speak

speaking of; and that her esteem for him was too great for her to suffer him to marry her daughter; but any other favour in her power to grant he might freely demand. At a loss how to reply to this civil cruelty, he retired, and the next day received the following letter.

S I R,

I Could not have imagined it possible for you so grossly to mistake me, as to think I ever intended to sacrifice my own happiness to gratify *Elmira*; or that my freedom to you proceeded from my wishing to see you united to her. So far is this from being the case, that I here declare, that, dear as my child is to me, I had rather see her in her grave. — Do not, oh do not ask me the reason of my odd behaviour. — I confess it unreasonable! but our affections are not always in our own power. — You have merit, and I have eyes! Perhaps you will still pretend ignorance; or, perhaps, I have only exposed myself to your ridicule. However, I impatiently wait for a letter from you; and am,

Dear Sir,

Your most sincere friend and servant,

GOODWILL.

P. S. If *Elmira*, by any means, comes to the knowledge of the contents of this letter, the next day removes her from your sight for ever.

This astonishing billet prodigiously embarrassed poor Mr. *Lowewell*, and what sort of an answer to send to

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the enamoured old woman he knew not. At last, after consulting Sir *Harry*, from whom I have this relation, he sent the following :

MADAM,

IT must have been in me the highest insolence, but to have dared to think of what you hinted at in yours, if I understand your meaning. Yet forgive me if I tell you, that tho' I am greatly sensible of the honour you do me, yet I cannot, I dare not accept it. You say yourself, dear madam, that our affections are not in our own power, and your charming daughter has engrossed all mine. Thus prepossessed, I must be guilty of ingratitude if I disguised my heart ; if you have any esteem for me, you will not make me miserable, by taking from me what I hold most dear ; but as this is a subject I am forbid speaking of, I haste to subscribe myself,

Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant,

H. LOVEWELL.

This answer, though civil, was far from pleasing the lady to whom it was sent : But as it was wrote with more complaisance than a woman turned of sixty could reasonably expect from a young fellow of twenty-three, she determined not to lose him for want of further application. Therefore, in her next letter, she went roundly to work, and offered him the half of her fortune immediately, and the rest at her death ; reserving for *Elmira* nothing but what her father had left

left her. Thus did a preposterous passion make her forget what she owed to a deserving child, and her own character. These offers were, however, all ineffectual; till having found means to persuade Mr. *Lowewell* that his mistress was on the point of marriage with another, rage and vexation wrought more on him than all her great wealth; for, in order to be revenged on *Elmira*, whom he falsely called his perfidious mistress, he consented to the proposals of her unnatural mother. The marriage was performed privately, at the house of a woman who was a dependant on Mrs. *Goodwill*; so that the young lady knew nothing of what was carrying on against her peace. But imagine, if you can, the distress of the bridegroom, on receiving, the day after his marriage, the following letter, which had been left at his lodgings the night before, he having lain at the house where he was married.

S I R,

I Have this day heard, by chance, that my mother, for a reason, which, I think it does not become me to mention, has endeavoured to persuade you that I am near marriage. I think myself under some obligation to undeceive you, lest you lay your future unhappiness at my door. I am closely watch'd, and permitted to see no one but in the presence of my mamma, or my maid, whom she has brought over to her interest. The poor man, who, out of respect to the memory of my father, gave me this information, brings you this. I am so distress'd, I could almost consent to

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chuse Sir *Harry*, your uncle, for my guardian. I desire your advice, and am,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

ELMIRA GOODWILL.

Words are too faint to express his situation. He ran to his now detestable wife, who was by this time at her own house, and reproached her in the severest manner for the deceit; accused her with having made him for ever miserable, and swore that she should never behold him more. In vain were all her protestations of affection, her tears and her entreaties. He flew from her, without hearing what she had to say. As the agitation of Mr. *Lowerwell's* mind had made him keep no measures in his resentment, his voice reach'd the Ears of *Elmira*, and she was coming to inform herself what was the matter, when she met him on the stair-case: At the sight of her he cried, O *Elmira*! I am undone! I am undone! and fled with precipitation. The poor lady did not now want information, her fears told her all, yet she suffered not the least disrespectful word to escape her, though her mother, with the rage of a fiend, reproach'd her as the cause of this disturbance. However, lest her continuing at home might keep Mr. *Lowerwell* from his wife, she went to Sir *Harry's*, and it was there she received a letter from the unhappy man, in which he informs her, that he had taken post-horses to *Dover*, in order to bid an everlasting adieu to *England*, begs her to pity, and forgive him; and, at the same time, assures her, that nothing but a firm belief

belief of her disregard to him, was capable of making him act so foreign to the dictates of his heart. And as a token of his extraordinary affection, he entertains her acceptance of a deed of gift, of all that he possessed by his marriage with her mother, reserving to himself only his own fortune.

This generosity has been so far from alleviating *Elmira's* uneasiness, that it seems to have encreased it; it has disarmed her resentment, and awakened all her tenderness, and by making her more sensible of his affection, has given her the strongest idea of the happiness she lost. She has therefore given way to a melancholy, which preys upon her spirits, and is gradually falling into a decline, which it is fear'd will prove fatal.

N. B. From the circumstances of this story, I doubt not but you will know the parties concern'd; however, that, I hope, will be no objection to its publication in your miscellany, since it is impossible that either of the parties can be injured by it; and it may prove an useful lesson to others.

A LETTER from Farmer Trueman's Dog Tower, to 'Squire Heavyside's Dog Ponto, in Relation to the Act said to be preparing to lay a Tax on that useful Animal.

Dear Ponto,

I Went home with *Phillis*, the parson's speckled bitch, last *Tuesday*, and, to my great amazement, heard the doctor declare, that there is actually a

scheme on foot to tax us poor dogs; the consequence of which will be, that three parts in four of our species will be knock'd o'the head. I profess I am not in any dread for myself, nor for you, my dear *Ponto*; for our usefulness will protect us, since men (tho' they are by far the most ungrateful of all other animals) seldom chuse to destroy what is of real benefit to them. I am not, therefore, alarm'd out of any selfish view: — No: — 'tis a noble spirit of patriotism that inflames me; and tho' I say it, there is not a dog in the nation that will fight more desperately, or bark louder, in a good cause, than your old friend *Towzer*: let your sneaking puppies follow low mercenary views: let them wag their tails at every scoundrel, and nuzzle in dunghills for half a bone; I am a *British* mastiff, and scorn such paltry actions. — I will venture to say, that almighty love itself cannot make me do a little thing; and tho' I like a pretty bitch as well as another dog, yet it is not in the power of the most charming of that bewitching sex, either by day to make me kill a neighbour's sheep, or by night to desert my post, and leave my master's house unguarded. But why all these professions of honesty to me! (my *Ponto* will say) who have had long experience of *Towzer's* worth and integrity? True; but at this conjuncture it is highly requisite that thou should'st think the best of me, since I am about to engage thee in an affair, the seriousness and importance of which cannot be too strictly attended to; and the greater opinion thou hast of the proposer, with the more alacrity wilt thou enter upon the affair!

One must be a stupid dog indeed, not to know, that notwithstanding our almost innumerable taxes, the ministry want money. — Therefore, this act will certainly take place, unless we can start some other scheme, from which more *Cole* may be expected. Such a scheme I have in my head, but I am sensible is not to be brought to bear without your assistance.

Thy intimacy with miss *Biddy*'s lap-dog will forward thee in the way that I shall chalk out to thee.—Thou must engage *Shock* to communicate my proposals to his fair mistress, and at the same time back them with his interest; and, if she stands our friend, we have nothing to fear, for Sir *Nathan Nimbletongue*, the member for the county, is her slave; and she has a pair of eyes that would dazzle a *Roman* senate into blindness to the common cause, and corrupt the integrity of a *Cato*: I have inclosed a copy of the scheme, and rest ever thine,

Most affectionately,

TOWZER.

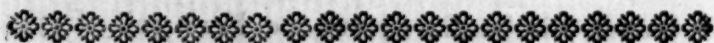
Towzer's scheme for a poll-tax on that part of the human species, who are distinguish'd by the appellations of Sad-dogs, Lazy-dogs and Puppies.

1. The family of the *Sad-dogs* has ever been reckon'd, without controversy, the most ancient and most numerous of any in the kingdom; if therefore, they were tax'd at the easy rate of one shilling per head, they would bring in to the government annually, at least four hundred thousand pounds sterling.

2. The *Lazy-dogs*, are those excrescences of nature, which seem only formed to devour her works, and

prevent her from being burthensome to herself with her own exuberancy; would, at six-pence a head, produce the same sum at least.

3. And lastly, the *Puppies*, that is to say, the numerous tribe of *Fops*, *Coxcombs*, *Wistlings*, *Pedants*, *Poetasters*, *Criticasters*, and *Grammaticasters*, with many more of that strain, would, at three pence a *Puppy*, bring in at an average the same sum. — So there will be one million two hundred pounds *sterling*, by these means, redound from a foil, which has hitherto brought forth nothing; but has been buried in the weeds of corruption, and the dearth of barrenness.



Survey of BEDLAM.

Moorgate Coffee-house, Feb, 2, 1751.

I This day met with the worthy old gentleman I mention'd in my last, at this coffee-house; when I came in, he was walking round the room with his watch in his hand, and his hat under his arm; and as his wig was made in the ancient fashion, with the forepart frizzled up six inches above his forehead, and a lock hanging over each shoulder, he had attracted the attention of the whole company; and all eyes were upon him, while he himself was so wrap'd up and immerg'd in thought, that he perceiv'd nobody. On my entering, he accosted me with a gaiety, which, considering his age, surpriz'd me; and, I believe, induc'd many in the room to think him my humble servant. “Madam, says he, I’m extremely glad

glad to see you, and holding up his watch, you are, upon my word, very punctual, I did not expect you so soon by an hour; but a gentlewoman of your good sense, Mrs *Midnight*, must see the necessity of observing appointments and assignations to a tittle; there is no business to be done without it." He proceeded in his discourse, and read a lecture on punctuality, which lasted an hour, the company all the time staring at the author of the *Old Woman's Magazine*, and laughing. I made use of several indirect methods to cut the thread of his discourse; such as flirting my fan, coughing, adjusting my handkerchief, complaining of the tooth-ach, &c. but nothing would do, and I was after all obliged to wait the conclusion. How natural it is for we old people to be tedious! And I fear my readers will sometimes feel me affected with this infirmity. At the end of this lecture he corrected himself, and taking me by the hand, Dear Mrs. *Midnight*, says he, I beg pardon for being thus troublesome, and for presuming to dictate to you, who are the very pink of good breeding, the quintessence of wit, and so eminently acquainted with the world. As this compliment seem'd to be studied, and manifestly presag'd something else, I only return'd it with a curtsey, and we walk'd off. Just as we had ascended the first steps, and got into *Bedlam*, the waiter of the coffee-room came running to him, with his hat and cane, and the change for a guinea, which he had left behind him. I perceiv'd before this that he was greatly embarrass'd, and had all the reasons in the world to believe that my charms had occasion'd it. When a man forgets

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to eat his breakfast ; forgets to drink his coffee ; forgets his hat when it rains ; forgets his stick when he's lame ; forgets to sleep ; and add to these, when an old man forgets his money, and leaves his change behind him ; I think, ladies, we may safely and certainly conclude, *That he is in love*. The good gentleman perceiv'd that I had made this important discovery, and seem'd a little chagrin'd ; and indeed, I don't blame him, for it is not altogether so prudent for a man to trust his mistress with a secret of this sort, and especially at the first onset. We are but women after all, and who knows but a lady being possess'd of this secret, might, out of curiosity, or pride, or a thousand other phantasies, lead her lover a seven years dance, and expose him, as her jack-daw, to all her acquaintance, and at last never grant him the favour. I am however at that time of life, in which there is no time to spare ; and therefore, as *Shakspear* says,

He shall go no farther than a wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor pris'ner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

But whither am I going !—why, any one would imagine now that I was in love myself ! This digression is intolerable ! and I'm to blame, like a young parson, to run from my text in this manner. Well, but I'm an old woman, pray consider that, and then let us return again to our story.

As we were going to visit the rooms above, we were met on the stairs by five gentlemen and four ladies,

ladies, all very well dress'd. One of the gentlemen, who knew me, star'd me full in the face, as the fashion is, and cry'd out, *The Midwife! The Midwife!* Aye, says another, an old trot, she's going to be married I suppose to Signior *Flummery* there! The ladies join'd in a horse-laugh, which, notwithstanding it may be the fashion about *Covent-garden, Tavistock-street, &c.* is, I think, ill manners to the highest degree; and to try if the sweet lassies have a grain of shame in them, I shall here set down their names at full length ****

After we had disengag'd ourselves from these fashionable gentry, I turn'd aside, to speak to a young woman, who was so far recover'd, as to be intrusted with her liberty. The good old gentleman hearing me ask her several questions, join'd us, and the poor unhappy creature told us her case, with an air of seriousness, that confess'd her sincerity, and a flood of tears, that testified the truth.

The History of HANNAH ****,

Taken from her own Mouth.

MY father rented a farm of about sixty pounds a year of a lady, to whom he was many years a servant, and who, out of regard to his faithful services, became my godmother. While young, I was sent to school as a half boarder, by her ladyship; but when I was turned of fourteen, and capable of assisting my mother, she took me from school, to do the house-

household work in the family. This life pleased me much, for tho' laborious, 'tis healthy, and the rural diversions we frequently had in that country, made it very agreeable. When I grew to woman's estate, I was address'd by a young man, who had often been my partner at country-dancings. He was not very handsome, but of a sweet disposition, and his vivacity, sincerity, and good nature, render'd him more agreeable to me than all other men. As he was the son of a substantial farmer, who had always supported a good character, my father had no objection to the match, and my godmother, who had been consulted about it, was so well pleas'd, that she entertain'd us two evenings at her house, talk'd to us freely on that head, and gave me, in his hearing, some assurances of her assistance to begin the world with. Soon after this, there was a meeting of our parents, and the day of marriage appointed. In this fatal interval, my poor godmother died, and by her will, to the surprize of every body, left me four thousand pounds, which brought me many lovers, and among the rest an officer, who was often with my godmother's nephew, that succeeded her in the estate. I was deaf to all his persuasions, and as much as possible avoided his company, for my hopes were all centred in my PHILEMON: application was also made to my father, without any effect, for he was an honest man, and unwilling to break his word. At last, the officer prevailed upon my young master to influence me, who, finding that impracticable, sent to my father, begg'd him to use his authority over me, and plainly told me,

that

that if I did not marry that gentleman, I should never have the legacy left me, till he had carried it through all the courts in *Westminster-hall*, and saddled me with a suit that should sink one half of the money. But this did not affect me, I was determin'd to be faithful to my lover, and was persuaded he would gladly have taken me without a farthing, 'till I receiv'd three letters from him, all importing, that he thought my fortune was precarious, my affections too wavering, and my person not so pure as he should wish for in a wife. He threw out some hints, respecting my entertaining the officer, which stung me to the quick, and induc'd me, more out of pride and revenge, than any thing else, to marry him. As soon as we were married, the legacy left me by my godmother was immediately paid into his hands, all but one thousand pounds, which I afterwards found was abated, and given up to the executor, by previous contract, for his aid in the affair. Believe what I am going to say, madam, (*Here she took hold of my hand, and stared me full in the face*) The greatest part of the men are rogues, and with them the ruining of a poor innocent girl is a meer matter of diversion, and serves only* for a laughing story at a *Bacchanalian* feast. This I know from experience, and experience makes us wise.

For oh! he's gone, he's gone, he's gone,
-And laid in the cold grave!

(*Here she rambled a little, and repeated two or three stanzas of a song, and then return'd to her story.*)

The villain, my husband, says she, with an emphasis,

his, not satisfied with this booty, wanted also to make a prey of my poor father, whom he assur'd that he had a large estate in the *North of England*; and that he had nothing to do but to quit his farming business, and to retire thither with him, and live like a gentleman. My good father, incapable of doing ill himself, suspected none; but immediately sold all his effects, and put the money into my husband's hands, who was to manage it for him to great advantage in the stocks. As soon as we came to *London*, the inhuman creature plunder'd me of all my best apparel, which he sold, and then made off with the money, leaving us in a strange place, without a penny to subsist on. My father made some enquiries after him, in order to recover his money, and was informed that he was one of those infamous creatures who dealt in that way; and that, besides me, he had a wife in *Ireland*, one in *Scotland*, and another in the *West-Indies*, whom he had treated in the very same manner. His leaving me I did not regard, for I had no affection for him, and as by the assistance of an accidental friend, I got into a business which would maintain my father and me, I was pretty easy on that score. What gave me this terrible disorder, and will for ever hang on my mind, was some letters I receiv'd from my PHILEMON, who had all this while languish'd for me. The disappointment, which he was unable to bear, threw him into a consumption, of which he died the 24th of *May*, 1748.

These letters, madam, were wrote in a hand, as much like mine as you can conceive any thing to be.
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They were address'd to him, as if coming from me, and contain'd such sentiments as never enter'd into my head: the purport of 'em was to forbid him ever calling on me, or writing to me again, and to inform him, that I was then contracted to the captain, and to be married in a few days. When I saw my name thus prostituted to my own undoing, and to the ruin of a man I so dearly lov'd, you may judge of my behaviour, and of my trouble and anxiety; for this convinc'd me, that the letters directed to me, as if from him, were also counterfeits, which he was no way privy to; and that the whole was an imposition, projected and carried on by the basest of villains, my undoer. The gentleman who brought me these letters, assur'd me that he receiv'd them from my dear PHILEMON on his death-bed, with a strict charge to deliver them into my own hand, and to assure me, that in his dying moments he forgave me, and pray'd for my happiness. Such matchless innocence! such worth! such truth! but

(Here she sung some verses, the tears at the same time trickling down her cheeks, and then return'd to her story.)

This gentleman further inform'd me, that one of my most intimate acquaintance, whom my PHILEMON had employ'd in the character of a *go-between*, had fomented this difference betwixt us (brib'd I suppose by my basest of brutes) and wrote and carried him these letters in my name, and this secret the dread of a just judgment hereafter, had extorted from her on her death-bed; for she did not live long to enjoy the fruits

fruits of her wicked labour. But she was only the serpent, the devil was concealed, and did not discover himself till after he had wrought our entire overthrow.

But to PHILEMON's grave I'll go,
And lay me on the stone,
Which with my tears I'll daily dew,
And melt it with my moan.

Here she wept bitterly, and then attempted to give us some account of her father, but was interrupted by one of the keepers, who perceiving her greatly agitated with passion, order'd her to her apartment.

The good old gentleman was so affected with her story, that he frequently shed tears during the narration; and indeed, both our hearts were too full to speak to each other at parting; so that I had only a reverend bow from him, which I return'd with a curtesy.

I came home in a melancholy mood, and all the evening could not help reflecting on this fatal affair. — This poor woman's case is not singular, for there are many women who have been betray'd, and married to those who had wives before, which I think claims the consideration of people in power, as it evidently proves, that there is some flaw, either in the construction or execution of our laws. Should a poor man, to prevent starving, rob me of six-pence, or steal one of my sheep, he is to be hang'd; but an artful faithless fellow, glutted with ambition, avarice, or lust, may betray me, steal my daughter, and seize upon her fortune with impunity.

This

This evil I think the legislature should immediately redress, for it is a growing one, and its consequences are fatal. And would they condescend to take my opinion of the matter, tho' but an *Old Woman*, I could lay down a scheme that would entirely prevent any thing of this sort, for the future

MARY MIDNIGHT.

A Dissertation on the Dignity, Benefit, and Beauty of
UGLINESS.

“According to the assertion of things that are doubtful in themselves, a man must be forced to grant, that those things which may be, may as well not be, provided a due respect be had to the several differences and degrees.” This was part of a speech from a worthy alderman, the oracular obscurity of which may pass, if comically considered, for a riddle, or if seriously, for a prediction. But be that as it may—I shall always be proud to introduce any thing of that worthy gentleman’s into my magazine, who is the greatest economist of meaning in the world, and whose parsimony of good sense must unavoidably render him acceptable to the present age. The above-quoted extract is a happy prelude to my present theme, and I don’t doubt but I shall be able to prove the dignity, benefit, and beauty of ugliness, *provided* (as the alderman well observes) *a due respect be had to the several differences and degrees*. And first then, let us see what is to be advanced with regard to the dignity of

of ugliness. That a great many of the best families in *Europe* have been distinguished by an hereditary ugliness from the rest of mankind, has been a matter of boast, not only to the house of *Bourbon*, but to many others of equal rank and distinction. The magnificence of pride, the fierceness of command, and many other attributes of great men, can be but ill sustain'd by a set of regular features. Look at the *Roman* emperors — survey the busts of the ancient philosophers, and you will find, that they differ'd not more from the rest of mankind in their wisdom and greatness, than they did in a certain deform'd habitude of body, critically contriv'd to attract the attention of the people, and consequently, to leave a strong impression of their doctrines upon their memory. — Need I mention *Æsop*? — Need I mention *Socrates*? — or need I mention the more modern instances of *Heydiger* and *Scarron*? Secondly, Let us consider the benefit of ugliness. — This is almost infinite, but however, I shall confine my present speculations to those conveniences that attend my own sex, from the aforesaid benefit. Sir *Geo. Etherege* has the following judicious lines in his comedy, called *Love in a Tub*, which may serve me as a thesis —

“ Had you less beauteous been, you'd known less

“ care ;

” Ladies are happiest moderately fair.”

Ugliness is the parent of that kind of virtue which depends not upon principle, and is a most effectual means of a lady's neither leading nor being led into
temp-

temptation. — Besides, it does not more protect the chastity of the females, than it advances their fame; it insists all their own sex of their side, and is a sovereign preservative from envy. 'Tis true, ma'm, says *Flirtelinda*, Mrs. *Hoppertail* is hump-back'd;—but then she has all the prudence and discretion conceivable. Miss *Jingumbob* is, to be sure, very homely, but 'tis the charms of the mind that strike me, and tho' *Gorgonia* squints, has black teeth, bandy legs, and is pot-bellied; yet all the world allows she is an exceeding good sort of a woman. When I view those unhappiest of all human creatures, the ladies of pleasure, and find so many fine women amongst them, I bless myself that I never was very eminent for my corporal charms, and that I am an example of the following Precept, BE UGLY, AND BE HAPPY, a very proper motto for a thousand coats of arms in this kingdom.

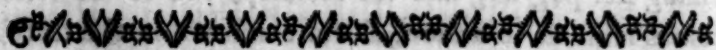
I come now, in the third and last place, to consider the beauty of ugliness, which, tho' a seeming contradiction, is not less evident, if duly attended to, than the fore-going proposition. When I see *Tribadia* kissing her pug-dog and the monkey, two of the most odious animals in nature, I am confirm'd in the truth of this maxim. It may perhaps be objected, that beauty is a mere relative term, and (to use the common phrase) all fancy. — Well, 'tis granted — and I insist this objection makes for me, rather than against me — for if beauty is all fancy, why then you may fancy ugliness to be beautiful. Away with your symmetry and proportion, paltry eye-traps, empty shadows. There is an old *English* proverb, which has

as much truth and good sense in it, as any in the language, which points out the insignificancy of these things, and proves them to be no essentials, JOAN'S AS GOOD AS MY LADY IN THE DARK; and to the same effect sings a very experienc'd poet:

- “ Talk of blooming charms and graces,
 “ All is notion, all is name;
 “ Nothing differs but their faces,
 “ Every woman is the same.

The instability of beauty is a common complaint, but there is something immutable in the nature of ugliness, or if it should ever be subject to change, it can lose nothing by the bargain. In short, however paradoxical it may seem to my readers, I am sorry to say, that there is a great majority of the human species of my opinion, tho' they don't know it — FOR WHOEVER FORSAKES VIRTUE, AND IS CAPTIVATED BY THE CHARMS OF VICE, HE IS ENAMOUR'D WITH THE BEAUTY OF UGLINESS.

M. MIDNIGHT.



The Survey of BEDLAM continued.

IT has turn'd out just as I hinted in my last. The embarrassment the old gentleman was in at our meeting, was occasion'd by that rogue *Cupid*, from whose darts I find even age itself is no security. Two days after the publication of my last, I receiv'd the fol-

following letter, which, without any ceremony, I shall publish. If he loves me he can't be angry; for love hides a multitude of faults.

Dear Madam,

THO' I have all the reason in the world to dread your wit and humour, which have aw'd this great metropolis, and attracted the notice of all Europe; yet I have too high an opinion of your goodness and compassion, to suppose you will point either of those dreadful weapons at the innocent. The tears, those precious tears which you so plentifully shed on hearing the case of the unhappy Mrs. *Hannah* — convince me that you can't help feeling the distresses of others; and therefore, without any more preamble, I shall frankly own, what I believe you perceiv'd before, that I am never happy but when in the company of my dear Mrs. *Midnight*. You may, perhaps, wonder that I should address you at this age; but pray, madam, suspend your surprize—my strength of constitution and flow of spirits are owing to a firm adherence to virtue, and a regular course of life: And I believe you will find (tho' I speak for myself I speak the truth) that there are many young fellows in town, born since I was a man, who are in most respects older than I am, and shall on all occasions do my best, and endeavour to convince you that I am,

Dear Madam,

Most affectionately and truly,

Yours at command,

CHARLES TRUSTY.

P. S.

P. S. I hope I shall have the honour of meeting you on *Wednesday*; and for this I plead the promise you made me at our first interview.

Now a young squeamish girl, on receiving this letter, would have given herself unaccountable airs; have shewn it to her acquaintance for the honour of the conquest, and have avoided his company with a haughty disdain, tho' at the same time she was pining for a husband, and wish'd for nothing so much as the continuance of his favour. *When a man of merit makes his addressee, good sense may give him an answer, without either scorn or coquetry.* It is a compliment at least, perhaps it may be more, and if so, why should I avoid any man's company, only because he loves me. Thus much by way of apology for my conduct, and to avoid being thought a wanton. —

In short, I met my good man at the time and place appointed, who receiv'd me with singular satisfaction, and whisper'd several soft things in my ear, which would be improper for me to repeat in this place; I shall therefore proceed directly on my survey of *Bedlam*.

As soon as we enter'd, I heard a voice call out with great vehemence, Mrs. *Midnight*! Mrs. *Midnight*! and turning round, saw the remains of a face I knew perfectly well, tho' I could not immediately recollect his name. He very familiarly took me by the hand, and while I was ruminating on his countenance, what! says he, don't you know me? Have you forgot your old acquaintance *Will Wimble*, with whom you have been so happy at Sir Roger de Coverley's. Ah! Mrs.
Mid-

Midnight, the merry moments we have had together! Poor Sir Roger! We shall never shake our sides again at any of his *Christmas* tales and gambols. There has been no good done in the county since his death. I am quite sick of the parish of *Coverley* now, and came up to town with an intent to go abroad. Who would stay in this place? Why, *English* hospitality is out of date, and all good neighbourhood destroy'd! This earth will by and by be inhabited by fiends only, for every age degenerates: the sun don't give half the light it us'd to do, and the moon is perpetually in a cloud; there are but six of the seven stars to be seen, and one of those has got the green sickness. —

But why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such trifling toys?
A light heart, and a thin pair of breeches,
Goes thorough the world brave boys.

Here the poor creature began to rave, which one of the keepers perceiving, immediately took hold of him. The sudden transition from incoherent madness to solid reasoning, which this occasion'd in him, really surprized me; and I was no less pleas'd to see with what dexterity he endeavour'd to conceal from me his confinement. He whisper'd sometime with the keeper, then shook him by the hand; and, as he was coming towards us, call'd to him to walk about, and not be uneasy, for they had time enough to go home. When he had join'd our company, he did not forget to intimate that the person who laid hold of him was a countryman, whom he had brought there, to
shew

shew him the place, for he was a meer bumpkin. Poor *Will* carry'd the farce so far as to offer to treat me with a glass of wine, and attempted to go out for that purpose, but was stop'd by the porter. This affected him prodigiously, and he rav'd to a degree not to be describ'd; but when he saw the people come about him, and found that he must submit, he made me a bow, and walk'd off. — Generous minds will ever be deeply affected with accidents of this sort, and especially when they happen within the compass of their acquaintance. Poor Mr. *Wimble's* misfortune gave me so much uneasiness, that I was unable to stay any longer in the place, and the good old gentleman, my companion, was indeed greatly concern'd, and wou'd not permit me to leave him till I had wrote down Mr. *Wimble's* case. While he was reading of it he shed tears, which confirm'd my good opinion of him; for I look upon tears thus shed in pity to the distressed, as testimonies of a good heart. Before we parted, he enjoin'd me to make the case publick, as he apprehended it might have a good effect, and induce parents to make an honest distribution of their effects, and take more care of their posterity.

The case of Mr. WILL. WIMBLE, which is a very bad case, and inserted here for the information of all those who have large estates to leave, and sense enough to receive instruction.

MR. *William Wimble* was the second son of Sir *Richard Wimble*, of *Wimble-ball*, in *Worcestershire*: His father was possess'd of a fine fortune when he

he came of age, but in his youth dealt away a great part of it at cards; and to mend the matter, married a wife who had neither abilities nor inclination to repair it. However, as he grew old he grew frugal, and having nothing so much at heart as the honour and dignity of the family, he would hardly allow himself necessaries till he had discharged that debt on the estate, and made an addition to it of some farms that lay contiguous. His eldest son happened to be a meer booby; but, notwithstanding that, he was the elder, and consequently heir to the estate: and *Will*, to whom nature had given a good share of sense, was to seek his fortune in any manner that would not disgrace the family. He had no inclination to the pulpit, for he did not love reading; physic was his aversion; and he had too much conscience for the law, and too much compassion for the army. A mercantile trade was what *Will*, of all things, wished for, and what his genius naturally led him to; but that was denied by his father, who, indeed, was angry that he should be so mean-spirited, as to introduce buying and selling, and keeping poultry accounts, into his family. When *Will* was about eighteen, his father died, and, for the dignity of *Wimble-hall*, but without any regard to paternal duty, left the eldest son an estate unencumber'd of four thousand five hundred pounds a year, and his son *William* only three thousand pounds; for the payment of which, a new purchas'd farm was made liable — strange infatuation! — As this money was not to be paid till *Will* was of age, he had three years to live without any other means of subsistence,

but that of his stock of good nature, which indeed made him a welcome guest at every table. The plan that Mr. *Wimble* laid down to live, and at the same time to endear himself to the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, is, I think, an instance of his good sense and address. My brother *Addison*, who was with me at Sir *Roger*'s, and frequently in company with Mr. *Wimble*, assur'd me, " that he was a great master of all those little trifling arts and manufactures, in which gentlemen delight. He hunted a *Pack of Dogs* better than any man in the county, and was very famous for finding a *Hare*: he made a *May-fly* to a miracle, and furnished the whole country with *Angle-rods* and *Tobacco-stoppers*. He carried a tulip-root from one to another, and exchanged a puppy between two friends, who lived at a distance, with great dexterity. The young heirs he frequently oblig'd with a net of his own weaving, a setting-dog that he had broke himself, a quail-pipe, or a new lash for a whip. The mothers and sisters he generally complimented with a set of shuttle-cocks, or a pair of garters of his own knitting, and whenever he met them, excited a good deal of mirth, by enquiring *how they wore*, and by *craving leave to tye them up*." Then he compos'd all differences between gentlemen and their servants; and tho' *Will* never gave the footmen any thing, they stood in more awe of him, than of their own masters. He would sometimes interfere in family quarrels, but very cautiously; and I have often known him act the part of a good arbitrator. In this capacity he was often of great use to his brother.

Yet,

Yet, notwithstanding these and other good offices, he charged *William* three hundred pounds for the first year's board after his father's death. This occasion'd some difference between them, which was afterwards accommodated by Sir *Roger*, who had such influence over his brother, that he induc'd him to take one hundred, and to advance *William* five hundred more on the security of the legacy, to support him till the whole became due. Before this term expir'd, some disputes arose concerning the title of the farm which was charg'd with *William's* legacy, and a law-suit commenc'd that continued several years. *William* during this time was oblig'd to shift, and supported himself chiefly by the skill he had acquired in farriery; so that while one brother, with very unequal abilities, fill'd a place in the house of commons, and was composing laws for the kingdom, the other was oblig'd to seek his bread from house to house, by curing the farcy or the quitterbone, for both which *William* had excellent receipts. Sir *Roger's* house was indeed always open to him. While that good knight liv'd, *Will* was in no danger of want, and from his death Mr. *Wimble* may date the period of his ruin; for the lawsuit being now determin'd against his brother, he was depriv'd of the farm, and poor *William* of his legacy. But, what was the cruellest cut of all, the inhuman brother, as soon as this suit was ended, prompted by malice, spite and the devil, arrested poor *Will* for the five hundred pounds advanced him by cash, and for his board, and threw him into the county jail, where the unfortunate gen-

tleman, agitated with the folly and cruelty of his father, and the tyranny and oppression of his brother, lost his senses, and was by order, and at the expence of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, remov'd to this place, for the benefit of the charity.

Here the community was depriv'd of a useful member, by the pride, ignorance, and folly of the father: for tho' Mr. *Wimble* had no inclination to either of the professions, he might undoubtedly have made a good tradesman, for that seems to have been the peculiar cast of his genius; which I think should be studied by every parent, before they place their children out in the world: and, perhaps, it is this want of regard to genius, and running counter to the dictates of nature, that makes so many apparent blockheads in every business. Most men have a genius for some art or science, in which they very likely would excel were they permitted to follow it; and, for my part, I honour the man who first invented a *mill*, as much as he who compos'd the first *epic poem*; and I hope without offence to the poets; for, by their leave, I shall always consider him as the greatest man, who is of the greatest service to society. Sir *Richard Wimble* intended his son *William* for the law, which profession I wish he had followed with all my heart; he would then probably have found out some flaw in his own favour, and have been a match for his inhuman brother. But for a father to deny him the privilege of getting his bread in the manner he was most likely to obtain it, and after that to leave him none to subsist on, was such an act of barbarity, as could

could only result from pride, ignorance, and folly ; and whoever acts in so preposterous a manner for the future, will, I hope, be consider'd not only as an *imperious fool*, and an unworthy member of society, but *non compos mentis* ; and a more equitable distribution of his estate and effects be made by the *Lord Chancellor*.



To the venerable Society of ANTIQUARIANS.

Gentlemen,

IN the last letter, which I did myself the honour to write to you, I inclos'd an account of a petrified knight, whose name was *Sir Reverence* ; and at the same time promis'd you my farther correspondence, whenever I found any thing worthy of your sage consideration. In the course of my perambulations since, I have been so happy as to discover something which I think merits a place among your most valuable curiosities. You have all of you heard, gentlemen, that there is such a place as *Windsor Forest*, and, without doubt, many of you believe it to be true. Well, on that forest there is a place call'd *Cæsar's Camp* ; 'tis a hill, in form of a *caburdeleco*, but very flat and even at the top, and has been fortified round the summit with a ditch, and in one part with three ditches. Within the compass of this ditch there is supposed to be buried much gold, silver, and other valuable materials,

terials, which are frequently sought after by the neighbouring gentlemen, with an instrument call'd a diving rod. This rod consists of two hasel twigs of the same year's shoot, and out of the same branch. To the end of one is tied a piece of gold, and to the end of the other a piece of silver; after which the rod is carried just above the surface of the ground, with great exactness, and whenever they come to a part where there is gold, that end of the rod fixes itself to the ground, but if silver, the other end adheres. And this experiment being made, the people have nothing to do but dig and take out the treasure; which is mighty convenient, for the poor people who want money, have always liberty to go up that hill, and find as much as they please. Now this instrument, gentlemen, I have so improv'd, as to be able to discover iron with it as well as gold and silver, and that is, by fixing a horse-nail stub to another twig, when there can be found three of the same shoot. The first experiment I made, a horse-shoe was dug up, which Mr. Mouldy, an ANTIQUARIAN, assures me, came off *Cæsar's* own gelding, and which he evidently proves in the following manner. 1st, Says he, 'tis the shoe of a horse or gelding, and not of a mare, because it is longer and broader than mares shoes were allow'd to be by the *Roman* law. 2dly, 'Tis the shoe of a *Roman* horse, because the tip of an eagle's wing (which is part of the *Roman* standard) may be just perceiv'd by a microscope on the left side of it. The whole eagle was undoubtedly there, but has been worn away by time and accident,

cident. 3dly, That it was a shoe from *Cæsar's* own horse may be thus prov'd. All the *Plebeians*, or common people, and common soldiers, were allow'd to wear seven nails in their horses shoes, and no more; their nobility, senators, and officers, were indulg'd with eight; but this has perfect holes for nine nails, which is two more than the *Plebeians* and soldiers, and one more than was allow'd the nobility and officers; whence we may, with great justice and certainty, conclude, that this was the shoe of the horse of the *Generalissimo*, or chief man in the army. I think there is a great deal of reason in what Mr. *Mouldy* says, though I should have objected to one particular, but he don't love to be contradicted. Whether it be *Cæsar's* or *Alexander's* is to me immaterial, and I believe of as little moment to you. But there was a great deal of valuable rust at one end of it, and as I know rust is of all things the most acceptable to your society, I have preserv'd that in a box for you.

There have been many extraordinary things discover'd about this camp. One thing I particularly remember, was a deer of about sixteen hundred years old; which I did not believe 'till I heard it mention'd by a learned and reverend gentleman, in a sermon he was preaching on *moral rectitude*. This deer it seems was a favourite of *Cæsar's*, and on that account he ornamented her neck with a golden collar, and an inscription, which I shall by and by take notice of; she had been frequently taken, but when the hunters, the peasants, and poor people, saw the golden collar on her neck, they readily let her go again.

However, as she continually increased in strength and in bulk, as well as in age, after the course of about fifteen or sixteen centuries, the flesh and skin were entirely grown over this collar, so that it could not be discover'd 'till after she was kill'd, and then, to the surprise of the virtuosi, it appear'd with this inscription ;

When *Julius Cæsar* reigned here,
Then was I a little deer ;
If any man should me take,
Let me go for *Cæsar's* sake.

'These are the very words, for your friend Mr. *Mouldy* has them wrote at the bottom of his great bible. As *Cæsar*, though a *Roman*, was so wonderfully well acquainted with the *English* language, as to compose modern verse, I admire he did not write his commentaries in the same manner ; it would have been a curiosity.

This collar, which is of pure gold, I am told weighs thirty ounces ; and as the blood of the creature still appears fresh upon it, I believe it may be as valuable as any of your *Gimcracks* ; however, there will be no harm in sending of it to you ; and if I can procure it, you may depend on my taking the utmost care of it.

I am, gentlemen,

Your most obedient humble servant,

M. MIDNIGHT.

A LET-

A LETTER from an eminent Undertaker in Town,
to an eminent Physician in the Country.

Dear Sir,

MY heart is almost broke. — The papers of the day, are enough to distract me. — Decreased in the burials last week, seventy-five; decreased in the burials this week, forty-two; and this has been the trade, ever since you have been out of town; for God's sake, dear doctor, consider, though you have fill'd your own coffers, your poor old friend is a starving. All tradesmen must live, and *we* cannot live, unless other people dye; and unassisted nature will never employ a thousandth part of our business. Besides, people have got a knack of remaining above ground after their death. "Mrs. Keith's corpse was removed from her husband's house, in *May-fair*, the middle of *October*, 1749, to an apothecary's, in *South Audley-street*, where she lies in a room hung with mourning, and is to continue there, 'till Mr. Keith can attend her funeral" — Zounds, if this become a fashion, we shall shortly have a POSTHUMOUS WORLD. The coffin-makers, the feather-shops, * the plumpers, and the embalmers, the grave-diggers, &c. &c. &c. — are all on the point of breaking. 'Tis true, the apothecaries stand us in some stead, those honest fellows throw us in an odd hecatomb of carcases every now and then, but they can't go on with half the vigour as they did when they were aided by

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your

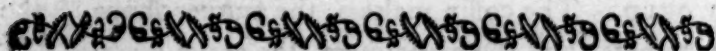
♦ For an explanation of this word, consult the *Student in Calliope*.

your efficacious prescriptions; those prescriptions which finish'd affairs at a blow, and were infallible mittimus's to the realms of silence and tranquility. I have just now had one of my *mutes* with me, who has made such a damn'd *noise* for his money, that I expect to hear nothing distinctly for this twelvemonth, and to mend matters, in comes the exciseman (would to God, doctor, he was under your hands) and brings a bill a yard long, on account of the tax upon coaches and hearfes. He's a good likely fellow, and would make a charming corpse, and I heartily wish I had the burying of him, and all his fraternity. — You see, sir, the necessity of your restoring yourself to the publick, since business so stagnates without you; neither will the intemperance of the times, the sedulity of the apothecaries, war, pestilence, and famine, suffice for our purpose, if you continue in the country.

Yours affectionately,

CHARLES COFFIN.

Dick Deathwatch, my partner, and *Harry Hatchment*, the herald painter, desire their respects,



On the Improvement of Life †.

OBIDAH, the son of *Abensinab*, left the caravan-fera early in the morning, and pursued his journey thro' the plains of *Indostan*. He was fresh and vigorous

† An *Eastern* story, inserted by Mrs. *Midnight*, from the *RAMAYANA*, as a specimen of that valuable work,

vigorous with rest ; he was animated with hope ; he was incited by desire ; he walk'd swiftly forward over the vallies, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he pass'd along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise, he was fann'd by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices ; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills ; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring : all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approach'd his meridian, and the increasing heat prey'd upon his strength ; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw on his right hand, a grove, that seem'd to wave its shades, as a sign of invitation ; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appear'd to have the same direction with the main road, and he was pleas'd that by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with his business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He therefore still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the musick of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade ; and sometimes amus'd himself with plucking the flowers that grew on either side, or the fruits that hung

hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first direction, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here *Obidah* paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and open road, but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was over-spread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gather'd round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick
and

and painful remembrance of his folly, he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted, and lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the earth, and commended his life to the lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquility, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage, and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

— χεῖ μαρῖοι ποταμοὶ κατ' ὄρεσφι ῥέοντες
Ες μισγάγκειαν συγγάλλετον ὄβριμον ὕδωρ,
Τῶνδε τε τηλόσε δῶπον ἐν ἔρεσιν ἔκλυε ποιμήν.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered thro' the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld thro' the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced
towards

towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he call'd humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which *Obidah* fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, " Tell me, said the
" hermit, by what chance thou hast been brought hi-
" ther; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant
" of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man be-
" fore." *Obidah* then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

" Son, said the hermit, let the errors and follies,
" the dangers and escape of this day, sink deep into
" thine heart. Remember, my son, that human life
" is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning
" of youth, full of vigour and full of expectation;
" we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety
" and with diligence, and travel on a while in the
" freight road of piety towards the mansions of rest.
" In a short time we remit our fervor, and endeavour
" to find some mitigation of our duty, and some
" more easy means of obtaining the same end. We
" then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be
" terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon
" our own constancy, and venture to approach what
" we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the
" bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of securi-
" ty. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides;
" we are then willing to enquire whether another
" advance cannot be made, and whether we may not,
" at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure :
" we

“ we approach them with scruple and hesitation ; we
 “ enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and
 “ always hope to pass thro’ them without losing the
 “ road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our
 “ sight, and to which we propose to return. But
 “ temptation succeeds temptation,, and one compli-
 “ ance prepares us for another ; we in time lose the
 “ happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet
 “ with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall
 “ the remembrance of our original intention, and
 “ quit the only adequate object of rational desire.
 “ We entangle ourselves in business, immerse our-
 “ selves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths
 “ of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins
 “ to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our
 “ way. We then look back upon our lives with hor-
 “ ror, with sorrow, with repentance, and wish, but
 “ too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken
 “ the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son,
 “ who shall learn from thy example not to despair,
 “ but shall remember, that tho’ the day is past, and
 “ their strength is wasted, there yet remains one ef-
 “ fort to be made ; that reformation is never hope-
 “ less, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted, but
 “ the wanderer may at length return after all his
 “ errors ; and he who implores strength and courage
 “ from above, shall find danger and difficulty give
 “ way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose,
 “ commit thyself to the care of omnipotence, and
 “ when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew,
 “ thy journey and thy life.”

An ORATION *spoken to the Clappers, Hissers, and Damners, attending both Theatres.*
By Mrs. MIDNIGHT.

Gentlemen,

I Am so highly delighted and surpris'd at the noble advances you have lately made in the art of true and candid criticism, that I cannot possibly avoid expressing my gratitude and approbation in this publick manner. When in the side-box I reflect on the antient critics; when I call to mind the sentiments of *Aristotle*, *Dionysius*, *Longinus*, and then turn my eyes on you, I am astonish'd! confounded! and my admiration rises to a height, which 'tis impossible for me here to express. *Aristotle* was an ass, *Dionysius* a driveller, *Longinus* a leatherhead, and all the antient critics collected in a body, a parcel of giddy-heads, goose-caps, and hum-drums, who would have been *three days* in reading, considering and revising a play, which you can judge and condemn, without any consideration in the world, and without either hearing or seeing a syllable, in *three minutes*. Wonderful abilities indeed! — Oh mighty sirs! you especially who lord it in the regions above, and are seated next the stars, how shall I enough admire your wisdom and sagacity? Proceed, great sirs, and prosper! reform the world. Riot! riot! tear up the benches, break down the king's arms, demolish the orchestre and the fiddles, pelt the players and hiss the author! Clamour, clamour, I say, and display your bravery as usual, in a storm of nut-shells, apples, and oranges.

It

It has been a maxim, time out of mind, *that the most noisy are the most knowing*; and this you have sufficiently verified, who are, and I hope will ever remain, enemies to *taciturnity*, and that other dull useless thing call'd *thinking*.

Those wonderful witty gentlemen, who snow down white paper on the ladies in the pit, have my thanks for that elegant and ingenious conceit; and I think myself obliged to all the little boys in both houses, who entertain us with their rattles and their whistling-pipes.

After all, gentlemen, what a dull blockhead was he, who defin'd criticism to consist in true taste and judgement; when 'tis evident that you are the best and most absolute critics in the universe, without having the least taste or judgment in the world.

The following Pastoral Piece, written by Mrs. Leapor, exceeds every Thing of that Kind, which has yet been exhibited by the Male Authors, and I think does a supreme Honour to our Sex. Where will you find in any of them so much Nature, Sweetness, Simplicity and Ease, and such a judicious Choice of new and enlivening Epithets?—Our Readers will have a farther Account of this excellent Lady in a future Part of this Work.

COLINETTA.

'T WAS when the fields had shed their golden grain,
And burning funs had sear'd the russet plain;

No

No more the rose nor hyacinth were seen,
Nor yellow cowslip on the tufted green ;
But the rude thistle rear'd his hoary crown,
And the ripe nettle shew'd an irksome brown.
In mournful plight the tarnish'd groves appear,
And nature weeps for the declining year.
The sun too quickly reach'd the western sky,
And rising vapours hid his ev'ning eye :
Autumnal threads around the branches flew,
While the dry stubble drank the falling dew.

In this sick season, at the close of day,
On *Lydia's* lap pale *Colinetta* lay ;
Whose fallow cheeks had lost their rosy dye,
The sparkles languish'd in her closing eye.
Parch'd were those lips whence music us'd to flow,
Nor more the flute her weary fingers know,
Yet thrice to raise her feeble voice she try'd,
Thrice on her tongue the fainting numbers dy'd ;
At last reviv'd, on *Lydia's* neck she hung,
And, like a swan expiring, thus she sung.

Farewel ye forests and delightful hills,
Ye flow'ry meadows and ye crystal rills,
Ye friendly groves to whom we us'd to run,
And beg the shelter from the burning sun.
Those blasted shades all mournful now I see,
Who droop their heads as tho' they wept for me.
The pensive linnet has forgot to sing,
The lark is silent 'till returning spring.
The spring shall all those wonted charms restore,
Which *Colinetta* must behold no more.

Farewel

Farewel ye fields, my native fields, adieu,
Whose fertile lays my early labours knew;
Where, when an infant, I was wont to stray,
And gather king-cups at the closing day.
How oft has *Lydia* told a mournful tale,
By the clear lake that shines in yonder vale;
When she had done, I sung a chearful lay,
While the glad goldfinch listen'd on the spray:
Lur'd by my song each jolly swain drew near,
And rosy virgins throng'd around to hear:
Farewel, ye swains; ye rosy nymphs, adieu;
Tho' I (unwilling) leave the streams and you,
Still may soft music bless your happy shore,
But, *Colinetta*, you must hear no more.

O *Lydia*! thou, (if wayward tongues should blame)
My life, and blot a harmless maiden's name)
Tell them, if e're I found a straggling ewe,
Altho' the owner's name I hardly knew;
I fed it kindly with my father's hay,
And gave it shelter at the closing day:
I never stole young pigeons from their dams,
Nor from their pasture drove my neighbour's lambs;
Nor set my dog to hunt their flocks away,
That mine might graze upon the vacant lay.
When *Pbillida* by dancing won the prize,
Or *Colin* prais'd young *Mariana's* eyes;
When *Damon* wedded *Urs'la* of the grange,
My cheek with envy ne'er was seen to change:
Whene'er I saw *Aminda* cross the plain,
Or walk the forest with her darling swain,

I never

I never whisper'd to a stander-by,
 But hated scandal, and abhor'd a lye.
 On *Sundays*, I (as sister *Sue* can tell)
 Was always ready for the sermon-bell :
 I honour'd both the teacher and the day ;
 Nor us'd to giggle when he bid me pray :
 Then sure for me there's something good in store,
 When *Colinetta* shall be seen no more.

When I am gone, I leave to sister *Sue*
 My gown of *Jersey*, and my aprons blue.
 My studded sheep-hook *Phillida* may take,
 Likewise my hay-fork and my hazel rake :
 My hoarded apples, and my winters pears,
 Be thine, O *Lydia* ! to reward thy cares.
 These nuts, that late were pluck'd from yonder tree,
 And this straw-basket, I bequeath to thee :
 That basket did these dying fingers weave :
 My boxen flute to *Corydon* I leave ;
 So shall it charm the list'ning nymphs around,
 For none like him can make it sweetly sound.

In our church-yard there grows a spreading yew,
 Whose dark green leaves distil a baneful dew :
 Be those sad branches o'er my grave reclin'd,
 And let these words be graven on the rind :
 Mark, gentle reader — underneath this tree,
 There sleeps a maid, old *Simon*'s daughter she :
 Thou too, perhaps, e'er many weeks be o'er,
 Like *Colinetta*, shall be seen no more.
 Here ends the maid — for now the seal of death
 Clos'd her pale lips, and stop'd her rosy breath ;
 Her sinking eye-balls took their long adieu,
 And with a sigh her harmless spirit flew.

The NONPAREIL. 93

The following SONG, which was sent us by a Male Correspondent, is evidently intended to affront our Sex; and therefore it should not have been inserted, but that we are promis'd an answer to it, by a Lady of great Distinction.

I.

FROM morn to night, from day to day,
At all times, and at ev'ry place;
You scold, repeat, and sing, and say,
Nor are there hopes you'll ever cease.

II.

Forbear, my *Celia*, oh! forbear,
If your own health or ours you prize;
For all mankind, that hear you, swear
Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.

III.

Your tongue's a traitor to your face,
Your fame's by your own noise obscur'd;
All are distracted, while they gaze,
But if they listen, all are cur'd.

IV.

Your silence wou'd acquire more praise
Than all you say, or all I write;
One look ten thousand charms displays;
Then hush ——— and be an angel quite.

Seasonable Advice to a new-married Lady.

Drawn from fatal Experience, and a thorough Knowledge of that capricious Creature Man.

I.

TO make the man kind and keep true to the bed,
Whom your choice or your destiny brings you
to wed,
Take a hint from a friend, whom experience has
taught,
And experience you know never fails when 'tis bought.

II.

The art which you practis'd at first to ensnare,
For in love, little arts, as in battle, are fair;
Whether neatness, or prudence, or wit were the bait,
Let the hook still be cover'd, and still play the cheat.

III.

Shou'd he fancy another, upbraid not his flame,
To reproach him is never the way to reclaim;
'Tis more to recover than conquer an heart,
For this is all nature, but that is all art.

IV.

Good sense is to them what a face is to you,
Flatter that, and like us, they'll but think it their due;
Doubt the strength of your judgment compar'd to his
own,
And he'll give you perfections at present unknown.

V.

Tho' you learn that your rival his bounty partakes,
And your merited favour th' ungrateful forsakes;
Still, still debonair, kind, engaging and free,
Be deaf tho' you hear, and be blind tho' you see!

A LET-

A LETTER from Mrs. Mary Midnight, to
David Garrick, Esq;

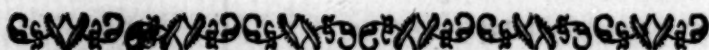
AS you have not, in the whole metropolis, a greater admirer than I am, I shall make no apology for the freedom with which I am about to treat you. I perfectly remember the performances of *Betterton*, *Booth* and *Wilks*; and (contrary to the common custom of old people, who think nothing can come up to what happened in *their time*) I acknowledge that you excel them all. But, notwithstanding all this, I do assert, that, with regard to your character, as a manager, you are, in some respects, deficient and culpable. What is the reason that some of the best plays we have, are so seldom represented? What is the reason of the total neglect of the incomparable *Fletcher*? What is the reason that the public patience is so largely try'd, and the human understanding so shamefully insulted as it is, by a perpetual repetition of the *Duke, and no Duke*, the *Anatomist*, and twenty things of the like nature.— It is true, indeed, that there are excellent comedians employ'd in each of these; but, I think, you pay them a poor compliment, to make their fine talents the vehicles of nonsense to the public. As the representation of the above-mention'd paltry interludes is an affront to the good sense of the nation, so the exhibition of many others, is an equal scandal to its virtue — I never read the *London Cuckolds*, and so was betray'd, by curiosity, into a desire of seeing it; but such a system of nonsense and bawdry, I can hardly think

think is to be match'd in any other language! It is certainly in your power, and wou'd greatly become you, to prevent the playing of such pieces.

You see, fir, I have taken upon me to censure you very freely; but I shall not take my leave of you, without doing you the justice to own, that you have virtues, and those very great ones, even as a manager. — You have made some admirable actors out of very unpromising materials. — Your charity last winter, by giving so many benefit plays to persons in distress, deserves immortal honour; and might compensate for faults you are incapable of committing. — Such considerable sums given to the poor, shews you are as good a man as an actor, and must effectually silence the calumny of your enemies, that wou'd accuse you of the vice of avarice. —

Yours sincerely,

M. MIDNIGHT.



*To the Right Honourable the Lady * * * *.*

M A D A M,

EVER since I commenced author, I have list'n'd with due deference to the opinion of the public; and I have the honour to inform your ladyship, that all our sex, and the more sensible part of the other, have deign'd to give me a reading, and placed my lucubrations amongst their most curious manuals.

My publisher has, this week, received letters from

two

two hundred and ninety-nine different people ; and the purport of them all is to enquire when a volume will be compleated : most of them contain orders, some for ten, some a dozen, and others for twenty books, bound in *Turkey* leather, gilt and letter'd, with ribbons and silver clasps. Some are uneasy that I don't publish once a fortnight, others again are for once a week, and a far greater number would have it every day. Then the greatest part of them say it is too cheap, and are for advancing the price ; some to six-pence, some to a shilling, and others to a crown ; and one gentleman of the number says, he subscribed a guinea for a book which was not so good. But, notwithstanding these remonstrances, I shall never alter my price 'till the whole body of my monthly purchasers, which are, at least, twenty thousand, are, in this respect, of one mind ; and, as they live, many of them, at a great distance, and some are gouty and infirm, I don't suppose such general agreement can be effected before *Lady-day* next ; and, to that period of time, all your ladyship's friends will be served at three-pence each number as usual. I am highly oblig'd to your ladyship for the hint you gave me of taking notice of the best poetical pamphlets ; and that you may see with what alacrity I obey all your commands, I have ventured to give the publick my opinion of the SATIRE (lately publish'd) entitl'd, *NEW-MARKET*, which, I think, is wrote with spirit and judgement. The design is good, and the sentiments are just, and drawn from experience. I hope, therefore your ladyship will recommend it to the gentle

men of your acquaintance, to whom it may be of use. Many of our gentry, and even nobility, prefer the care of their horses to every thing else appertaining to their family; and value themselves more upon a good breed of racers than a fine circle of children; such are, in general, the sentiments of the wiseacres of the age that we live in; and, 'tis no wonder; for our Vquires are, for the most part, educated by their grooms, or their huntsmen; and, perhaps, that is the reason why our great ones study more the affairs of the stable than the affairs of the nation. I have sent you a few lines of this poem by way of specimen, which I doubt not, will induce your ladyship to read the whole.

I am,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's

truly and affectionate Friend,

and most obedient humble Servant,

M. MIDNIGHT.

WHAT dreams of conquest flush'd HILARIO's breast,

When the good knight at last retir'd to rest!
Behold the youth, with new-felt rapture, mark
Each pleasing prospect of the spacious park:
That park, where beauties, undisguis'd, engage,
Those beauties less the work of art than age:
In simple state: where genuine nature wears
Her venerable dress of antient years;

Where

Where all the charms of chance with order meet,
 The rude, the gay, the graceful and the great.
 Here aged oaks uprear their branches hoar,
 And form dark groves, which druids might adore;
 Pride and support of *Britain's* conquering cross,
 Which distant ancestors saw crown'd with moss:
 With meeting boughs, and deepening to the view,
 Here shoots the broad umbrageous avenue:
 Here various trees compose a chequer'd scene,
 Glowing in gay diversities of green:
 There the full stream thro' intermingling glades,
 Shines a broad lake, or falls in deep cascades,
 Nor wants there hazel copse, or beachen lawn,
 To chear with sun or shade the bounding fawn.
 And see the good old seat, whose *Gothic* tow'rs
 Awful emerge from yonder tufted bow'rs;
 Whose rafted hall the crouding tenants fed,
 And deal to age and want their daily bread.
 Where garter'd knights, with peerless beauties join'd,
 At high and solemn festivals have din'd;
 Presenting oft fair virtue's shining task,
 In mystic pageantries, and moral † masque.

F 2

But

† It was a fashionable practice among our antient nobility and gentry, of both sexes, to perform personally in entertainments of this kind. Nothing could be a more delightful or rational method of spending an evening than this: *MILTON's Comus* was thus exhibited at *Ludlow-Castle*, in the year 1631.

Poetry, painting, and musick, were here united in their highest perfection. It were to be wish'd that our modern people of distinction would revive this excellent practice, and substitute it in
 the

But vain all' ancient praise, or boast of birth,
 Vain all the palms of old heroic worth !
 At once a bankrupt , and a prosperous heir,
 HILARIO bets ——— park, house, dissolve in air.
 With antique armour hung his trophy'd rooms,
 Descend to gamesters, prostitutes, and grooms.
 He sees his steel-clad fires, and mother's mild,
 Who bravely shook the lance, or sweetly smil'd,
 All the fair series of the whisker'd race,
 Whose pictur'd forms the stately gallery grace,
 Debas'd, abus'd, the price of ill-got gold,
 To deck some tavern vile, at auctions sold.
 The parish wonders at th' unopening door,
 The chimnies blaze, the tables groan no more,
 Thick weeds around th' untrodden courts arise,
 And all the social scene in silence lies.
 Himself, the loss politely to repair,
 Turns atheist, fiddler, highwayman, or play'r.
 At length the scorn, the shame of man and God,
 Is doom'd to *rub* the steeds that once he *rode*.

the place of routs and masquerades. But, in the present age, the idea of the true decorum seems to be utterly extinct ; and even the dignity of human nature seems to be quite over-run with the false refinements of affected elegance, and all the inconsistent sopperies of studied folly.

The NONPAREIL. 101

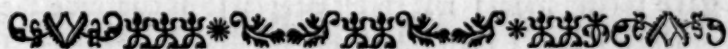
The following epigram was sent me by Ebenezer Pentweazle, esq; who is too apt to throw out invectives against our sex. As my inserting this is a high proof of my impartiality, he will have no reason to be surpriz'd at receiving also a proof of my justice. And I take this opportunity to assure that gentleman, that he will see himself celebrated among many other Drivellers in my DUNCIAD, unless he immediately repents, recants, and reforms.

APOLLO and DAPHNE.

An EPIGRAM.

WHEN *Phæbus* was amorous, and long'd to be
rude,

Miss *Daphne* cry'd, pish! and ran swift to the wood;
And rather than do such a naughty affair,
She became a fine laurel to deck the God's hair.
The nymph was (no doubt) of a cold constitution,
For sure to turn tree was an odd resolution:
Yet in this she behav'd like a true modern spouse,
For she fled from his arms to distinguish his brows.



Concerning DOMESTIC NEWS.

WE acknowledge all our brother news-writers to
be conjurers; but, by their leaves, even con-
jurers are sometimes out in their calculations. This

I apprehend will plainly appear to those who will give themselves the trouble to examine the publick papers during the last war, and to compare the prognostications of the effects of our several resolutions, with their events. Yet notwithstanding their known inability, and want of penetration, they still go on in the same strain of fortune-telling, and pretend to discover things that are as mysterious as the longitude, and as uncertain as the determinations in the court of * * * * .

The writer of a certain political paper, it is true, never presumes to assert any thing 'till he has cast his coffee. He brags of having seen the battles of *Dettingen*, *Fontenoy*, and *Culloden*, in his coffee-grounds, six weeks before they happen'd; and has this morning assur'd me, that the Great Mogul will infallibly die on *Wednesday* next. But if this man is so careful and exact in his calculation, others are altogether as remiss in theirs. How many people have they married with fortunes of five, six, seven, eight, nay, ten thousand pounds, that perhaps never felt the weight of a single hundred. I must, therefore, in my future numbers, take the liberty to animadvert on all paragraphs of this kind, if my brother scribblers (from the hint I gave them) should not think proper to discontinue the practice; for, I shall admit of no impositions that I have the power to redress: besides this, I take it extremely ill that they should presume to value our sex by the weight of any sort of metal whatsoever. My inventory, or estimation of a woman, begins with the furniture of the mind; and when I have scheduled the

the

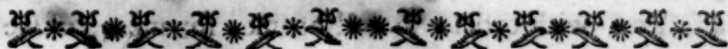
the body, the good qualities there, and added those of the all the rest I throw in, without any particular specification. *Solomon* (who I believe, gentle reader, was as wise as any of our modern writers) tells us, *The price of a virtuous woman is above rubies*: And the wise son of *Sirach*, who had been thrice married, breaks out in the following *exphonestis* or exclamation: *Blessed is the man that hath a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be double.*



An EPIGRAM

On Mr. Timothy Grouse, who has a remarkable long Nose. — The Hint from the Greek.

IN search of *Tim Grouse* I've been taking a tou,
Yet still am I much at a loss:
Quoth *Jack*, he'll be here at the *Park* in an hour,
For his *Nose* is now at *Charing-cross*.



To the LADIES of Quality.

AS I was yesterday coming from a public minister's, with whom I had been to confer about the affairs of *Europe*, I was stopt by the snow, and obliged to wait at the portal, while one of his excellency's servants call'd me a chair. Just as he return'd, a poor woman came up with a child in her arms, ask'd him for a halfpenny, and then began singing a

sprightly song to one of the most dismal tunes I ever heard in my life. The first stanza I remember was,

A toper is immortal, fir,
And never can decay ;
For how shou'd he to *dust* return,
Who daily wets his *clay*.

These words she tortur'd into a thousand disagreeable tones, the tears all the time running down her cheeks plentifully. As there were such evident marks of sorrow in her countenance, I sent for her, and ask'd the reason of her singing such a humourous song to so lamentable a tune. *Oh madam, says she, serious things will not go down now, and I am oblig'd to sing such as will bring me in money immediately, for my poor husband died yesterday, and I have not a farthing to bury him, nor any thing for my babe and me to subsist on.*

The circumstance of her singing for money to bury her husband, struck me ; and as her behaviour in all respects convinc'd me of her sincerity, I gave the poor creature a crown, as a reward for her conjugal affection, with orders to call on me, for more, if she could not raise the sum she wanted in time. When I came home, I mention'd this to Mr. *Pentwaxle*, who being a poet, and a flighty spark you may suppose, wrote me the following epigram on the subject, which I hope to have answer'd by some lady of quality ; for I think it is a shame that men should be suffer'd to satyryze us in this manner, when it is certain that no creatures upon earth are so faithless, so capricious as themselves.

MARY MIDNIGHT.

An

The NONPAREIL.

105

AN EPIGRAM,

*On a Weman who was singing Ballads for Money
to bury her Husband.*

By Mr. PENTWEAZLE.

FOR her husband deceas'd Sally chants the sweet
lay,

Why, faith, this is singular sorrow;
But (I doubt) since she *sings* for a dead man to-day,
She'll cry for a live one to-morrow.



A new SONG,

For the SWAN Socisty in Chandois-street.

I.

COME each toper and friend,
Lend your ear and attend
To a scheme, which I'll tell you anon;
It is to repair
To the death of old care,
Who this night will be kill'd at the *Swan*.

II.

No more that old dog
Our gay spirits shall clog,
And make us look fallow and wan;
Jolly *Bacchus* to-night
Shall his mittimus write,
And send him to hell from the *Swan*.

F 5

III.

III.

We'll leave to the Sophy
 His sherbet and coffee,
 And soup to monsieur and the don ;
 But with punch, and good ale,
 We will joyous regale
 Our old *English* hearts at the *Swan*.

IV.

Let the 'squire mind his hogs,
 And to huntsmen and dogs,
 Sing tantararara ton ton ;
 We have joys more extreme,
 While sweet love is our theme,
 And we're hunting the flask at the *Swan*.

V.

Let the pedant severe,
 Every day in the year,
 His lesson most carefully con ;
 Damn your rods and your blocks,
 And your *bics* and your *bocs*,
 For to drink is our task at the *Swan*.

VI.

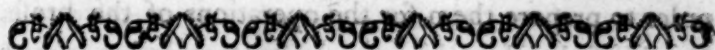
Here our bliss is divine,
 We love wit and love wine,
 As well as did *Shakespear's* Sir *John* ;
 The fat knight ne'er would lack,
 Or good punch, or good sa k,
 Was he here with his friends at the *Swan*.

VII.

Come my jolly brisk hearts,
Join your hands to your quarts,
For here must be no lookers on;
Let us join hand to hand,
And when we can't stand
We will fall all at once at the *Swan*;

VIII.

I fancy at last,
That your patience is past,
And my rhimes they are pretty nigh gone;
If applause you refuse,
Yet I hope you'll excuse
A poor goose, that would fain be a *Swan*.



Q U E R Y,

WHether the petition deliver'd into the house,
to prevent the drinking of *GIN*, is intended
really and *bona fide* to answer that salutary purpose,
and not merely to * * * * *

If it be, I am for it with all my heart: for I'm
afraid excessive drinking, excessive gaming, and ex-
cessive playing the fool, will be the destruction of
this nation.

MARY MIDNIGHT.

*The genuine Memcirs and most surprifing Adventures
of a very unfortunate TYE-WIG.*

Communicated to Mrs. MIDNIGHT by the poor
Sufferer.

HAVING some business to tranfact with my good friend Mr. NEWBERRY, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*, I was the other day tempted by a fine morning, to quit my house in *St. James's Place*, without my chariot, and fairly tramp it for the benefit of my health. But before I had reach'd one third part of my way, I was overtaken by a shower, which oblig'd me to take shelter in a cover'd alley; where I saw a boy wiping a gentleman's shoes with a TYE-WIG, in order to prepare them for the operations of the brush. On this sight, I could not help contemplating what a multitude and variety of circumstances this same wig had pass'd thro' — and now, was I to follow the example of the writers of the last century, I should walk home peaceably, go to bed, sleep soundly, and in the morning write a *Vifion* upon this occasion. But, as it happens, that I have a superlative contempt for those old canting visionaries; I shall fairly and squarely, without apology, preface or preamble, give my reader the memoirs of this TYE-WIG, which he very civilly, and without solicitation, deliver'd to me in the following form of words.

Madam,

Madam,

“ YOU see before you one of the most unfortunate pieces of hair that ever possessed the capitol of the human microcosm,” — Here I cou’d not help interrupting his TYESHIP, and desired him to proceed in a more intelligible, and less pedantic manner, which he thus did accordingly. “ Madam, you wou’d have excused my stile had you known my education, but for your more immediate satisfaction, I shall proceed with all the simplicity imaginable. At my first setting out in the world I was the property of a young physician, who may with the strictest propriety be said to have *taken* his degree, because it was *given* him by no university in the world : from the gravity which I lent him he got some repute, and being withal a very handsome fellow, he was often consulted by ladies of distinction. However, the little credit he had with his barber often threw me into very great and dangerous disorders, and had not my master been happily executed for poisoning an old citizen, who stood in the way of a young blood, my memoirs might have ended here. — I was sold by my master’s executioner to an eminent second-hand hair-merchant in *Middle row, Holborn*, where I spent the long vacation in great tranquility ; but, at the beginning of the term, I was purchased by a young *Irish* templar, and call’d to the bar along with him. Had nature furnish’d the inside of my master’s head, as well as art by my means did the outside, he by this time might have been a judge. —

“ But,

“ But, alas ! having nothing but me and impudence
 “ on his side, he was hiss’d out of the court, laugh’d
 “ out of the coffee-house, and finally kick’d out of
 “ the kingdom. As for me, I was left, with other
 “ effects, in the hands of Mr. * * *, an eminent pawn-
 “ broker, in * * * * street, Westminster, from whom I
 “ was redeem’d by Mr. Bullock the player, who sold
 “ me to the wardrobe-keeper of one of the theatres.
 “ I may say, without vanity, that I have acted the
 “ principal parts both in tragedy and comedy, to the
 “ satisfaction of the public ; and have often, with
 “ the assistance of skilful barbers, gain’d an applause,
 “ in which the actor, that wore me had no share ;
 “ and from which I have sufficient reason to be con-
 “ vinced, that a certain quantity of hair, duly bedi-
 “ zen’d with perfum’d powder and oil of sweet al-
 “ monds, will do more upon the stage than graceful-
 “ nefs of action, propriety of pronounciation, or any
 “ other theatrical virtue whatsoever. You may judge,
 “ madam, how long and how successfully I serv’d
 “ the patentee, when I assure you I was fifteen times
 “ new mounted while I continued in his majesty’s
 “ service. At length one Garrick came in power,
 “ the pupil of art, the son of nature, and the cousin-
 “ german of *Shakespear* and the passions ; coats and
 “ wigs, which heretofore were primary qualities in
 “ acting, were now reduced to a secondary state.
 “ The theatre, rescued from jargon, rant, and sense-
 “ less shew, now became the temple of manly and
 “ rational mirth, and the vehicle of good sense and
 “ morality. On this fatal revolution I prudently ab-
 “ dicated,

" dicated, and was again sold to the merchant of
 " *Middle-row*. My next scene of life was a military
 " one, for I was purchased by an officer in the *Welch*
 " fusileers, when I experienc'd all the hardships of
 " wind and weather, and serv'd in the double capacity
 " of caxon and night-cap. I went through a most
 " surprising diversity of accidents, there was hardly
 " an object in nature that did not occur to me, ex-
 " cept a block, a powder-puff, and a comb; at
 " length, in the fatal action of *Fontenoy*, I lost part of
 " my fore-top and one of my tails; upon which my
 " master presented me to an old serjeant, with whom
 " I shortly went fellow-pensioner to *Chelsea* hospital.
 " Here I remained about two months; at length the
 " serjeant happening to be drinking a pot of porter
 " at the *World's End*, a person of a very singular cha-
 " racter came in, and after tippling pretty freely,
 " swopt with my master for a brown bob and eigh-
 " teen-pence. My present possessor was a constant
 " attendant at the *Temple-exchange* coffee-house, and
 " his profession was of a nature very extraordinary.
 " His business was to assist the news-writers in the
 " vacation, and other times, when there was a dearth
 " of events; he wou'd make you a plague at *Con-*
 " *stantinople* at a minute's warning, and for the confi-
 " deration of half a crown, wou'd dethrone the grand
 " signior, or kill you an hundred thousand *Tartars*.
 " He was perhaps the only man that knew the pri-
 " vate conversations of all the foreign ministers at
 " the *Hague*, and would publish you a letter in the
 " *Daily Advertiser*, in which he would unlock the
 " cabinets

“ cabinets of all the crown'd heads in *Christendom*.
“ But one night, chancing to speak disrespectfully of
“ the grand monarch, a *French* dancing-master took
“ him by the nose, and threw me into the fire:
“ from this lamentable catastrophe, madam, you may
“ easily account for my present appearance. My
“ master never thought it worth his while to attempt
“ my rescue, and had I not offended the company
“ with a disagreeable stink, should have inevitably
“ perish'd in the flames. I was kickt about the cof-
“ fee-house, and trod upon by people of all ranks
“ and degrees for upwards of a week, when a coun-
“ try farmer, a great economist, one of whose max-
“ ims it was, that every thing had its use, took me
“ up by half of my only remaining tail, and put me
“ into his pocket. As soon as I arrived in the coun-
“ try I was station'd on a mop-stick, to fright the
“ crows from a pea-field, in which office I serv'd for
“ about a fortnight, but a beggar-man coming by
“ one day, who had discretion enough to think half
“ a loaf was better than no bread, and any thing of
“ a wig better than a bald pate, took me from my
“ grand post, and placed me upon his own idea-pot;
“ which, madam, is a philosophical name for the
“ head. This is the worthy gentleman, whom you
“ now see condescending to amuse himself with
“ cleaning the shoes of persons of quality, and who
“ now employs me in the servile occupation of be-
“ ing the harbinger of the blacking-ball, and gen-
“ tleman usher to a brush.”

A Letter from Mrs. MIDNIGHT to the College of Physicians, in which is prov'd that old Women and Nature are their greatest Enemies. To which is added, a modest Proposal for extirpating the one, and for preventing the Operations of the other.

Gentlemen,

THE world in general would be surprized at my addressing you in this affectionate manner, and speaking at the same time so disrespectfully as I am obliged to do of my own sex, were I not to offer some reasons to prove the rectitude of my conduct. I am, gentlemen (and I wou'd have every body know it) under the greatest obligations to your fraternity; and if, as a certain author says, ingratitude be worse than the sin of witchcraft, sure gratitude will be a sufficient plea for my taking upon me the defence of your characters, and your profession; characters that stand full in the front of fame, and a profession that has raised and supported itself meerly by art, has no connection with, or dependance on nature, but is self-existent, and, like a true noun substantive, stands alone.

To prove this, and at the same time to demonstrate the usefulness of your science, we need only look back to the days of ignorance and simplicity; those days when the people had no means of getting genteely out of the world, but were obliged to wait till they were carried off by mere old age; and this did not
happen

happen to some till they had lived several hundred years; nay, we have an account of one old fellow, *Methuselah*, I think his name was, who lived to the age of nine hundred and ninety-nine. An evident proof of their total neglect of physic! diseases they had in those days, that is certain; but then, as they had no practitioners in physic to support them, they were soon rooted out. The care of the sic was the province of the *Old Woman*, who, together with the aid of one *Nature*, whom you may probably have heard of, soon cured their patients: and so ignorant were they of the true principles of physick, that they depended entirely upon experience, consulted what they called the symptoms, to distinguish one disease from another, and when they had found out a remedy that had cured nineteen patients of any one distemper, they foolishly supposed the same medicine would cure the twentieth. Thus they ignorantly went on, and in order to convey this their experience to posterity, the diseases (with the symptoms by which it might be known) the remedy, and the success, were engraven on pillars, or written on the walls of their temples. So that then there was no more art required to cure any disorder, than there is now to walk over the new bridge at *Westminster*. But when the dawn of true medical knowledge appeared, when we began to discover the mechanical operation of every medicine, and to find out the latent cause of every disease, physic was no more that simple silly thing; for the true and invincible heroes of the science immediately called in the mechanical laws,

laws, and an ingenious and useful application was made of the momenta of the fluids, cylinders, triangles, sines, tangents and secants, levers, ropes and pullies. Millstones were brought into the stomach, flint and steel into the blood vessels, and hammer and vice into the lungs; and now people began to die in a reasonable time, and the son had some hopes of enjoying his father's estate before he himself was an old man. Happy 'twould be for us, if physic was to rest here! happy would it be if all the sick were committed to your care, oblig'd to swallow your prescriptions, and no innovators permitted to break in upon your practice. But so it is, and I am sorry to say it, there are certain *old Women*, who have had a description of diseases and remedies for them handed down from their foolish predecessors, with which they cure patients after they have been carried through the regular forms of physic, and have been consign'd to death by the most knowing of ye all.

Mr. *Wilson* t'other day coming off a long journey, was taken very ill, his father immediately sent for a gentleman of the faculty, who order'd twenty ounces of blood to be taken from him, and then prescrib'd him sixteen blisters and a vomit. But his grandmother came in at the instant, and, upon examining the patient, found that he had rode eighty miles that day, and, as he was well in the morning when he set out, she concluded that his illness, and the fainting fit he had, was occasion'd by the fatigue of the journey; she therefore set aside the prescription; nor wou'd she suffer him to be blooded, but ordered him to bed,

gave

gave him some warm whey with hartshorn drops in it, and lo in the morning he was well. — Now here was a good job spoil'd by the interposition of an *old Woman*.

Mrs. *Mary Grove* was seiz'd with a disorder which bereft her of her senses, she was absolutely mad for some months, and attended by several of *your* faculty, but the disease was too obstinate to be remov'd, till *Goody Curtis* was call'd in; who, when she had a lucid interval, desired to speak to her. This *old Woman* ask'd her a question, which was only proper to be put to a woman, and upon enquiry found out the cause of her disorder, and with some gentle cathartics and steel, the lunatic was soon restored. Now is not this provoking? And if these old jades are suffer'd to go on this manner, true physic will be turn'd topsy turvey, and all your valuable and essential *Greek* and *Latin* terms will be laugh'd at.

Besides these sworn enemies of yours, there is another combin'd with them, who is altogether as powerful, and as much to be guarded against, and that is *Nature*; for she works in the dark like a mole underground, and uses a thousand little tricks to baffle your abilities.

Mr. *Johnson* was seiz'd with a violent disorder in his head and stomach, and, as he was a rich man, they call'd in my worthy and learn'd friends Dr. EMETIC, Dr. SUDORIFIC, Dr. CATHARTIC, and Dr. BLISTER. As the gentleman was in imminent danger, they were desir'd to be speedy in their conference. The first point to be settled was who shou'd

write,

write, which, after each had pleaded his pre-eminence about an hour, was agreed on ; and Dr. EME-
TIC, after shaking his head a considerable time, ob-
serv'd, *That it was an exfoliation of the glands, which,*
like the broken wheels of a watch, being unable to per-
form their office, the unconcocted matter had fallen upon
the membranous coats of the intestines, and caused a lace-
ration, which must be remov'd by a VOMIT. Dr. SU-
DORIFIC said, *it was a pleurisy in the thigh, which he*
was for sweating away. In short, they were all four
of fourteen different opinions, and when arguments
fail'd, arms were call'd in to their aid ; and the room
was soon strew'd with dislocated canes, tags of wigs,
and other marks of a furious engagement. During
this squabble, *Nature* excited in the patient a power-
ful purging, and he was so well recover'd before the
fray was over, that he fairly got up and run away,
and by that means preserv'd both his life and his
money.

These, gentlemen, are some of the sly tricks of
Nature, who is ever endeavouring to baffle your art,
and give the world a mean opinion of your learning,
that she herself forsooth may be thought the chief
physician : and, I believe from reading, considering,
and reconsidering what I have said, you will find that
old Women and *Nature* are your greatest enemies ;
and if, after deliberation and consultation, you find
this to be true, I wou'd humbly propose that the
first may be entirely extirpated, and the operations of
the last may be as much as possibly prevented : and,
how this may be most effectually accomplish'd, I

shall signify to you in my next, for I have always your welfare at heart, and shall, upon every occasion, be ready to testify with what truth and sincerity I am,

GENTLEMEN,

Your very affectionate friend.

M. MIDNIGHT.

The ITCH of SCRIBBLING proved to be catching.

THAT this disorder, like many of the cutaneous kind, is catching, may I think be proved from a multitude of cases that have lately fallen under my cognizance; and whoever considers the nature and bad effects of it, will see also the necessity of this investigation. From a thousand instances that I have at hand, I shall select but a few; the first I shall introduce is the case of Mr. J. *Honeysuckle*, who was originally a barber near the *Temple*, and a good honest man, that had no more to say for himself than other people, till he became acquainted with the master of *George's* coffee-house, and was called in to shave the *WITS*. There is something very powerful and astonishing in the nature and action of the effluvia which ascends from certain bodies, and I doubt not but it was the effluvia that ascended from the heads of these people while *John* was shaving them, that wrought this tickling irritation in his fancy, and brought on him

him the itch of scribbling. And perhaps it is also owing to the effluvia that dropped from the brains of *John*, which has affected many of the members of that society with the terrible degree of dulness they at present possess. When I look into my book of mechanics, read over the laws of motion, and find that all bodies act reciprocally on each other; that the horse draws as much as the log, and the log as the horse, I am confirmed in this opinion: but what this effluvia can be, or of what sort of materials it is composed, no man can tell. Doctor PUZZLE, indeed, affirms, "That it is the quintessence of an essence, which being specifically lighter than the heavier parts, flies off one body, like *Alcohol*, and insinuates itself into another body, somehow, and somewhere, so that that body is affected with it." But as the doctor's definition does not much affect or instruct me, I must beg leave to retain my old opinion, till I can find a better; and to conclude, that this effluvia is a sort of animalcula, or maggot, which insinuates itself through the pores of the skin; and the only difference between this itch and the other is, that the animalculæ in this are finer, and have the power of insinuating themselves through both the skin and the skull; and this I think will plainly appear, when we consider the manner and the different degrees of infection. Mr. *Kenderico* was born of honest parents, who put him apprentice to a rulemaker, hoping thereby so far to have provided for him, that he should have lived in the world, enjoyed a cut from a hot joint of meat every Sunday, and have had a new coat every

Easter

Easter in the year: but, unfortunately for this poor man, a poet came into his master's shop, during his apprenticeship, and, while he was bargaining for a black-lead pencil, receiv'd a message from the muses, that precipitated him away without his hat, which was carried after him by Mr. *Kenderico*, who, as it then rained, very inadvertently put it on his own head, and, by that means, contracted this terrible disorder, which indeed has been the more fatal to him, on account of his trade; for the effluvia of the brass used in the joints of his rules, has so case-hardened his face, that 'tis become absolutely callous, and knows no more of the vermilion tincture blushed by the native force of modesty, than the desarts of *Barca* do of the bloom or fragrance of the rose: besides, the effluvia from the lead of his pencils and other instruments, intermixing itself with the rest, preponderates all to the bottom; every thing he scribbles sinks into oblivion, and yet the incitation continues on the poor wretch, and pushes him on towards his own destruction.

STAMPERO, though a boy of no talents, taste, or genius in the world, is afflicted with this disorder; which Dr. *Rocko*, who attended him, assures me was caught only by packing up magazines, the dullest things in the universe; and this pitiful creature is now in a deplorable state, ever attempting to do something, which ends in nothing; for his lines are as void of meaning as his advertisements are of manners.

But if we leave these wretches, who are the dross of mankind, and ascend to a higher sphere, we shall

see the same traces, the same wonderful effects of the effluvia. This is to be discover'd even in the inimitable Mr. SEDGLEY; who, tho' a person incomparably above those I have already quoted, and whose pen, tho' infinitely superior not only to them, but to most of our modern scribblers, is nevertheless indebted to the effluvia evaporated from the wits he has been almost continually in company with: it was from them he imbibed this *Cacoathes* of scribbling; and we may very well account for the difference between his writings, and the performances of the persons I have mentioned above, if we consider that nature has given him an extensive proportion of solid understanding, and that he has long been a companion not only for the wits of the times, but for the men of sense.

But what more fully, and beyond all contradiction, proves this disorder to be contagious, is the case of this gentleman's dog *Colebrook*, who, from only lying under the table where the wits usually meet, and by walking out with his friend *B——r*, is become one of the most eminent writers of the age, and has penned one piece, which has been receiv'd with commendations even by the ingenious authors of the *STUDENT*, who have inserted it in their admirable collection.

The MISER and the MOUSE.

*An EPIGRAM from the Greek,**By Mrs. MIDNIGHT.*

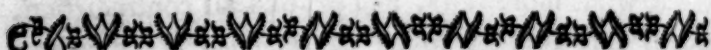
TO a mouse, says a miser, "My dear Mr. Mouse,
 "Pray what may you please for to want in my
 house?"

Says the mouse, "Mr. Miser, pray keep yourself
 quiet,

"You are safe in your person, your purse, and your
 diet.

"A lodging I want, which ev'n you may afford,

"But none would come here to beg, borrow, or
 board."



*A Journey to PARIS: in a Letter from a Coun-
 try 'Squire to his Papa.*

*Paris in France, this 16th of June, Annoq. Domini,
 1749, in the 22d Year of King George the second.*

Ewer-honour'd Sir, Mon Pere,

AFTER my humble duty remembred to you,
 hoping you are in good health, as I am at this
 present writing: this is for to let you know, that we
 left *Dover* last *Tuesday* was three weeks, to sail upon
 the main ocean sea; and having a bloody strong gale
 of wind, we got to *Calais* in four hours: but I did
 not half like it, for I was most consumed sea-sick;
 and

and our *Dick* was so abominatious bad, that I thought he would have been *vivat rex*, and died upon the spot: he had a growling and grumbling in his grisking, and muted and cast to that degree, as if he would have brought up his very pluck and harflet. We had no sooner landed, but we were hurried to the governor's, and then to the custom-house, where we had a mortal deal of trouble with my portmantau; and *Dick* had like to have lost the bag where was all my clean linnen and old shoes. And, as neither *Dick* nor I understood then one word of *French*, we had like to have been bamboozled; but by the help of a well-spoken *English* gentleman, a very handsome-body'd person in the face, (whom I found was a drawer at the *Silver-lion* there) we got out of the scrape, and he very civilly carried us to the house where he had the honour to serve. There we lived in clover; and there I found two *English* travellers going to *Paris*; the one a humming young spendthrift, with a blue purple scarlet coat on, all bedizen'd with lace; a silly puppy! that could neither play at putt nor all-fours; but wanted me, forsooth, to play at quadrille, which I knew no more of than the pope of *Rome*; so I smelt the lay, and shunn'd him. The other was an *Oxford* scholar just come from *Cambridge*, a meer ninny: his first question was, if I was acquainted with the *Classicks*? and I, in return, ask'd him if he was acquainted in *Essex*? and let him know, you was of the *Quorum*, and that I was your son and heir: but as for the family of the *Classicks*, I was sure there was no such in our county, or none of any note; upon

this he grinn'd, and turn'd away upon his heel, And so I found the fellow was a fool; and I was glad I got sheere of him: and resolv'd to keep no *Englisch* gentlemen company; because, first and foremost, they spend their money at no rate, and I do not desire such conversation, because I know it argues nothing, and their pretences to friendship is nothing but blandation. And I resolving to live within compass, (do you see sir) design'd to go to *Paris* in the waggon. But when I call'd for a reckoning (blood and thunder!) I may say, there was the devil to pay — but as the saying is, *necessitas non habet legs*; so I paid it with as good a will as if I had swallow'd a hedge-hog.

We set out early one morning in company only with three *Frenchmen* (very cliver gentlemen indeed!) one of them spoke pretty good, bad *English*, and had been footman to a half-pay officer; the second was a rope-dancer; and the third taught dogs to set, and the like; but surely they were the most complaisant gentlemen that ever were born or christen'd. Whatever I said, they said so too: if I sneez'd, they bow'd; if I laugh'd, they did the same; if I yawn'd, they stretch'd their jaws, and so forth. We were ten days in getting to *Paris*, and pass'd thro' many towns and cities: but I knew better than to puzzle my brains to remember their names, which would argue nothing at all, if so be I came for improvement, and the like of that. My fellow-travellers were so mortal civil to me, that I could do no less than bear their expences; however, I lost nothing by it, for in return they taught me *French* as fast as hops, so that by the time we got

to

to *Paris*, I could say, *we mounseer*, and *non mounseer*, as well as the best of them, and so could our *Dick* too. But they all said, that they never knew any body that ever learned so much in so short a time, and I am of the same mind too, tho' I say it, that shou'd not say it, and that's a proud word; but mum for that — *tace* is *Latin* for a candle.

At *Paris*, by advice of my friend the footman, I took lodgings at a friend's of his, at a six soule ordinary, up two pair of stairs in a back lane, because of cheap living. For, thinks I to myself, as I am here to see fashions, I may as well do that out of a window up two pair of stairs, as out of a parlour: and, to save charges, *Dick* lies with me, but is dismally afraid of spirits, and of things walking, because he cannot speak a bit of *Latin*. — And, for my own part, I resolve (as the saying is) to keep only the best of company: so I found a sufficient number of very polite gentlemen that lodged in the same house; that is to say, two journeymen taylors (natives of *Ireland*) two *Italian* fiddlers, and the chief toad eater to a very noted mountebank! but sure, and sure! had you but seen how they all honour'd, bow'd to, and complimented me, you would have taken your corporal oath, that they were men of quality, and knew that I was somebody.

I have been at court but once, and I will insure you, I will never go twice; for I think in my heart, that it is as fine a sight to see our quarter sessions. But it seems my merit could not be hid there: for I am told by one that heard it from the king's corn-cutter, that

he was inform'd by one of the pages in waiting, that he thinks he heard the cardinal say, as how, as he almost thought, that I was somebody of distinction, if the truth was known, and the like of that.

I must not forget to tell you, that they are all here, either *papishes*, or *Roman Catholicks*, and I like them at no price: so that when I have seen fashions one week more, I design to return from beyond sea, in order, Sir, to make you a grandfather, if I live and do well, as the saying is. The whole city have their eye upon me, especially the ladies, who I am told are all in love with me: and every one says, I am vastly improv'd by travelling; and that I am so witty, and so wise, that they never saw the peer of me in all their born days. And as I have now seen the world, I hope the gentlemen of the county will be so wise as to put me up for one at the next election. So no more at present, but my love to *Tom Jackson*, and *Goodman Hickumbottom*, and to the parson, and his aunt, which is all from,

Dear Papa,

Your ever loving Son 'till Death,

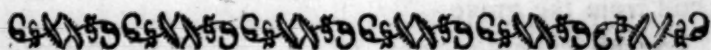
W. BOOBYKIN.

P. S. Here is a vast cunning man lives at the very next door, he proffers for a luidore (as they call it) to learn me to make spells and charms, and love-powders, and will teach me to raise the devil into the bargain: which I think may be of great use to me at elections, and in fox-hunting; and so forth.

And,

And, as I have a capacity for any witty thing, I have a huge mind to learn: and, he says, if I will turn *papist*, he will give me the true receipt to make the philosopher's stone, that will turn every thing I touch, to gold, and silver, and money, and the like: but I shall beg his diversion for that, for I han't a mind to be damn'd at present; and hope I never shall, if I live and do well, and so forth, as the saying is.

W. B——.



A certain Method by which a Man may engage the Fates in his Favour, and procure himself GOOD LUCK.

Communicated to Mrs. Midnight, as an Arcanum: by a Gentleman, who studied for it forty Years in the several Universities of Europe.

Notwithstanding what the ancient and modern authors have said concerning the difference of men's opinions, there are two points wherein I think we are all agreed, which are, first, to solicit *good luck*; and, secondly, to avoid the *ill*. And as this is the case, I think I cannot do a more acceptable service to the public, than to inform them in what manner, and by what means, they may always, and at all times, procure themselves that which is good and agreeable, and avoid the other, which is so ob-

noxious: and I, with the more pleasure, enter on this subject, as it will, in all probability, put an end to many of those fears and anxieties which people possess themselves with on mere trifling occasions. Spilling a little salt shall make a whole family unhappy. A single crow in a road shall turn a man back, even tho' he was going for the midwife. The fall of a martin's nest is a dreadful symptom, and of more consequence than the fall of a star, or a comet. Ravens are the harbingers of death; and the howling of a dog has been thought sufficient to call a ghost from the grave.

For the valuable secret, which I am about to communicate to you to cure this evil, I am oblig'd to the learned and ingenious Mons. *Bourgenderfis*, who assures me, from his own experience, that these, and all other omens of ill luck, may be prevented by only placing the body in a *proper position* at the time of rising. As the above-mention'd gentleman has made this affair his study for forty years, and is a great master of *Astrology*, *Palmistry*, *Alchymy*, &c. he must undoubtedly be a good judge of the matter; and I have his authority to say, that every thing has happen'd to his wish ever since he put this method in practice. Besides this, he has given me to understand, that several great generals, who have been instructed in this mystery, have practis'd it with equal success. The late Duke of *M—lb—gh* made use of this artifice, when he obtain'd those glorious battles for the *English* nation, at *Blenheim*, *Ramillies*, and *Malplaquet*. The sea commanders did the same twice in
the

the time of *Charles II.* when with such good success they engaged and defeated the *Dutch* fleets. 'Twas a maxim with all our admirals in the days of *Queen Elizabeth.* *Charles XII.* of *Sweden* fought upon this very principle, depended entirely upon it, and perform'd wonders, till he became so elated and puff'd up with conquest, that he neglected this rule, and then he was taken prisoner, and soon after kill'd by a cannon-ball. In short, so wonderfully efficacious is this method, that I myself knew two generals, engaged by different nations at war, who drew up their armies, fought a battle, and both conquer'd, notwithstanding it happened on a childermas day. But it would be absurd to say more — Those who consider how many gentlemen have advanced themselves in the church and the state, in the army and the navy, in the law and in *physic*, meerly by this means, and without any merit, or pretensions to merit whatsoever, can no longer doubt that it is of the utmost consequence for a man TO RISE WITH HIS BACKSIDE UPWARDS; ——— for that is the nostrum, which I might have sold for an infinite sum. ——— But I here give it you freely — there ——— take it ——— and may the observance of it make ye all happy.

M. MIDNIGHT.

THINGS to be laugh'd at :

O R,

A Collection of honest Prejudices (continued).

NEXT unto *Arvi* there are two rivers, *Atoica* and *Caora*, and on that branch which is called *Caora* are a nation of people whose heads appear not above their shoulders ; which, tho' it may be thought a meer fable, yet for mine own part, I am resolv'd it is true ; because every CHILD in the provinces of *Arromaia* and *Canuri* affirm the same : they are call'd *Ewaipanoma* ; they are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts ; and that a long train of hair groweth backward between their shoulders.

Sir W. RALEIGH's Works, Page 209.

The eighth species of earthquakes, is, where over and above the rising and sinking the parts of the earth, there are a great variety of other accidents attending ; such for instance, as appears in that relation which the learn'd *Camden* gives us, of a very famous earthquake in *Heresfordshire*, where, in the year 1571, *Marclay-hill*, in the east part of the shire, with a roaring noise, removed itself from the place where it stood, and for three days together travelled from its old seat.

It began first to take its journey *February 17th*, being *Saturday*, at six of the clock at night, and by seven
the

the next morning, it had gone forty paces, carrying with it sheep in their cotes, hedge-rows and trees, whereof, some were overturn'd; some that stood upon the plain were firmly growing upon the hill; those that were east were turn'd west, and those in the west were set in the east: in this remove it overthrew *Kinaston* chapel, and turned two highways near an hundred yards from their old paths. The quantity of ground thus remov'd was about twenty-six acres, which opening itself with rocks and all, bore the earth before it for four hundred yards space, without any stay, leaving pasturage in the place of the tillage, and the tillage overspread with pasturage: lastly, overwhelming its lower parts, it mounted to a hill of twelve fathoms high, and there rested, after *three days travel*.

Dissertation upon Earthquakes, Page 43.

Among the many people who have had courage and learning to lay *spirits* and *ghosts*, G. W. SALOMINE may be reckon'd and esteem'd the most considerable and knowing; for he made a fortune, and raised an estate by this very trade; and is said to have laid 1379 souls in the *Red-sea*. A place which I know by experience, and by examination, have found all ghosts and spirits are most afraid of; and this I think proves *Salomine's* power to be very great, as it is a place they wou'd not but by force have went into.

It is to be remark'd, that *Salomine* was the seventh son of his father and mother, who was a virtuous woman;

woman; and he had also a wonderful faculty of curing all diseases *with a touch*. Such surprising power is there in some people. Yet this gentleman was not more to be thought of than an acquaintance of mine, an *Oxford* scholar, who, to my certain knowledge and belief, hath cured many disorders, and allayed the ghosts of many disturb'd people, when no other person could do them. In a village where I liv'd, I do know that there was a great house, a mansion-house, haunted by a spirit that turn'd itself into a thousand shapes and forms, but generally came in the figure of a *boiled scrag of mutton*, and had baffled and defy'd the learned men of both universities; but this being told to my friend, who was a descendant and relation of the learned *Friar Bacon*, he undertook to lay it, and that even without his books; and 'twas done in this manner: he ordered some water to be put into a clean skillet, that was new, and had never been on the fire. When the water boiled, he himself pulled off his hat and shoes, and then took seven turnips, which he pared with a small penknife, that had been rubbed and whetted on a loadstone, and put them into the water. When they were boiled, he order'd some butter to be melted in a new glaized earthen pipkin, and then mashed the turnips in it. Just as this was finished, I myself saw the ghost, in the form of a *boiled scrag of mutton*, peep in at the window, which I gave him notice of, and he stuck his fork into him, and sowed both him and the turnips into a pewter dish, and eat both up, and the house was ever afterward quiet and still.

The NONPAREIL. 133

still. Now this I should not have believed, or thought true, but I stood by, and saw all the whole ceremony performed.

JACKSON'S *State of the Defunct*, Page 97.



VERSES *written in a* LONDON Churchyard.

MARIA now I'll cease to sing,
And all the op'ning sweets of spring :
The *Chop-house* in my verse shall ring,
Where lives my lovely *Jenny*.

Where antient cooks exert their art ;
No youthful damsel bears a part :
Yet one has broil'd my very heart,
And that was lovely *Jenny*.

Brown as the walnut is her hair,
Her skin is like the napkin fair,
More blooming than red cabbage, are
The cheeks of lovely *Jenny*.

Each fav'ry dish to cit and fop
She bears, herself a nicer chop ;
How far more elegant, to fop,
And feast on lovely *Jenny*.

More tempting than the smoaking stake,
Or sweetest tart her fingers make !
I'd lose my dinner for the sake
Of tasting lovely *Jenny*.

But

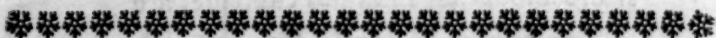
But when I pay for stake or tart,
 I act a very miser's part ;
 At once the money and my heart,
 I give to lovely *Jenny*.

Let *Jove* his fam'd ambrosia eat;
 And youthful *Hebe* ever wait ;
 I envy not his joy or state,
 While serv'd by lovely *Jenny*.

While *British* herrings *Britons* love,
 Or city throats with custard move;
 While nectar pleases mighty *Jove*,
 So long shall I love *Jenny*.

And when at length the beauty dies,
 Oh ! cut her into little pies !
 Like jelly-stars she'll grace the skies,
 So bright is lovely *Jenny*.

St. Clement's Church-yard,
May 1. 1751.



To the wise Inhabitants of TRING, in Hertford-
shire, and the Towns and Villages adjacent.

Gentlemen,

I Have receiv'd a very particular and impartial account of your behaviour to poor Gaffer *Osborne* and his unhappy wife ; and I am really shock'd at your inhumanity, and asham'd of your stupidity.
 Don't

Don't you think the following paragraph will make a pretty figure in the annals of *England*, and give posterity a fine idea of your wisdom, sagacity, humanity, and religion ?

A Letter from Tring in Hertfordshire, April 24.

‘ **O**N Monday last a shocking affair happen’d
 ‘ here. One *B—rf—d*, who keeps a publick-
 ‘ house, from base and lucrative views, had given out
 ‘ he was bewitched by one *Osborne* and his wife, (in-
 ‘ offensive people, of the age of threescore years and
 ‘ upwards) and had it cry’d at several market-towns,
 ‘ that they were to be try’d by ducking the day afore-
 ‘ said; when about noon a great concourse of peo-
 ‘ ple, to the number of five thousand at least, ap-
 ‘ pear’d in the town. The officers of the parish had
 ‘ privately remov’d the poor old couple, in the dead
 ‘ time of the night, into the church, as a place of
 ‘ safety. The mob demanded these unhappy wretches
 ‘ at the workhouse, but on being acquainted they
 ‘ were not there, they pulled down the pales and
 ‘ walls, broke all the windows, and demolished a
 ‘ part of the house : after searching the chimnies and
 ‘ cielings without effect, they seized the governor,
 ‘ hawled him down to the stream, and declared they
 ‘ would drown him, and fire the whole town, unless
 ‘ they deliver’d these poor creatures into their hands.
 ‘ The mob ran up and down with straw in their
 ‘ hands, and were going to put their threats into
 ‘ execution, had they not been deliver’d up. These
 ‘ miserable creatures were now dragged two miles,
 ‘ strip

' stript stark naked, their thumbs ty'd to their toes,
 ' and in this shameful manner were thrown into a
 ' muddy stream. After much ducking and ill usage,
 ' the poor old woman was thrown quite naked on the
 ' bank, almost choaked with mud, and expired in a
 ' few minutes, being kick'd and beat with sticks, even
 ' after she was dead; and the poor man lies dange-
 ' rously ill of the bruises he receiv'd. To add to their
 ' barbarity, they put the dead witch (as they call'd
 ' her) in bed with her husband, and ty'd them toge-
 ' ther. The coroner's inquest have brought in their
 ' verdict, wilful murder. Several persons are appre-
 ' hended on this account, and the inhabitants are
 ' making diligent search after others, being deter-
 ' min'd to bring them to condign punishment.'

Pray, (for God's sake) if you have any sense at all,
 if you are not meer idiots and lunatics, let me tell
 you a story.

There was in the west of *England*, where I lived
 several years, a poor industrious woman, who labour'd
 under the same evil report that the above poor
 wretches were stigmatiz'd with. Every hog that died
 with the murrain, every cow that slipt her calf, she
 was accountable for. If a horse had the flaggers,
 she was supposed to be in his head; and whenever
 the wind blew a little harder than ordinary, Goody
Gilbert was playing her tricks, and riding upon a
 broomstick in the air. These, and a thousand other
 phantasies, too ridiculous to recite, possess'd the pates
 of the common people. Horse-shoes were nail'd with
 the heels upwards, and many tricks were made use
 of,

of, to intrap and mortify the poor creature ; and such was their rage against her, that they petition'd Mr. *Williams*, the parson of the parish, not to let her come to church, and, at last, even insisted upon it ; but this he over-ruled, and allow'd the poor old woman a nook in one of the isles to herself, where she muttered over her prayers in the best manner she could. The parish, thus disconcerted and enraged, withdrew the small pittance they allow'd for her support, and would have reduced her to the necessity of starving, had she not been still assisted by the benevolent Mr. *Williams*, who often sent her bread and meat, frequently procured her spinning-work from the next market-town, and so provoked was he at their behaviour to her, that he once apply'd to a neighbouring justice of the peace in her behalf ; but as there happen'd a storm the night before, which stript part of the thatch off his worship's stable, that wise haberdasher of the law refused her relief. I was, one afternoon, drinking tea with Mrs. *Williams*, when a message was brought that poor *Jane Gilbert* was extremely ill ; upon which we all three went to see her. As she was sick, I expected to have found her in bed, and we open'd the door softly, not to disturb her ; but when we came into her little hovel, poor *Jane* was spinning by a small peat fire, which I could have cover'd with my hand. As the poor old creature was deaf, she did not hear us open the door, and I had an opportunity of taking a full survey of her before she perceiv'd us. A picture of such wretchedness I never saw before or since. Her body was half naked, insomuch that her wither'd shoulders

shoulders and part of her breast appear'd thro' her tatter'd gown. Her head was bound round with an old blue stocking, that expos'd her bald crown and her ears to view. Her hose were compos'd of two haybands, tyed round her legs with a packthread-string. She sat in an old elbow-chair, and, by fits, dozed, and then again turn'd her wheel; to the motion of which her under-jaw kept exact time. When *Mr. Williams* call'd to her, she rais'd herself up, and, by the support of the chair, made us a curtsy. The manner of our coming in had a little confus'd her, but she soon recover'd herself, and, by our desire, sat down. *Mr. Williams* then enquir'd into the state of her disorder, and she told him, that she believ'd her illness was occasion'd by her eating that food; (pointing to an earthen pan that stood before us, in which were mix'd a little barley-meal, salt and water) and added, that she had not had any bread or meat for seven days. At this he was surpris'd, and ask'd, what was becom'd of the victuals he sent her the beginning of that week? she thank'd him for it, and reply'd, that two fellows in the neighbourhood, whose names she mentioned, had taken it from her; and that one of them had struck her several blows. *Mr. Williams* seem'd angry that she did not inform him of it; but she desired he would not be displeas'd, and said, she was loath to be too troublesome. *Mrs. Williams* (who is a mighty good woman) was greatly affected with this circumstance, and shed tears, which were indeed accompany'd with my own: she then warm'd a little sack-whey, she had brought in her pocket,

poeket, and gave it the poor creature to drink. This *Jane* swallow'd eagerly, and was so chearful after it, that she talk'd to us above two hours, entertain'd us with her whole story, and the history, of her time, which was frequently interrupted with the warmest expressions of gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. *Williams*. When I expressed my surprise at her memory and good sense, she told me that she was once a young gentlewoman's waiting-maid, with whom she had a good education, and could, even now, read and write very well, but that the neighbours would not suffer her to have a pen and ink, and had stolen her bible and her spectacles. Just as we were coming away, I put two half-crowns into her hand, which she returned me again, and begg'd I would oblige her with some halfpence in their stead; for the people, says she, in the neighbourhood, are possess'd with a notion, that I can turn lead into silver and gold, but that by and by it will become lead again, and therefore none of the shops will change my money. When we parted with the old woman, she cryed, and whispered to Mr. *Williams* to come again, and give her the sacrament, for that she did not think she should live long. — I could recite many other circumstances in *Jane*, or (as they by way of reproach called her) *Joan Gilbert's* behaviour, which I think prov'd that she was not a witch, but a pious and good christian; unless you suppose witchcraft to consist in true wisdom, morality and religion, and that would be too absurd, even for you yourselves to suppose. But I now hasten to the sequel of my story, in which you will find that
the

the true source from whence witchcraft is reputed to spring, is *poverty, age, and ignorance*; and that it is impossible for a woman to pass for a witch, unless she is *very poor, aged, and lives in a neighbourhood where the people are void of common sense.*

Sometime after we had this interview with *Jane Gilbert*, a brother of hers died in *London*, who, tho' like a truly adopted son of care, he would not part with a farthing while he lived, at his death was obliged to leave her five thousand pounds; money that he could not carry in the coffin with him. — This alter'd the face of *Jane's* affairs prodigiously: she was no longer *Jane*, alias *Joan Gilbert*, the ugly old witch, but *Madam Gilbert*; her old ragged garb was exchanged for one that was new and genteel: her greatest enemies made their court to her, even the justice himself came to wish her joy; and tho' severals hogs and horses died, and the wind frequently blew after that, yet *Madam Gilbert* was never supposed to have a hand in it: and from hence it is plain, as I observed before, that a woman must be *very poor, very old, and live in a neighbourhood where the people are very stupid*, before she can possibly pass for a witch.

Yours,

M. MIDNIGHT.

P. S. 'Twas a saying of *Mr. Williams*, who would sometimes be jocular, and had the art of making even satire agreeable; that if ever *Jane* deserved the character of a witch, 'twas after this money was left

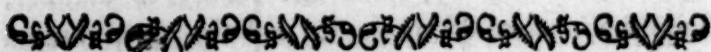
left her ; for that with her five thousand pounds, she did more acts of charity and friendly offices, than all the people of fortune within fifty miles of the place. Many thousands of my readers know this to be true, but as some may be ignorant of it, I must inform them, that she gave bibles and common-prayer books to all the people in the neighbourhood, and she paid for the schooling of forty boys and girls. She boil'd a large copper twice a week, and made broth and dumplings for all her neighbours who were old or sick : she lent 500 l. in small sums to poor tradesmen and farmers, without interest, for ever, and appointed trustees to take the best security they cou'd, so that the principal might not be lost, and to remove the sums, occasionally, from one family to another, when the one could spare it, and the other wanted assistance. She settled twenty-five pounds *per annum* on the minister of the parish, to visit and pray by them, and teach the children their catechism ; and to each child that came to church to learn the catechism, she order'd a plumb-cake every sunday. Among her donations, she did not forget her friends, Mr. and Mrs. *Williams*, but gave their son and daughter five-hundred pounds a-piece in her life-time. As to her own part, she allowed herself but eighteen pounds a year to live on, and that at her death she bequeathed to an old woman who attended her. And this is a woman they were about to destroy for witchcraft and forcery ! But the people are now ashamed of their behaviour, and therefore I have concealed the name of the place.

E P I G R A M.

On two fine Gentlemen disputing on Religion.

O N grace, free-will, and myst'ries high,
Two wits harangu'd the table ;
B——y believes he knows not why,
N——h swears 'tis all a fable.

Peace, ideots, peace — and both agree,
N——h kifs thy empty brother ;
Religion laughs at *foes* like thee,
But dreads a *friend* like t'other.



*To the little Elevators in Poetry, who love to
surprize.*

Gentlemen,

THE following sublime description of a storm
was wrote in manner of a certain *great* au-
thor, from which I hope you will receive a *great*
deal of pleasure and benefit, as it is in all respects
greatly worthy your imitation.

As when in blust'ring, thund'ring, wintry days,
The bully *Boreas* on his bagpipe plays ;
When old *Aquarius* ducks this earthly ball,
And empties on our heads his urinal ;

When

When rumbling clouds on grumbling clouds *do* dash,
And 'midst the flashing lightnings lightnings flash ;
Hogs, dogs, and men, perceive the troubled sky,
Hogs, dogs, and men, away for shelter fly ;
While all around, the black, dark, gloomy scene
Looks grey, looks white, looks red, looks blue,
 looks green ;
So green, so blue, so red, so grey, so white,
Look'd Don *Grimalchio*, when he saw the spright.

Gentlemen,

Your servant, and so forth,

M. MIDNIGHT.



*Mrs. MIDNIGHT's Dissertation on the Perpetual
Notion.*

THE prejudice, that the public has imbibed in
favour of all my performances, induces me to
believe, that my Readers, at the first glance on the
title of this dissertation, will precipitately conclude,
that there is a typographical error, and that I am ac-
tually about to communicate to the world the won-
derful discovery of the *perpetual motion*. However, I
protest at present, I have no such design ; not that I
will absolutely promise to conceal that secret from
mankind much longer ; but my present business is
to treat on the *perpetual Notion*, which I define to be
an

an inherent opinion (I will not say an innate one, for fear of being haunted by the ghost of *John Locke*) I say, an inherent opinion every individual has, that he either now is, or at some time will be, a person of great consequence. This is the *Perpetual Notion*, and, I will be bold to say, is of more service to the happiness and well-being of man, than any mechanic art, that ever was invented. What makes the 'prentice chearfully plod thro' a seven year's servitude, but the *Perpetual Notion* he will one day be a master? What makes the lover go thro' a ten years siege, but a *Perpetual Notion* that the fair obstinate will at length surrender? What makes the toad-eater to a state-mountainbank think there is music in his chains, and dignity in his disgrace, but the *Perpetual Notion* of his some time being raised on that very pedestal, which is at present the support of his idol? By means of the *Perpetual Notion* every body has always a *Prospect*, and a *Prospect* is a very good thing at a very great distance; those therefore who have the least expectations have the finest *Prospect*, the objects of their desires being most remote, which must be a great consolation to the poor and the unfortunate. But see more of this in the fourteenth volume of my treatise on perspective, lately publish'd at *Amsterdam*.

Hope, that passion, which was given to amuse us from the consideration of real misery, by deluding us with visionary happiness, is founded on the *Perpetual Notion*, which nothing can destroy but self-contempt and despair; diseases of the mind, not incident to one man in ten million.

Every

Every person is fond of existence, every person wou'd fain be *somebody*, a *Perpetual Notion* highly cherish'd by many a man, who, in fact, is *nobody*.

The brisk minor that pants for twenty-one, the brisker damsel that pants for a husband, the culprit that wants to go abroad, and the exile that sighs to come home, have no peace, no life, but in the *Perpetual Notion*. Even I myself, even MARY MIDNIGHT, who am writing this dissertation, would want spirits to comfort myself in my old age, was it not for the *Perpetual Notion*, that tho' the works of my hands bring nothing but frail mortals into the world, yet the works of my head shall triumph in immortality.



A JACKBOOT.

Being an ESSAY in the Manner of the Moderns,

On Times, Persons, and Things.

A JACKBOOT is a discourse, which will suit any subject whatsoever, as its namesake will fit any leg. It requires no title, yet is capable of all. You may preach it as a sermon, declame it as an oration, or sing it as a song. It will finally answer all intents and purposes, tho' in itself it is to no intent or purpose; such is the whimsical, ænigmatical nature of the JACKBOOT. For these twenty years last past we have had little else publish'd but JACKBOOTS. One

H

man

man prints a sermon, which may as well be called a satire, another comes out with a *Monody*, with three or four interlocutors in it. Our poetry is all prose, and our prose is false *English*. And shall not *Mary Midnight* club her JACKBOOT amongst the rest? yea, verily, she shall. — Here therefore begins a JACKBOOT upon *Times, Persons and Things*. And first for the times. I think we are all pretty unanimous with respect to the times. That is, there is almost an universal consent to rail at them. There has been a perpetual prejudice in behalf of times past, tho' God knows, we have but little to do with them, and we are daily grumbling and *abusing* the present, when we ought to make use of it, and be thankful. *O Tempora! O Mores!* is an exclamation that has been made use of long before the *Roman* orator. Nevertheless, one of the wisest tells us, "that the former times were not better than these." — And now I'll quote you a bit of *Greek*.

Ὅτι μὲν φύλλων γένεσι τοιήδε καὶ ἀνθρώπων. HOMER.

The generation of man is even as the generation of leaves. One winter demolishes a whole tribe, and in the spring you have a succession of the same wavering, weak, inconstant trifles. — And now I'll quote you a piece of *Latin*.

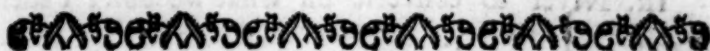
———— Elapsum semel

Non ipse possit Jupiter reprehendere.

PHOEDRUS.

That

That is, when old Time has once turn'd tail upon you, the devil himself can't get hold of his forelock. Which brings me (where I was beforehand determined to go) to my second and third particulars, *viz.* *Persons* and *Things*: — As every person is a thing, tho' every thing is not a person, I shall jumble these two articles together in the true JACKBOOT taste. Now it would require the united wit of *Fielding*, *Lucian*, *Swift*, *Butler*, and *Erasmus*, to treat of this head with any tolerable adroitness, so (as *Mr. Bayes* says) in fine, I'll say no more about it, and if any body asks me, where lies the jest of all this? I answer with *Mr. Johnson*, why, in the BOOT.



E P I G R A M.

On a certain Scribbler.

WORD-valiant wight, thou great he-shrew,
That wrangles to no end;
Since nonsense is nor false nor true,
Thou'rt no man's foe or friend.



Mrs. MIDNIGHT's Laws of Conversation.

ONE of the highest enjoyments we are capable of on this side the grave, is manly and rational conversation, which in these days, exclusive of its intrinsic value, has the merit of being a very great rarity.

rarity. If one goes amongst what is called the sober part of mankind, downright dulness usurps the title of serious sense, and sleepiness that of decency and tranquility. If we mix ourselves with the joys of the young, and grow giddy with the gay head-ach of pleasure, we shall find baudry, and even blasphemy, passing for wit and humour, or the low nonsensical insipid HUMBUG; that worthy successor to *biting* and *selling of bargains*. In order to remedy, in some measure, these evils, I humbly beg leave to lay down the following rules of conversation, which are submitted to the consideration, correction and improvement of the public.

1st. Never to converse on what we don't understand.

2dly. Let there be always certain intervals, to give room for any person to make an objection, a reply, or a rejoinder.

3dly. Let the subject be on things, rather than persons.

4thly. Let the subject be on historical matters, rather than of the present age.

5thly. Let the subject be on things distant and remote, rather than at home, and so of your neighbours.

6thly. Blazon all the good, and conceal all the faults of both friend and enemy,

7thly.

7thly. Let nothing ever be said which good sense may disapprove, good nature dislike, or sound judgment condemn.



As some late unhappy Events have made Duelling a very popular Topic, the following Letter, which I can warrant to be genuine, will, I apprehend, be deem'd not unseasonable.

A Letter from Alexander Robinson, Esq; to Mr. Walter Smyth.

SIR,

I Must absolutely decline accepting the challenge you sent me yesterday by *Robin*, and frankly acknowledge I *dare not* fight you. I am very sensible the world in general will call this cowardice, and that the odious appellation of scoundrel will be given me in every coffee-house. But, I hope, you'll not judge with the multitude, because you have been an eye-witness to my behaviour, in no less than seven engagements with the common enemy. I then had the reputation of being a brave man, and am conscious I am so still, even when I once more tell you I *dare not* fight you. The reasons of my conduct in this affair, sir, are very valid, tho' but very few. To be brief, sir, I had rather endure the contempt of man, than the anger of my maker, a temporal evil, rather than an eternal one. In one of the wisest

states of the world, there was no law against parricide, because they thought it a crime, which the worst of villains would be incapable of. Perhaps the silence of our legislature, with regard to duelling, is owing to some such reason. What can be more enormous than for men, not to say *Christians* and friends, to thirst for the blood of each other — nay more, — to aim the blow with a true *Italian* vengeance at once, both at the body and the soul. I hope in the coolness of reflexion you'll think as I do — If otherwise, I am determin'd to give you up to the tyranny of your passions, as I am to remain master of my own.

Yours, &c.

Mrs. Midnight's Account of her own Abilities. In Imitation of several Authors.

THE reputation I have acquired by my wit and humour in my younger days, and the candour I have discover'd since I commenced critic, added to the judgement which I have shewn in my *maternal* profession, have given all people a prodigious opinion of my abilities. And really, if I may be allow'd to do myself justice, and to speak myself for myself, I don't believe that the whole race of lawyers, divines, or even physicians themselves, can produce a greater old woman than I am. People flock to me from every quarter, and I find, tho' too late, that a superb and exalted reputation is but an incumbrance,

a fort

a sort of rub, in the road to happiness; for besides my own business (I mean that of my profession) and the care of my magazine, I am continually pester'd with cases and questions from the literati of all nations. No casuist ever had so many cases of conscience as I, when consciences were in vogue; indeed, since the use of doubts and scruples have been dropt by the better sort, and consider'd as old fashion'd furniture, I have been eas'd in that respect. For when once my lord puts off all sense of religion, of conscience, of honour, and of honesty, his steward, his gentleman, his valet de chambre, and indeed all his family, will do the same. And, pray where is the wonder? — Wou'd not any complaisant man, any servant of good breeding, readily throw off a garb which he saw had render'd itself so obnoxious to his master. But this is a digression which I make by way of digression, to shew people the use of digressions, and now let us return to our subject. — I say, notwithstanding the total neglect of religion and conscience, of honour and honesty among the great, and of consequence among the small, I am as much as ever harass'd with cases and questions, tho' of another nature. Religion and conscience, while in vogue, were a sort of stimulating plaisters to the passions, and braced them up within their proper cells; but when the use of those became unfashionable, the passions obtain'd their wish'd-for elasticity, and acted without restraint; so that drinking and whoring, and theft, and murder advanced, as religion and virtue, honour and honesty declin'd; and conse-

quently, there was no business for the casuist : fortune, by establishing a dissolute course of life, had thrown all her favours into the laps of the lawyer and the physician ; those are the people to be apply'd to ; and as those people are continually applying to me, I find myself oblig'd to publish the following advertisement.

MARY MIDNIGHT,

Author of the *Old Woman's Magazine*, and of many other celebrated pieces, which can never be enough admir'd, proposes (*for the benefit of the public*) to open, at the sign of the mop-handle in *Shoe-lane*,

An Office for the IGNORANT ;

O R,

A Warehouse of Intelligence.

Where physicians may learn the true practice of physic, divines the true practice of piety, and lawyers the true practice of the law. In a word, fumblers of all faculties will be corroborated without loss of time.

VIVAT REX.

An

An ESSAY on LOVE.

*Solid Love, whose Root is Virtue, can no more die than
Virtue itself.* ERASMUS.

SINCE love is a passion deeply implanted in the nature of human kind, and productive of as much misery as happiness; since emperors, kings and princes are obliged to submit to its power; and we may every day observe more pine away with secret anguish, for the unkindness of those upon whom they have fix'd their affections, than for any other calamity in life; it cannot be foreign to our design to point out those soils in which this *amphibious* plant is most likely to grow and prosper: but that we may not be thought too rigid in principle, or to advance any new *hypothesis*, repugnant to the known laws of nature and religion, let us first lay before you the sentiments of a gay and great genius, as well read in *this science* as any of his predecessors were, or any of his successors ought to be.

*Love, the most generous passion of the mind,
The softest refuge innocence can find;
The safe director of unguided youth,
Fraught with kind wishes, and secur'd by truth;
The cordial drop heav'n in our cup has thrown,
To make the nauseous draught of life go down;
On which one only blessing God might raise,
In lands of atheists subsidies of praise;
For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,
But felt a God, and blest his pow'r, in love.*

Thus far we agree with him, for the wise author of our motto informs us, that if we would keep *Love* from withering, and preserve its verdure, we should plant it in truth and virtue, prune off all the luxuriant branches, which weaken the stock, and depreciate the fruit : how careful therefore should we be in the choice of this happy spot, in which, should we mistake, we are sure to entail sorrow and anxiety upon ourselves and posterity.

To anticipate success in this important affair, be careful not to make too much haste to be happy, any more than to be rich, to avoid strangers, and to let your eyes and inclination keep pace with your reason and understanding. Laugh at the old miser, who covets you for a nurse, and despise the vain young butterfly, who bristles with gaudy plumes, squanders away his wealth and patrimony, and tosses about his empty noddle, to no other purpose, than to get possession of a mistress, altogether as trifling and vicious as himself. Then turn your eyes upon the gay world, and behold it made up for the most part of a set of conceited, fluttering, emaciated animals, worn out in hunting after their own pleasures ; wretches, who confess, condemn and lament, but continue to pursue their own infelicity ! These are scenes of sorrow, and objects of misery ! Vultures, that prey upon the vitals of the imprudent, and hope to repair their shattered fortunes from the spoils of innocence and credulity !

There is another fatal mischief incident to virtuous love, which calls aloud for redress ; in the course of
my

my life I have more than once been present at the bargain and sale of children and orphans of both sexes, to the best bidder: nay, not long ago, I was by when a young gentleman of no inconsiderable fortune was sent for from * * * * to *London*, and in less than three hours after his arrival, obliged to marry a young lady he had never before set his eyes on, or perhaps heard of. What love, harmony, constancy, or *friendship* (the bonds of conjugal happiness) can possibly be expected from such precipitancy? if indeed a large *premium*, given to the principal *marriage-broker*, or the laying together large estates, could purchase felicity as it does husbands and wives, the contract might be deemed laudable; but when we daily observe controversies, animosities, elopements, and divorces, the consequences of such junctions, it is an evident act of inhumanity and barbarity.

It has often amazed me to observe how nice and anxious gentlemen are in keeping up and improving the breed of their irrational stocks, whether horses, sheep, poultry, &c. and how careless and indolent in that of their own progeny. Oh shocking custom! the height of cruelty, the scandal of christianity!

'Tis well known there are gentlemen and ladies enough in the kingdom of rank, quality, and affluence, with personal endowments suitable to any degree of life; why then should we chuse to couple them so unequally? Old age with youth; disease with health; debauchery with modesty; and all vices with the contrary virtues.

Let

Let the prudent lady chuse for a partner, a gentleman fraught with religion, virtue, and good manners; of a free, open, generous disposition; of a soul sincere and susceptible, one who can see and feel the misfortunes of others, and is ready to lend his friendly advice and timely assistance to those who are in distress. He who is not possess'd of a warm generous heart, will make but a cold, friendless companion; you are therefore to find the way to that, and not precipitately take a man because he wears a smile on his cheek, and a fine coat on his back, which perhaps may disguise and cloak a thousand rogueries, and vile intentions. You must learn to distinguish between reality and appearance, which is not to be done without being intimately acquainted with the object. And from hence arises the necessity of a formal courtship; for in the course of time, however artful the person may be, some unguarded fallies will be made, sufficient to give you a *cue* to the whole character, provided passion does not eclipse the sun-beams of reason, and prevent your laying hold of the opportunity.

A remarkable Prediction of an Author, who shall write an History of England in the Year 1931, with Part of the Contents of his 23d Chapter. By Mrs. Midnight.

TIS now near two centuries since the inhabitants of this island contracted a mischievous habit of drinking gin, which has been fatal to all their race, and is the reason why we are now the most diminutive creatures upon earth. By what I can learn from the historians of that time, and by what we gather from the door posts of their buildings, it plainly appears, that the *Britons* were then as big as the *French*, *Spaniards*, or any other people; and this also agrees with what old *Poplin* hath often told me: this old man saw the tower of *London* before it was destroy'd, and assur'd me, that by the armour there, the inhabitants of that time must have been between five and six feet high. And this is farther prov'd and confirm'd by Mr. *Caxall*, the antiquarian, who hath now by him a walking-staff, dug out of the ruins of *Canbury-house*, near *Islington*, which is four foot long, and on it are engrav'd the letters N E W-B E R Y: probably the same *Newbery* who wrote the heroic poem entitled *The Benefit of eating Beef**, a sort of food much in repute in those days, though
now

* Of which there now (says the author) remain some fragments, with the commentary of one SMART, who, tho' but four feet high, would now be esteem'd a giant.

now not digestible by our puny stomachs ; and if the same, he was not a very tall man, if we may believe the biographer who wrote his life, which is prefix'd to the poem.—These things consider'd, have we not reason to curse the people who entail'd such misery on their own race, and brought us to this state of destruction. At that time we made a glorious figure in history, we were respected by other nations, and it was no wonder then to see an *Englishman* six feet high, and his hat cock'd ; whereas the mightiest of us now is not above two feet and a half, and we hang down our heads, and are despised by all the people in the world.

Thus much by way of introduction, or proem, or reflection ; for in those days historians will make their reflections at the beginning of their chapters. He then proceeds to his history, from which I shall select a few paragraphs.

At this time there was a war between our nation and the *French* and the *Spaniards* ; wherein we were assisted, or at least ought to have been assisted, by the *Dutch* ; a people who at that time inhabited the *Low-Countries*, which are now call'd *Frenchalia*. There was nothing very remarkable affected by our land forces ; but admiral *Anson* and admiral *Hawk* beat the *French* and *Spaniards* by sea damnably (*this phrase may seem rather too rough for the ladies, but I am obliged to keep literally to my author.*) He proceeds—I cannot quit this period without taking notice of one of the authors of that time, namely, madam *Mary Midnight* ;
she

she wrote that celebrated book entitled, *The MIDWIFE: Or, Old Woman's Magazine*, which is now translated into all the modern languages, and read in all the *European* universities and schools, as a classic. She was a woman of prodigious vivacity, of a fine fertile fancy, of profound learning, of good, sound, solid, substantial sense, and had more wit and humour than all the writers of that age or any other age whatever. She had a most superb

* * * * *

My modesty will not permit me to transcribe any farther; the encomium is so great 'twou'd be vanity in me to own it. But as he will be an author of great veracity, I cannot quit his history, without giving you the copy of a letter from his 54th chapter. He is there got down to the year 1915. The reflections on this chapter are at the beginning like the former, and the subject of them the parliament of Britain.

The parliaments in former ages were of some use, but now the only figure they make is a cypher: they talk of this and that and t'other, and do nothing, or at least what they do is to no purpose; and this has generally been the case since the establishment of bribery and corruption, which began in the reign of King *Jonathan* the third. — Mark what a letter a member at that time wrote to a prime minister, who had offer'd him money for his vote.

Honour'd

Honour'd Sir,

THE money you bid me is too little, I really can't afford to take less than I ask'd you ; and if you will not give me my price, I am determin'd to vote according to my conscience.

I am,

Honour'd Sir,

Your most obsequious humble Servant,

*Turnagain-street,
Aug. 12, 1901.*

P. H. TRUCKLE.

P. S. Consider I have ten years of my time to come.

N. B. In order to understand this postscript, it will be necessary for me to inform you, that the parliaments will then sit fourteen years ; but as that is a terrible prospect to look at, let us drop the veil of fate, and hide the other parts of this history, 'till the time be expired, and the author has wrote them.

M. MIDNIGHT.



*The History of the Birth and Adventures of
Mess. INCLINATION and ABILITY.*

MRS. *Virginia Virtue*, an ancient maiden, who about a century and a half ago resided in this kingdom, after refusing a great many offers, at length gave her hand to one Sir *David Desire*. But she did not long enjoy the comforts of matrimony, for *Desire* soon expired after possession, and left Lady *Virtue* a widow,

widow, as she had been before an orphan. Lady *Virtue* having a fortune of her own, which neither time nor chance cou'd divest her of, did not despair of a second husband; but finding herself pregnant, she thought proper to wait till she was deliver'd, and in due time she brought forth a brave chopping boy, whom she call'd *Hercules Ability* — who in process of time became remarkably distinguish'd for all the accomplishments both of body and mind. In about a year after the decease of Sir *David Desire*, Lady *Virtue* listen'd to the vows of Sir *Surface Smatter*, by whom, in ten years time, and with the help of medicines, she had a little ricketty brat, whom they agreed should have the name of *Isgrim Inclination*. *Ability* had the best masters in all the arts and sciences, and profited by them all; *Inclination* had the same advantages, and profited by none. The younger brother had a perpetual affectation of mimicking the elder, but he did it in so uncouth a manner, that he appeared beyond measure absurd and ridiculous. *Isgrim* was extravagantly fond of his brother *Hercules*, but he (though otherwise a lad of singular humanity) could not help both pitying and contemning poor *Isgrim*. At the age of thirteen *Ability* shew'd some signs of a genius for poetry, and has since wrote several excellent pieces, which he publish'd under the names *Collins*, *Warton*, *Mason*, and others. This set *Isgrim* agog, and to say the truth, most of the modern compositions are in fact his, tho' they pass under the names of others. But I can favour the public with a little piece of poetry which he wrote at
 eighteen,

eighteen, and which he valued himself upon above all his other compositions.

*The little bee into the garden hies,
To search out various flow'rs of various dyes;
The rose and lilly, sweetly sucketh he,
Then goeth home again the little bee.*

*Thus little i away to charming Phillis,
To Sylvia, Daphne, or to Amaryllis;
Clasp'd in their arms I sweetly taste and try,
Then full of rapture home comes little i.*

The conceit of expressing himself with a little i instead of a capital, he acknowledges to be the greatest stroke of genius he ever hit of in his life. — It is remarkable † Lady *Virtue* gave her children no fortune, so they were obliged to earn a livelihood in the best manner they were able. *Ability* took to the stage at one house, and *Isgrim*, who always imitated his brother, chose the same profession at another.

† We hope no person of distinction will take it amiss that **VIRTUE** is made a lady of quality.

Some

The NONPAREIL. 163

Some Account of a new Mill to grind old People young.

IT is very strange that, we are very ready to believe all that is incredible, and to doubt of every thing that is demonstrable; yet as much a miracle as it is, it is nevertheless a truth. Any person that has been at Mr. *Overton's* shop, or indeed at any pot-house in this kingdom, has seen depicted in black and white, the figure of a mill to grind old folks young; yet there are many who are hardy enough to believe there can be no such mill really existing, notwithstanding they see it in print. In order therefore to satisfy the incredulous, I have inserted an account of some miracles effected by a new mill lately built near *Guildford*.

The Case of Mrs. Martha Spriggings.

WHEREAS I *Martha Spriggings*, was violently afflicted with that inevitable disease old age, attended with blindness, lameness, deafness, numbness and dumbness; I do declare that I am perfectly cured, by being ground in Mr. *Whacum's* mill near *Guildford*; and whereas a year ago I was upwards of ninety-nine, I am, at this present writing, not quite eighteen years old.

Witness,

Simon Luck,
Peter Pringle.

MARTHA SPRIGGINGS.

The

*The Case of Mrs. Richard Fumbletext, D. D. F. R. S.
and Head of * * * College, in the University of * * *.*

WHEREAS I, Mrs. *Richard Fumbletext*, was vehemently afflicted with the weight of seventy years and upwards, by the means of which I became extremely peevish, froward, absurd and disorder'd, in the few senses that were left me: I do assert, that by being ground in the *Guildford* mill, I am perfectly recover'd, and restored to youth, inso-much that I am as much a child as ever I was.

Witness,

RICHARD FUMBLETEXT.

Mrs. *George Trinket*, D. D. F. R. S.

Mrs. *Godina Wilking*, D. D. F. R. S.

The Case of Mrs. William Capevi, Doctor of Physic.

WHEREAS I, Mrs. *William Capevi*, doctor of physick, lately aged eighty-three; was so immoderately disordered with a course of years, that I could not cure myself with any of my infallible medicines: this is to certify those whom it may concern, that I am no more than twenty-five, being ground so down to that age precisely, in the *Guildford* mill, which I sincerely recommend to the old women of all faculties.

N. B. The mill is adapted for females only, so no gentleman, who does not make it appear that he has been an old woman, can possibly be ground.

To the Criticks and the Poets.

GENTLEMEN,

IN some of my former papers I pointed out the excellency and true characteristical beauties of pastoral and elegiac poetry, and I shall now, for your instruction and entertainment, give you my sentiments on the ode and the song; two species of poesy that are of all others my peculiar favourites. I call them two species of poesy, and I think with the greatest poetical and critical justice; for there is as much difference between an ode and a song, as between a high-heel'd and a low-heel'd shoe, or indeed, as there is between a *Whig* and a *Tory*. The ode-writer mounts *Pegasus* upon the withers, and for fear of falling, holds fast by the mane; but the ballad-monger gets up behind, sits a degree lower, and to save himself, clings close to the tail. There are some poets indeed, who are a sort of mules in verse, and are endowed with such excellent qualities, that they can intimately mix these two species together, and make of them a true and poetical hermaphrodite. A most animated and extraordinary instance of this sort we have in one of our poets of the last century, who, through his excessive modesty and abundant wealth (two qualities inherent to poetry and poets) has endeavour'd to conceal his merit, and avoid the praises he so eminently deserved. He has, by many of our critics been compared, to *Horace*, and by others mounted with *Pindar*; but I think he deserves a more exalted class than either,
and

166 *The* NONPAREIL.

and I am persuaded you will be of my opinion, gentlemen, when you have read over the following stanzas.

On JOLLITY: An Ode, or Song, or both.

I.

There was a jovial butcher,
He liv'd at *Northern-fall-gate*,
He kept a stall
At *Leadenball*,
And got drunk at the *Boy* at *Aldgate*.

II.

He ran down *Houndsditch* reeling,
At *Bedlam* he was frighted ;
He in *Moorfields*
Be-sh-t his heels,
And at *Hoxton* he was wiped.

Now, gentlemen, for the dignity of your science, (which I hold in the highest estimation) I shall endeavour to point out critically, and according to the rules of art, the beauties, the graces, and elevated sentiments in this much admired piece.

Our incomparable author, agreeable to the laws prescribed by *Aristotle*, *Dionysius*, *Longinus*, and *Quintilian*, and pursuant to the great examples of *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Milton*, begins his exordium in a simple manner ; for here he wisely saw, that the plain stile would be most prevalent. Nothing can be more easy,

There was a jovial butcher,

One

One would think, from the simplicity, natural ease, and elegance of that line, that the author intended only the history of his hero in the manner of *Thucydides*, *Livy*, or any other trifling historian; for no one from these words would expect a *Pindaric* ode, any more than an *Epic* poem. But in the next line he artfully rises upon you:

He lived at Northern-fall-gate.

How expressive is this! — Here you learn in one line, not only that the man liv'd, but the place where he liv'd, *viz.* at *Northern-fall-gate*. Hitherto we are peaceable enough, for *Pegasus* only trots; but now the poet is all on fire, and his steed foams at mouth:

He kept a stall

At Leaden-hall,

And got drunk at the Boy at Aldgate.

And got drunk! — ay, got drunk! why that's an atchievement we little expected: it surprizes us, and therefore is extremely agreeable; for the business of poetry is to *instruct*, to *elevate*, and *surprize*. And how amply is this effected? We are *instructed*, and that in few words, that,

He kept a stall

At Leaden-hall;

We are *elevated* with the thoughts of his getting drunk, and extreamly *surprised* that it was *at the Boy at Aldgate*; for who the devil would have thought of his getting drunk there; besides, at the time this ode was wrote, 'twas not customary for people to get drunk;
and

and therefore the surprize was greater. Drunkenness was then consider'd as the province only of the nobleman, the knight, the 'squire, the lord of the manor, or the justice of peace; but now we have ladies of such elevated spirits, that they can get drunk as well as the best butcher of them all, which renders that incident in these our days less wonderful.

Our author's method is also much to be admired; for after he has perfected his first stanza, he proceeds to the second; and pray what can be more natural than for the second to succeed the first?

He ran down Houndsditch reeling,

Homer is not more admired for the *copiousity* of his invention, the force of his imagination, the beauty of his families, the harmony of his numbers, or the dignity of his diction, than for his extensive knowledge in nature, and the several arts and sciences; he was a philosopher, a divine, a mathematician, an historian, a geographer, and a warrior, as well as a poet. He understood every thing he has described, and therefore all his descriptions are animated and beautiful, just and rational, correspondent to the precepts of art and to the laws of nature. But our author vastly exceeds *Homer*, in his knowledge of nature and the mechanic laws, as may be demonstrated by this line:

He ran down Houndsditch reeling,

Any woman who has a sot to her husband can tell you, that a drunken man will run up stairs when he can't walk even on a smooth pavement. A staggering man, like a reeling top, is secured from falling
by

by encreasing the velocity of his motion, and this is also illustrated and proved by a stumbling horse, who will always travel with most safety when kept up to a good pace, as our gentlemen that ride post can testify. But I appeal from the post-boy to Mr. Pope, who, in his essay on our science, has the two following lines :

*False steps but help them to renew the race ;
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.*

'Tis therefore with great poetical justice and judgment, that our author precipitates his hero down *Houndsditch*, and brings him to *Bedlam*.

Here now is matter enough to have employed your little modern versifiers a month, who run into long common-places, and lay hold of every hint that presents itself. But *seasonable silence has its emphasis* ; our author only informs us, in a plain simple manner, that,

At Bedlam he was frightened.

He would probably have given a description of that horrid place, where so many of his fraternity had made their miserable exits, but the catastrophe of his piece was at hand ; the fate of this hero was determined, and a long suspension of it, by any episode whatsoever, wou'd have been unnatural and offensive. He therefore, in imitation of VIRGIL, *Geor. IV. 457. &c.* declines all allurements of that sort, for the sake of uniformity and order, without which he knew his work might be an heap of shining materials, but not a beautiful and permanent edifice.

The catastrophe is preceded by the affright, and is made the consequence or effect of that cause, as you will perceive.

*At Bedlam he was frighted,
He in Moorfields,
Be-fo- t his heels,
And at Hoxton he was wiped.*

The geography of the places where the action happened, is strictly observ'd and arrang'd in their natural order; *Houndsditch* is the direct road from *Aldgate* to *Bedlam*, which is built in *Moorfields*; and as *Hoxton* is not more than half a mile to the right, it was very natural for him, and very prudent of him, to close the scene there. And to prevent any disturbances by the contests of places, for the birth of this great poet, we will, if you please, gentlemen, assign that honour to *Hoxton*; this I think we may do with the greatest propriety and justice, for every man is partially prone to favour the place of his nativity, and his excessive fondness of his native place *Hoxton*, made him without doubt bring the jovial butcher from *Northern-Falgate*, to enrich it with his burthen.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your faithful Friend, &c.

MARY MIDNIGHT.

Epigram

*Epigram of Martial, Lib. VIII. Ep. 69. Imi-
tated by Mrs. Midnight.*

*Miraris veteres, Vacerra solos;
Nec laudas, nisi mortuos poetas;
Ignoscas, petimus, Vacerra; tanti
Non est ut placeam tibi, perire.*

NO praise the grudging *Rosalinda* yields
To bards, till they are in th' *Elysian* fields.
She says that every modern is a dunce,
Forgetting *Homer* was a modern once.
Die—die—she cries—and then I'll deign a smile
Your servant, ma'm,—but 'tis not worth my while.

*A Letter to Mrs. Mary Midnight from the Guild-
ford Miller, intreating her to be ground forth-
with; together with some fresh Cases.*

Most incomparable MADAM,

IT has been dogmatically laid down, and credu-
lously received, as a maxim, that no person can
give any thing, of which he himself is not posselt.—
In some instances indeed this is true, but by no means
so with regard to the poet and historian; for they can
bestow immortality, tho' they are but frail flesh and
blood; and the works of some perishable hands are
calculated to survive the universe. — In this light,

madam, I consider both you, and your works — and the business of this epistle is not so much out of a lucrative view of bringing more grists to my mill, as to do an eminent piece of service to the whole world. If you are disposed to be ground, or (to use your publisher's language) you intend to have a new edition of yourself, I declare in the first place, that it shall not cost you a penny — the popularity which I shall acquire by restoring such an amiable and useful old lady to youth, will be more than an adequate recompence for my trouble. — I assure you, madam, there is no sort of pain attending the operation, but you *grow back again* (if I may be allowed the expression) in the same gradual imperceptible manner, only in a much lesser time, as you grow old. But as you may be curious to know the nature and mechanism of this mill, I have sent you a transcript of an account taken by a fellow of the royal society.

A Mathematical Description of the Guildford Mill.

By NEHEMIAH NICKNACK, F. R. S.

THE perpendicular altitude of this mill is about thirty feet, and the horizontal aperture, or dilatation of the hopper, is about ten. There are nine principal or cardinal wheels, so judgmatically contrived, that in them all the squares of the periodical Times are equal to the cubes of the distances. The sails (for it is a wind-mill) are seven numerically considered, but proportionally they are in a reciprocal subduplicate ratio of the diameters of the wheels.

The

The trough, which is the receptacle of the persons ground, is a *parallelogram*, the *diagonal* of which is about two yards and an half. Between the trough and the hopper are twelve tubes, sealed *hermetically*, of different sizes, for the squares of their diameters rise in an *arithmetical progression*. Diametrically opposite to the tubes are four ropes, suspended *funicularly*, at the *extremities* of which are four levers of the third kind, namely, such as have the *power* between the *fulcrum* and the weight. Besides which, there are abundance of *inclined planes*, *axes in peritrochio*, *polyf-pasts*, cylinders, together with the *trochlea*, *cuneus*, and *cochlea*, and, in short, all the *mechanical* and *mathematical powers*.

Such is the description of my mill, which is so admirable for its *PERSPICUITY*, that a child six years old may understand it; so I shall not any further explain it, for that would be to give a description of a description, in the manner of modern commentators. I shall therefore add a case or two, and for the present take my leave of you.

The Case of the Hon. Mrs. PHILIP HUG-BRIBE.

WHEREAS I, the honourable Mrs. *Philip Hug-bribe*, was lately so superannuated, that I flobber'd in company, and could by no means give a rational answer to any question propos'd; and, whereas I drivelled to such a degree, that I mistook negatives for affirmatives, and affirmatives for negatives, and, in a certain place of public business said aye, when I should have said no; which had like to have carried a point for the good of my country, contrary

both to my instructions and inclination ; this is to assure the world, that, by being ground in the *Guildford* mill, I am perfectly cured, and I am as wise and as upright as heretofore. Signed

Witness

Mrs. Philip Hug bribe.

The Right Hon. Mrs. Charles Courtly.

The Right Hon. Mrs. Peter Pension.

The Case of the Right Hon. Mrs. SIMON SHARPER.

WHEREAS I, the right hon. Mrs. *Simon Sharper*, was some time since so very old and infirm, that I could not play at hazard without spectacles, and so very paralytic, that I was obliged to quit both billiards and tennis; this is to certify all old women of quality, that, by being ground in the *Guildford* mill, I am reinstated in my former health and youth, and will be bold to say, that I can now cheat at cards, or cog the dice, as well as any person of HONOUR in the three kingdoms.

Signed,

Witness,

Mrs. *Simon Sharper*.

The Right Hon. Mrs. *Ben. Bragwell*.

The Right Hon. Mrs. *Roger Rout*.

I am, dear Madam,

Your faithful Servant,

and sincere Admirer,

Guildford,

July 24, 1751.

WALTER WHACUM.

The little Lighterman, or, the dissembling Waterman, (which was sung at the Corner of Blow-Bladder-street, on the 10th of June last, to the Tune of the Rolling Hornpipe) chirurgically dissected.

I.

PRAY did you never hear of a sad disaster —
'Twas but t'other day that he ran away from his master.

Oh the little, little lighterman, and the dissembling waterman ;

Molly's a girl that will die, if she has not a kiss from the lighterman.

II.

With his black shammy pumps and his rolling eye,
fir,

He did kifs ev'ry girl that he did come nigh, fir.

Oh the little, little, &c.

III.

But when his master he found him he put him into
Bridewell ;

Molly she loved him so well that she gave him a pot
of porter.

Oh the little, &c.

I am sorry to inform my readers that this ballad is
the reputed bantling of a gentleman of great emi-

nence and distinction, because I am fully persuaded, that upon a candid and impartial examination, we shall find it fraught with principles destructive to the community, derogatory from the dignity of the crown, and repugnant to that integrity and honour which every *Briton* ought to bear in his breast.

Allegories have been always suspected of evil tendency, and discouraged by the wise legislators of every nation. PLATO, who had as much prudence, wisdom and learning, as any man among us, banished HOMER out of his commonwealth for this very consideration; SOLON expelled CHILOSA for the same reason, and MORTOLO was exiled by LYCURGUS for entitling his poem *Χραμβοφαγος* (*i. e.* the *Cabbage eater*) in which that great lawgiver thought himself affronted, as his father had for some years before his advancement practised the art of a taylor.

That HOMER's *Iliad* was a satire upon the several states and princes of *Greece*, I make no doubt, and was it at all to my purpose I could prove it; for those high encomiums with which that poem is interlarded, could never be ascribed but by way of sneer or sarcasm to princes, who, for ten years together, had beat their subjects brains out against the stone walls of *Illium*, and that for a woman who had not half the beauty, modesty, or virtue that I have. No —one might as well suppose that Mr. * * *, or any of our modern poets, wou'd write a serious epic poem on king *Richard's* frantic expedition to *Damascus*.

The author of the above song had doubtless studied *Homer*, for, together with his art of *secretly* dis-
pensing

penſing invidious ſatire, he has tranſlated ſome of his poetical flights, and retained in a great meaſure the ſtructure of his verſification. But let us leave the poets to themſelves, as a pack of poor paultry people, unworthy our conſideration, and examine this wicked piece of work to the bottom, in order to diſcover the ſecret deſigns and villainies of its audacious author, and endeavour, as much as poſſible, to convict and bring him to condign puniſhment for his atrocious crimes.

Pray did you never hear of a ſad diſaſter.

No man, that is poſſeſt of a grain of common ſenſe, can doubt but that the author, by this *ſad diſaſter*, means the pretender's landing in *Scotland*, and eſpecially when he comes to weigh and conſider the purport of the following line,

'Twas but the other day he ran away from his maſter.

Not only the *French* king, but the whole court of *France*, pretended ſuch ignorance at the time he left that kingdom, of his deſtination and enterprize, that the following advertisement was printed in ſome of their papers.

Stolen or Stray'd,

A living creature, five foot eight inches high, that talks rationally and walks erect; whoever ſhall bring him to (I forget the name of the place) ſhall receive thirty thouſand pounds reward.

This not only strengthens and corroborates what I advanced before, but evidently proves, that the author in this song makes the *French* king his master or employer; for stolen or stray'd signifies being forced away, seduced away, led away, or going or running away, voluntary and wilfully, or by accident and without design; and the crime in this case must depend on *volition*, as Mr. LOCKE very justly observes; for a servant who loses his way in a wood by accident, and against his will, is not culpable or answerable to his master for the time that has been so misemployed or lost. — But leaving this to the casuists, let us return to our poet. — The next line still strengthens my argument.

Ob the little, little lighterman, and the dissembling waterman.

Here he calls his hero the little lighterman, which name or appellation is drawn from that circumstance of his running away, for *lighterman* is only a corruption of the phrase *lighter-man*, i. e. a man that is lighter or swifter of foot, and can run faster.

By the dissembling waterman, the author undoubtedly means the *Dutch*; for you must remember, gentle reader, that those high and mighty people did not come up to their contract with us at that time, to say no worse of it; which I think will account for the epithet or adjective *dissembling*, and when to the adjective *dissembling* we join the substantive *waterman*, you will plainly see the force of the argument; for, as the *Dutch* are bred among the fens and the frogs, and are amphibious creatures, that live sometimes on land and sometimes in the water, which cannot be

saïd

said of any other people in the world, the term *waterman* must appertain unto them, and them only, for *waterman* is a corruption of *water-man*, i. e. a man that can live in the water. But if you exclude this argument (which is as self-evident as any axiom in EUCLID) and consider those people, without having regard to their country and manner of life, you will find that no man hath so much of water in his composition as your *Dutchman*.

The bearing of the author's song is too audacious to be pass'd silently over, and deserves the consideration of the magistracy as much as any part of it.

Molly's a girl that will die if she has not a kiss from the lighterman.

This was wrote to warm and animate the hearts of our *British Amazons* in behalf of the young pretender, and I believe in my conscience was the cause of the mad and unaccountable healths that were drank, the party-coloured ribbands they wore, and the dancings, clubs, songs, and revellings of that time; which I suppose will be talk'd on with wonder and amazement, when my little grand child is a grand-mother. But to proceed —

*With his black shammy pumps, and his rolling eye, fir,
He did kiss every girl that he did come nigh, fir.*

This verse alludes to a private ball given by the cardinal Tencin, just before the little lighterman's expedition, where it was particularly observed, that he danced in black shammy pumps, gave a wanton liber-

ty to his eyes, and, what is not usual in polite assemblies, kiss'd all the ladies in company, as soon as the ball was over; which circumstance this wicked poet has improved to the pretender's advantage, with a palpable design of promoting his cause, by rendering his person and behaviour the more agreeable to our *English* ladies. — We come now to the third and last verse of this virulent and treasonable performance, in which the poison is so artfully and deeply conceal'd, that 'twill cost us some pains to discover and expel it:

*But when his master he found him he put him into Bride-
well;*

*Molly she loved him so well, she gave him a pot of
porter.*

That the young adventurer, upon his return to France, was seized by order of the French king, is a circumstance too well known to be longer insisted on; and that during his confinement, application was made for his enlargement by *Molly*, which all decyphers allow means *Molly Britannia*, or our British ladies, is altogether as notorious, who are here said to have given him a *pot of porter*, that is, procured him a *free passage*; for *porter*, in this place, means no more than the person who has the care of the portal of the gaol; and consequently the phrase, *gave him a pot of porter*, signifies, *paid the porter*, or *gave him his free liberty*: And in this sense it is taken by GRO-NOVIUS, CAMBLITARO, and ELMILLIUS.

And

The NONPAREIL: 182

And here I must beg leave to observe, that *Molly*, or *Molly Britannia*, is indifferently used by our author, either for the daughters of *Britannia*, or a moiety of the *English* ladies ; and of consequence this line,

*Molly's a girl that will die, if she has not a kiss from
the lighterman,*

was not only wrote for the purpose I have already mention'd, but also to insinuate, that the daughters of *Britannia* are in a languishing state for the loss of this lighterman. This is, I must own, too gross to be mentioned but in polite company, and too bad to be farther explain'd in any ; but it plainly shews what this wicked author would be at, and sufficiently indicates the necessity of placing him in a state of *durance*.—But I have done—no, I have not done—creatures of this complexion, monsters of this magnitude, serpents of such subtilty, can never be enough exposed.

This *Janus-headed* author (for I hate a man that has a double face) has so artfully contrived this piece, that if it be sung on any other day of the year except the 10th of *June*, and to the tune of *Jack in the Green*, or any other tune but the *Rolling Hornpipe*, the words will have a quite different signification ; but the virulence remains, 'tis only poison differently prepared, in order to answer different wicked purposes ; and this last is a circumstance that could not have been discovered, but by my extraordinary knowledge in the art of *decypheration*.

M. MIDNIGHT.

A Question

*A Question to be debated by the Robin Hood Society,
at the Request of a very great man, and the ar-
guments pro and con to be submitted to Mrs.
Midnight.*

The QUESTION.

*Whether HONEY or MUSTARD is the best to oil
a man's WIG?*

N. B. The gentlemen concern'd are desired to be particularly careful and circumspect in discussing this point, for the whole debates will be inserted in my magazine.

MARY MIDNIGHT.



*To Mrs. SARAH ROWDEN, Senior Organist of
St. Paul's Church, London.*

MADAM,

IN the following account of the dispute between you and your brother musicians, I hope I have done you the justice you expected. I have prevailed on my bookseller, who is also a genius, to undertake the inspection of the work you are about to publish, and, if I can be otherwise serviceable to you, 'twill be a great satisfaction to,

Madam, your Friend and Admirer,

M. MIDNIGHT.

A GENIUS

A GENIUS restor'd; or, the Matter set in a clear
Light.

MODESTY has been generally esteem'd the true characteristic, and constant concomitant of merit; and as the fraternity of musicians have been as famous for the one as the other; that is to say, for *Merit* as for *Modesty*, I am not a little surpris'd at their treatment of my sister *Sarah Rowden*. As the dispute between that old gentlewoman and the other organists and musicians, has of late ran very high, I shall lay the matter open, that every body may see who has the better of the argument, and of consequence where the most merit is center'd.

That Mrs. *Rowden* is a prodigious genius, her very enemies must and do allow: it will be sufficient therefore if I only set forth how I became acquainted with that extraordinary woman, and give a true history of the case, without enforcing any arguments to the advantage or disadvantage of either party. Truth is best when naked — And here follows the naked truth.

As I was walking the other day in one of the isles of *St. Paul's* church, I perceived an old woman in a dark hole under the organ loft, pressing down several large pieces of timber, one of which arose before the other was well nigh down, so that she was oblig'd to move backward and forward with great celerity, without the least respite or relaxation, and her labour (if you will make allowance for pressing down instead of heaving up) appear'd to me not unlike that of old *Sisyphus*, mention'd in my edition of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*.

phases. Upon my enquiring what she was about, she started with surprize, that I should ask such a question. *Don't you hear,* says she, *that I am playing the organ; this is the 104th psalm, and by and by I shall play you one of Dr. Boyce's anthems.* *Aye,* says another good woman that stood by; *'Tis very true, Dr. Green is the reputed organist, and receives the salary, but Goody Rowden plays the organ for forty shillings a year.* Here I began to reflect on the ill treatment the aged of our sex meet with, and the difficulties we labour under. We are undoubtedly the wisest of all the human species, and so essential in life, that you see a boy can't well be born, or an organ play'd, without our aid; and yet we are despised and contemned by those who are our inferiors and dependants. — I was determined to go, as we say in my country, to the bottom of this affair; and seeing a gentleman come out of the organ-loft, that I knew, I ask him who had play'd the organ: *Madam,* says he, *I play'd it myself, and I hope I had the honour to please you.* As this was confirmed by two of the vergers, who stood by, I was still more embarrassed; and returning to Goody Rowden, told her I had been informed that Mr. * * * had play'd the service. *Aye,* says she, *The clapper rings the bell, but who pulls the rope? 'Tis here as in a puppet-show; you apprehend that Punch speaks, but 'tis we behind the curtain that move his wooden limbs, and articulate the sounds. In short, we do the business, and they gain the applause.* — Nor is this to be wonder'd at, for all the world seems to detract from the merit of us old women; and my printer had the assurance t'other day,

day, to tell me, that the extraordinary sale of my magazine, was entirely owing to his manner of printing it.

As I have taken on me the guardianship and defence of my sex, I thought it my duty to vindicate this poor woman; accordingly I summon'd all the musical masters to attend. The contest lay between Mr. *Handel* and Mrs. *Rowden*; and just as he was playing his coronation anthem, and, for the sake of pre-eminence, jiging his fingers upon the keys, a total suspension of all sound ensued; upon which the old woman peeps out of her hole. *Where are you now? Out*, says the artist above. *Out, aye*, says she, *you can't play your own music without my assistance*. Upon this a truce was drawn, and, under my mediation, it was agreed, that the reputation acquired, or to be acquired, by the free use and exercise of that organ, should be divided into two equal parts; one whereof to be given in the first place to Goody *Rowden*, as the senior performer on the bellows, and the remaining part to the other organist, who should jig the jacks above stairs.

It gives me a two-fold satisfaction, that I have been able to get this affair settled upon so amicable a footing; in the first place, because it is doing justice to genius, and assigning to my old friend Goody *Rowden* her right; and secondly, because it will be a means of preventing disputes of this nature for the future, and keep my brother organists in proper order.

I re-

I remember an affair of this sort once at *Windsor*: a particular friend of mine was playing on that organ one of Dr. *Blow's* anthems, and just as he had finished the verse part, and begun the full chorus, the organ ceas'd; upon which he call'd to *Dick Hoar*, the organist beneath, to know what was the matter, *The matter*, says *Dick*, *I have played the anthem below: ay*, says the other, *but I have not played it above. No matter*, quoth *Dick*, *you might have made more haste then, I know how many puffs go to one of Dr. Blow's anthems as well as you do; I have not play'd the organ so many years for nothing.*

But as all disputes of this sort are now entirely settled and accommodated, to the satisfaction of both parties; I have only to inform my readers, that *Goody Rowden*, the organist, is a very industrious woman, tho' very poor; and to desire all gentlemen and ladies to call at her office under the organ loft, and leave something towards her subsistence, before they go into the choir, which will greatly oblige their

Most obedient humble Servant,

M. MIDNIGHT.

The

The Question, "Whether 'tis best to oil a man's wig with honey or mustard, being proposed to the most numerous Assembly that ever met at the ROBIN-HOOD ;

The celebrated Mr. WHIPPER SNAPPER stood up, and spoke in Substance as follows.

MR. PRESIDENT,

AS the question proposed is of the utmost dignity, and the last importance, I hope I shall be favoured with a patient, candid, and judicious audience. — Hope, do I say? I am persuaded I shall be so, and therefore shall proceed upon the debate modestly, moderately, and methodically. In order, gentlemen, to form any tolerable judgment of the affair in hand, it will be highly requisite to consider the nature, genius, and extent of the four cardinal virtues; that is, JUSTICE, PRUDENCE, TEMPERANCE, and FORTITUDE: I don't know, gentlemen, whether I arrange these virtues in their proper order, but that is neither on one side nor t'other. — *Magna est veritas & praevalabit.* And now let us examine what justice has to say, — Why justice says, before you precipitately give your opinion, you ought to consider the constitution and consequence of a wig. — Well then, what is a wig? — Why, what do you think it is? Well I'll tell you what it is. — I define a wig to be a certain quantity of hair, artificially combin'd and connected together by a mechanic, who, in the vulgar tongue,

is styl'd, call'd, and denominated a barber. Now every man that wears a wig, is under a triple obligation, or (if I may be allowed the expression) under an indenture *tripartite*, between himself in the first place, the barber in the second, and the wig in the third : he is in fact obliged to do justice to all three parties.

— If it therefore can be proved, that oiling with mustard is more for the credit of the barber, the dignity of the wearer, and the ornament and preservation of that inanimate piece of hair, which is entitled and call'd a wig ; I say, gentlemen, that we are obliged gentlemen, in *justice*, gentlemen, to prefer mustard to honey, or any other unctious substance whatsoever. — And now let us weigh this momentous affair in the scales of *prudence*, which is another cardinal virtue. — What then says prudence ? Why, what do you think she says ? Well, I'll tell you what she says. She says, that if it be cheaper (as undoubtedly it is) to oil your wig with mustard, why, in point of œconomy, you are to discard honey, and use the less expensive lotion. — And what says *temperance* ? Why she speaks according to custom, with great coolness and candour, and begs leave to stand neuter, being equally averse to all honey or all mustard. — And now for *fortitude*, and what says fortitude ? Why fortitude swears she'll fight of our side, if she loses her commission for it. Forbid it *Cæsar*, forbid it *Marlbro'*, forbid it *Eugene*, forbid it * * * d, and you, ye illustrious shades of *Shewell* and *Gorgon*, that honey, the delight of pusillanimous milk-sops, and the composition of paltry insects, should be prefer'd to mustard ; that draws
tears

tears from the eyes of barbarians, that bites the tongues of the eloquent, and braces the nerves of the magnanimous. — And now would I add (but I see the † uplifted hammer) much more to as much purpose, but I shall conclude, *Mr. President*, by humbly presuming, *Mr. President*, that what I have said, *Mr. President*, is sufficient, *Mr. President*; and pray *Mr. Jenkinson* be so good as to push the porter a little this way:

This was answer'd by Mr. WILLIAM HONEYCOMB, in the following manner.

MR. PRESIDENT,

I Must for once start out of my turn, and I hope all the gentlemen will excuse me, to answer the gentleman that spoke last; for no man, that has any common sense, and common honesty, and common truth, and common justice, can any longer sit still and stand to hear such stuff. For a man for to come, for to go, for to say, that mustard is better to oil a man's wig than honey, is monstrous, and stupid, and ridiculous, and absurd, and silly. Am I warm? I am, — the cause deserves it. That honey is better both for the hair, for the wig, for the wearer of the wig, and for the nation and constitution in general, every gentleman here does believe, and no man, that is not a friend to the pope and to the pretender, and an enemy to the true interest of wigs in general, would attempt

† We are allowed in our society to speak five minutes, and no more, which time is determined by a watch, *Mr. President*, and a hammer.

tempt to prove the contrary. *Mr. President*, this question, *Mr. President*, is of more consequence, *Mr. President*, than is generally supposed and believed, *Mr. President*. As to my part, I can, without any pretence to prophecy, see popery, jacobitism and toryism lurking at the bottom of it; and I hope every gentleman here will exert himself in favour of his king and country, and the church and the state. This question, gentlemen, is of the utmost importance to us, and not to us only, but to our posterity; ay, to our posterity, both present, past and to come; and were we to give into it, what would be the consequence? or rather, what would not be the consequence? — What would our past posterity say to us? Why, I'll tell you what they would say; they would never forgive us; our present posterity would be filled with indignation, and our future posterity would be out of all manner of patience. Besides, gentlemen, a practice of this sort would be of the utmost ill consequence to our politics. *Plato*, that great politician, always prescribed honey to oil wigs; and why did he do it? Why, I will tell you why: he knew that the bees had in themselves a commonwealth, a state that was managed with prudence, and without bribery and corruption; and he wisely foresaw, that by oiling his pupils wigs with honey, the political effluvia thereof would ascend to their heads, and strengthen and corroborate their posteriors. And pray what has been done, or rather, what has not been done, by those who have oiled their wigs in this manner? every beau about town at this time, if I am rightly informed, oils his wig with honey,

honey, and all of them, that are arrived to manhood, oil their beards with it also. Hence the honey gets into the lips, hence sweet kissing;—hence the honey gets into the tongue, hence fine speaking; ay, and sweet smelling; and I can venture to say, that all the ladies of fortune, who have been married to gallants without a penny in possession, or even in expectation, have been obtain'd and procured by this means: that is to say, by the invincible power of the honey which oiled their wigs. And none but a *Durham* man could, contrary to all honour and conscience, have had the face to have said so much in favour of mustard.

Mr. CHARLES CHATTERMUCH then arose, and desired the Question might be read, and finding it to stand thus, viz.

Whether Honey or Mustard was best to oil a Man's Wig, *he proceeded in the following Manner.*

Mr. President, and you Gentlemen of the Club,

HERE is a question proposed to us of a very extraordinary, a very uncommon, and a very singular nature. I'll tell you what it is gentlemen: it is whether honey or mustard be best to oil a man's wig; one gentleman has already spoken very learnedly in favour of mustard, and another has deliver'd himself very lycontriptically in behalf of honey; and so which is in the right of it, he that spoke for honey, or he that spoke for mustard, I leave you to consider; and if honey be best, you'll vote for mustard, and if mustard be best, you'll vote
for

for honey. I can't help observing likewise, that it would be better to add a little milk to the honey; and so, Mr. *President*, my service to you.

N. B. There were in all forty-five speeches made on this subject, but these three I have inserted are the most considerable.



An EPIGRAM by Sir THOMAS MORE.

DE TYNDARO.

NON minimo insignem naso dum forte puellam,
 Basiat, en! voluit Tyndarus esse dicax.
 Frustra, ait, ergo tuis mea profero labra labellis,
 Nostra procul nasus distinet ora tuus.
 Protinus erubuit, tacitaq; excanduit irâ,
 Nempe parum falso tacta puella sale.
 Nasus ab ore meus tua si tenet oscula, dixit,
 Quâ nasus non est, hâc dare parte potes.

Imitated by Master Christopher Midnight, my Great Grandson.

The LONG-NOSED FAIR.

ONCE on a time I fair *Dorinda* kiss'd,
 Whose nose was too distinguish'd to be miss'd:
 My dear, says I, I fain wou'd kiss you closer,
 But tho' your lips say *Aye*—your nose says *No, Sir*—

The

The maid was equally to fun inclin'd,
And plac'd her lovely lilly-hand BEHIND :
Here, swain, she cry'd, may'st thou securely kifs ;
Where there's no nose to interrupt thy blifs.



To Mrs. MARY MIDNIGHT.

Madam,

I Have sent you a specimen of a poem in praise of *Hackney*, which is the work of an eminent penman in *Shoreditch*. I esteem the whole piece to be a great honour to the language, and a singular instance to what stupendous heights unassisted genius can soar. I will not absolutely affirm, that the four following lines are better than any in SHAKESPEAR, but I am positive they are as good ; please to observe —

Hackney, thy glory thy own lips shall tell,
Witness a *Dalstone* and a *Shacklewell*,
And *Hummerton*, and *Clapton* do declare,
The many country-seats that THERE are THERE.

I must beg leave to point out the beauties of these verses one by one, for taken collectively they shine with such a refulgent glare, that they actually dazzle the imagination : — and first, not to mention a word of the *Numerosity* of the lines, the music of which is so delectable, we have a bolder figure, than has yet been known in rhetoric ; *Dalstone* and *Shackle-*

K

well

well are elegantly called the lips of *Hackney*, whose glories they are naturally employ'd in celebrating.

Hackney, thy glory thy own lips shall tell,
Witness a *Dalstone* and a *Shacklewell*.

What is this but to equal, or excel both *Orpheus* and *Amphion*, who indeed made stocks and stones dance hornpipes, but never cou'd arrive to the perfection of making them speak, as our inimitable bard has done in this exquisite couplet; but let us proceed to the third line, in which there are such a posse of excellencies, that they really confound the understanding,

And *Hummerton* and *Clapton* do declare,

Delectus verborum origo est eloquentiæ (says *Cæsar*) a judicious choice of words is the origin of eloquence. If the author had searched the whole globe, he cou'd not have found out a more sonorous word for the name of a place than *Hummerton*; a word that ought to be set to music, and is worthier to be sung than said. The *Greeks* valued themselves upon the sweetness, fullness, and (to use *Horace's* word) the *rotundity* of their language

—— *Graios dedit ore rotundo*
Musa loqui.

And yet what is *Θηβαι* and what is *Αθηναι*, the names of *Thebes* and *Athens*, their two chief cities, in point of dignity and magnificence, with the high-sounding

foundings *Hummerton*? Much might be said in behalf of *Clapton*, but we will wave that for the present, and proceed to the conclusive part of the verse, —

Do declare.

Now a common writer wou'd have been contented with the simple word *declare*, but our SHOREDITCH GENIUS knew better things. — He adds the expressive energy of the particle *do*, which gives incredible force to the sentiment — *Hummerton* and *Clapton* don't make a simple unornamented declaration, but they really, actually, *ipso facto* & *bonâ fide*, without equivocation, mental reservation, or any evasion whatsoever, *do declare* positively, comparatively, and superlatively, that — what?

The many country seats that THERE are THERE,

— Which being the last lines in the specimen, I must unavoidably conclude with it. — I shall not insist upon the merit of the prior *Hemistich* in this verse, because what is self-evident can need no exposition — But as for the last, namely,

That THERE are THERE —

There certainly were never four monosyllables assembled together to such admirable and expressive purposes. Here we have the rhyme like a two-edged sword in *utrumque paratus*, backwards or forwards — upwards or downwards: THERE on this side, and THERE on t'other side. — The twin rivals, or the

happy pair! — Amasing dexterity! Inconceivable elegance! Bring me oceans of ink — bring me reams of paper! or rather bring me two-pence to purchase the whole of this admirable performance, for that is all the modest author requires for it, tho' its intrinsic value be inestimable.

I am, dear Madam,

Your most humble Servant,

GEORGE PILKINGTON,

Deputy-twice-assistant to the under-sexton of Shoreditch.



An EPIGRAM.

Totus mundus agit histrionem.

MEthinks 'tis a dramatic age;
 All men are play'rs, the court the stage.
 There, as it suits the time and place,
 Each takes a different shape or face,
 And deck'd with ribbons, or with lawn,
 They now can strut, and now can fawn.
 Whilst we, poor folks, or populace vile,
 (To speak in ministerial stile)
 Useful spectators see the play;
 'Tis they that act, but we that pay;
 And when the farce is done amiss,
 'Tis very hard if we mayn't hiss.

A NEW

A NEW RIDE to RUMFORD; *being an Epistle from Ralph Ragandjaw.*

IT has been a custom from time immemorial for people who had false or defective *bottoms*, to go to be repaired at *Rumford*. If any person of quality had a lantern-jaw'd backside, away they went to be plumpt at *Rumford*; or if the reverse was the complaint, they posted away, in order to be chipt down to a fashionable foundation at *Rumford*: the political family of the BROAD-BOTTOMS in particular, have all been at *Rumford*, and are now *quite in another way*. Incredible sums of money, and vast estates undoubtedly, have been procured and amassed by this art of new-bottoming; but as I cannot but consider their posteriors as the inferior end of the human body, since its offices are not extravagantly delicate; I therefore would humbly recommend to your readers, old dame, the care of the *top* rather than the *bottom*, the *head* rather than the *tail*. NOVERINT UNIVERSI, therefore, or in *English*, be it known to all men, that I RALPH RAGANDJAW, of *Rumford*, have invented, and caused to be made, a compleat set of *tops* or *heads*, adapted to people of all denominations, trades and professions. Infomuch, as that all people, who are *curving-headed*, may, for a small gratuity, change their jobberknouls for such as will suit them better. It was the speech of Fryar BACON's *brazen-head* (and by the bye, there's many a brazen-head now living, that never spoke so much to the purpose) I say its speech was,

TIME WAS. TIME IS.

And

TIME SHALL BE.

This speech I look upon as a prediction of my art ; the interpretation of which (in the manner of modern commentators) is this, the TIME WAS, when all men were drivellers ; the TIME IS, in which they continue so to be ; but the TIME SHALL BE, when *Ralph Ragandjaw*, of *Rumford*, shall *new-top* mankind, and set nature, who is now in an arsi-versy situation, up-right upon her legs again. The method of my proceeding is as follows : when any person of quality or plebeian comes to be *new-topp'd*, the first thing I do, is to chop off his head upon a block, always at hand for that purpose, after which operation, I lead him into my *head-shop*, where he is at liberty to pick and chuse ; and if, at a month's end, he dislikes his new head, why he is welcome to change it for any other, without the least additional expence, or he may have his own again, only upon swearing to the identity of it. Nothing can be more equitable, betwixt man and man, than a procedure of this nature, and if every one wou'd act thus honestly, my art would be superfluous. The different materials which I make use of for the composition of my heads are in general,

For Lawyers	—— ———	Brass.
For Politicians	—————	Lead.
For Physicians	—— ———	Wood.
For Beaux	—— ———	Paper.

For

The NONPAREIL. 199

For Belles ——— Dough:

For Fidlers ——— Tin.

And for Critics, Casuists, Stockjobbers, Mathematicians, Metaphysicians, Modern Poets, Bricklayers, and Paviours,

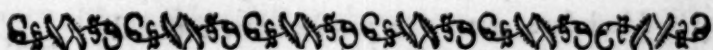
Rare old *English* Flint, or your right good substantial *Portland* Stone.

This is all at present, old dame, but, in my next I will send a particular account, who, between this and then, shall come to barter skulls with me; and begin, as all reformations should do, to set the *bodies* right, by first regulating the *heads*.

N. B. Not a word of this to any *Cambridge* man.

Yours,

RALPH RAGANDJAW.



On lovely PEGGY.

By an eminent Hand.

I.

TH^O' *Peggy's* charms have oft been sung,
The darling theme of ev'ry tongue,
New praises still remain.
Beauty like her's, may well infuse
New flights, new fancies, like a Muse,
And brighten ev'ry strain.

II.

'Tis not her form alone I prize,
 Which ev'ry fool, that has but eyes
 As well as I can see;
 To say she's fair, is but to say
 When the sun shines at noon, 'tis day;
 What none need learn of me.

III.

But I'm in love with *Peggy's* mind,
 Where ev'ry virtue is combin'd,
 That can adorn the fair;
 Excepting one, you scarce can miss,
 So trifling! that I would not wish,
That virtue had been there.

IV.

She, who possesses all the rest,
 Must sure excel the prude, whose breast
That virtue shares alone.
 To seek perfection is a jest,
 They, who have fewest faults, are best,
 And *Peggy* has but one.

By

By the same.

To CHLOE, a Persuasive to Love.

I.

SINCE nature ne'er acted in vain,
Say, *Chloe*, why are you so fair?
Was beauty design'd to give pain,
And wit only meant for a snare?
No, no: you were form'd to delight,
And here all your bus'ness is love;
What nature design'd must be right,
Her dictates we're bound to approve.

II.

Haste then, let us time now employ
And ev'ry refinement improve,
Make life a full circle of joy,
It's center immutable love.
In pleasure we'll sport ev'ry day,
And ne'er take account of our hours;
Let time fly as swift as he may,
The present must always be ours.

By the same.

The fair MORALIST.

I.

AS late by *Thames's* verdant side,
 With solitary, pensive air,
 Fair *Chloe* search'd the silver tide,
 With pleasing hope and patient care;
 Forth as the east the filken fly,
 And musing stroll'd the bank along,
 She thought no list'ning ear was nigh,
 While thus she tun'd her moral song.

II.

The poor, unhappy, thoughtless fair,
 Like the mute race, are oft undone;
 These with a gilded fly we snare,
 With gilded flatt'ry those are won.
 Careless like them, they frolic round,
 And sportive tofs th' alluring bait;
 At length they feel the treach'rous wound,
 And struggle to be free, too late.

III.

But ah! fair fools, beneath this shew
 Of gaudy colours lurks a hook;
 Cautious the bearded mischief view,
 And ere you leap, be sure to look.
 More she'd have sung—when, from the shade,
 Rush'd forth gay *Damon*, brisk and young;
 And, whatsoe'er he did or said,
 Poor *Chloe* quite forgot her song.

The Necessity of keeping one's FRIEND in one's POCKET, demonstrated on the Principles of Sir ISAAC NEWTON's Philosophy.

THAT all bodies gravitate or incline to the centre is a proposition philosophically illustrated, and mathematically prov'd, by the incomparable Sir *Isaac Newton*. 'Tis on this principle only that we can account for our being fix'd and confin'd to the earth, that we are circumscribed by the atmosphere, and that we are constantly attended by, and constantly attend, the planets that seem to roll round us. Any one that wants farther demonstration, than has already been given us by that great man, let him but step to that part of the globe opposite to *St. Paul's Church-yard*, and he will find himself firmly fix'd to the earth there, notwithstanding the soles of his feet are over-against mine; and tho' he may fancy, from the structure of the globe, that I am turn'd topsy turvy, and placed on my head (a position not very decent for one of my sex) yet I shall have the satisfaction to consider him in the same situation: to carry the experiment still farther, and make it more demonstrable, while you are there, if you please, Mr. *What-d'ye-call-it*, let there be a hole bored directly thro' the globe from you to me; I will drop an apple in here, and you a lime there; and the apple and the lime shall meet exactly in the centre, and there remain absolutely and unalterably fix'd. But if, after all, there should any man be faithless enough to doubt
of

of this matter, let him only leap off the monument, or St. Paul's, and he will die by the truth of the experiment. — But what has this to do, you'll say, with the thing you was to prove? Why, I'll tell you; — From a due consideration of this very principle, you will see the necessity of a man's *keeping his money in his pocket*. The pocket I consider, and always have considered, as the centre of friendship; where I would have this most valuable, this most faithful, of all friends plac'd. Now, if he be a friend of any magnitude, being placed there, he shall collect a number of other friends round you, who will continually point themselves to you from every quarter, like needles to the pole; friends, who will smile at your prosperity, bask in the sunshine of your glory, dance to the tune of your own hornpipe, and be *votre tres humble serviteur*, down to the ground *monseigneur*. But if by sickness, misfortune, generosity, or by any other means whatsoever, this friend happens to be removed out of your pocket, the centre is destroyed, the equilibrium is lost, away fly your other friends, and, like ungrateful voracious pelicans, turn their beaks at your breast, whenever you offer to come near them. 'Tis your own fault, you might have done well if you wou'd; — but you are a fool, and could not keep a friend when you had him; and so you may die in a ditch, and go to the devil, my dear.

A man in affluence, squandering away his substance, may be aptly enough compared to a porpoise sporting in the ocean: the lesser fish play around him, applaud his dexterity, and admire his prodigious gambols;

bol's ; but if, for want of a bottle of Dr. *Silvano's* drops, any disorder should overtake him, his admirers begin to look about for themselves, and perhaps he that fawn'd under his fins, will the first fall foul of him.

But this subject may be farther illustrated, and the necessity of keeping a friend in your pocket more evidently proved, from a due consideration of the advantages that may arise from it, or disadvantages resulting from its neglect.

Now a man that has secured this friend in his pocket, may go when he pleases, and where he pleases, and how he pleases, either on foot, or on horseback ; in a coach, or by water ; and he shall be respected, and esteemed, and call'd *sir*, and made welcome at every time, and in every place ; and no one shall say unto him, *Why dost thou these things ?* But a man that hath not a friend in his pocket, may not go when he pleases, and where he pleases, and how he pleases ; but must go when, and where, and how, he is directed by others. Moreover, he shall travel on foot, and perchance without shoes, and not have the benefit of a horse, or the water, or a coach ; and he shall be called *sirrah*, and not *sir* ; neither shall he be respected, or esteemed, or made welcome ; and they shall say unto him, *Don't be troublesome, fellow, get out of the way, for thou hast no business here.*

The rich man shall be cloathed in scarlet, and purchase whatsoever his heart can desire ; and the people shall give him the wall, and bow before him to
the

the ground ; but the poor man shall be cloathed in rags, and be obliged to walk in the dirt, regarded by no man ; nor shall he be able to purchase himself any thing, no, not even a good name, tho' the composition thereof consisteth only of air.

This is the way of the world, this is the state of modern friendship ; and since it is so, who that has a grain of common sense, would not take care of a friend while he has him, especially if he be so portable as to be placed in his pocket ?

MARY MIDNIGHT.



A CONUNDRUM,

Upon a CONUNDRUM.

ONE third of *Colossus*, or half of a cold,
With a maiden recluse of a sanctified mould,
Add to these a most noisy and empty machine,
And a thing *without meaning*, you'll find they will
mean.

ANTIMOROS.

An EPIGRAM.

On the Report that a certain Courtezán got the Ten-Thousand Pounds in the present Lottery.

DAME Fortune to fools us'd to give all her pelf,
But now she bestows them on whores like herself.

~~~~~

*As people of fortune and power are so pester'd with schemes and proposals, that they have hardly time to read them, I think it would be expedient for all projectors to send their bantlings to this oratory, that they may be read in the rostrum, and receive the sanction of the public, before they are obtruded on those gentlemen; and in consequence of this notice, which has been privately intimated to my friends, I have received the following scheme for raising annually forty-five millions sterling, drawn from the story of Dr. Dove and his horse Nobbs, which I shall here present you with.*

**D**OCTOR Daniel Dove, of Doncaster, was an exceeding good sort of a man, and he had a nag call'd Nobbs, who was an exceeding good sort of an horse, and he set up at the sign of the George, where there is exceeding good entertainment both for man and horse. — But being in a great hurry, he would  
not

not suffer the hostler to put up *Nobbs* in the stable, but ordered his bridle to be fasten'd to the brew-house door. Now (as fortune wou'd have it) within *Nobbs's* reach there was a tub full of wine lees, which he without so much as saying *here's to you*, or using any other ceremony, fairly swigg'd off in a trice. The consequence of which was, that he fell down dead drunk : nay, in short, he acted death so much to the life, that the doctor, upon inspection, concluded him to be absolutely defunct, and had him flead, and sold his skin to a tanner, who was then drinking in the kitchen. Upon which he walks quietly home, and communicates this melancholy affair to his lady, who wept bitterly, for (except her monkey, her cat, and her pug-dog) she lov'd *Nobbs* better than any other animal, tho' she had many children.

But leaving her to wipe her eyes, let us return to *Nobbs*, who, the weather being cold, and having lost his cloathing, was by this time restored to the most perfect sobriety, and very prudently trots home to the doctor's door, at which he whinnied with great emphasis. — Bless me, says Mrs. *Dove*, my dear *Nobbs's* ghost is come to the door, for I know him by his whinnies. Upon which the doctor gets up, strikes a light, and runs down with great impetuosity, and sure enough there was *Nobbs* in *propria persona* : no ghost, but all himself except his skin. Upon this Dr. *Dove* ordered six sheep to be kill'd instantaneously, and cover'd *Nobbs* with a woollen garment. To make short of my story, the nag recovered, and bore two tods of wool every year, as many thousand persons  
can

can testify, among which I must include myself; who am now in possession of a flannel petticoat made of the very identical wool which was shear'd from the back of Dr. Dove's horse *Nobbs*.

M. MIDNIGHT.

*A serious Proposal for improving the Woollen Manufactory. The Hint taken from the above true Story.*

IN this place it is humbly propos'd to the people in power, that an estimate be immediately made of the quantity of sheep annually slaughter'd in these kingdoms.

Secondly, That certain officers be constituted and appointed, to collect them into commodious warehouses, to be erected for that purpose.

Thirdly, That such a number of horses, mares and geldings, may be flead without loss of time, as the sheep-skins aforesaid will conveniently cloath.

*A Catalogue of beneficial Consequences deducible from the above Scheme.*

EVERY horse, mare or gelding, whose skin was of service only once, and that after death, will now be of annual utility to its owner and the public, without any detriment to the tanner or shoemaker, who must, in the nature of the thing, have as many hides as before.

Again

Again, The health of that useful animal, which is subject to more disorders than any other creature, except the human species, will be much better preserved by a woollen than an hairy covering.

Again, there will be no occasion to be at the expence of saddles, the softness and the warmth of wool being infinitely preferable to any leather, or, in short, any thing that can be placed under the human posteriors.

Lastly, There will be an yearly acquisition to the nation from this procedure, of forty-five millions sterling, of which please to accept the following

*Algebraical Demonstration.*

Let  $x$  be the unknown quantity, plus  $a$ , plus  $b$ , minus  $y$ , plus tods, plus sheep-skins, equal one thousand. Minus horses, plus wool, equal tods, plus one million, plus  $a$ , plus  $b$ , plus  $c$ , plus tods, plus wool, plus sheep-skins; in all, equal to forty-five million sterling.

*Quod erat Demonstrandum.*

There's demonstration for ye. \*

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\* In order to make the above demonstration general to all our readers, the algebraical signs and difficult expressions are omitted.



Mrs. MIDNIGHT to the Critics.

*Ladies and Gentlemen,*

THE business of the ensuing discourse is to prove and illustrate the necessity of a man's taking his judgment to market with him, and to explode and ridicule the practice of condemning any subject, person or thing, without a candid and fair examination. — A lesson of this sort may not perhaps be so successful as it is expedient; but while I behave with decency and good manners, I doubt not but I shall be protected by the generosity of a polite *English* audience, though what I have to offer may not be so grateful to a few.

If it be thought expedient, as undoubtedly it is, that a man should, upon all occasions, bear his judgment about him, and have his head fraught with the rule of enquiry and scale of satisfaction; surely the critics ought to be furnished with it; and yet, how often do we see those creatures go with empty heads to the playhouses, gardens, and other places of public entertainment, and behave in a manner of all others the most unworthy a rational race.

The *French*, the *sal volatile* of mankind, ran into such extremes of condemning by hearsay, or upon false principles, that their poor poets were liable to the insults even of the jemmy gentlemen, 'till the legislator arose to their assistance. If it is fashionable to imitate the *French* in their bad, sure we may also in their good qualities, and in consequence of this presumption, I shall propose something for the benefit of criticism: but first let me tell you a tale in the manner of your old friend *Phædrus*.

IN

**I**N every age, and each profession,  
 Men err the most by prepossession.  
 But when the thing is clearly shown,  
 And fairly stated, fully known,  
 We soon applaud, what we deride,  
 And penitence succeeds to pride.

A certain baron, on a day,  
 Having a mind to show away,  
 Invited all the wits and wags,  
*Foot, Masséy, Shuter, Yates, and Skeggs,*  
 And built a large commodious stage  
 For the choice spirits of the age.  
 But, above all, among the rest,  
 There came a genius, who profess  
 To have a curious trick in store,  
 Which never was perform'd before.

Thro' all the town this soon got air,  
 And the whole house was like a fair.  
 But soon, his entry as he made,  
 Without or prompter or parade,  
 'Twas all expectance, all suspense,  
 And silence 'gag'd the audience.  
 He hid his head behind his wig,  
 And so exact TOOK OFF a pig,  
 All swore 'twas serious, and no joke,  
 For that, or underneath his cloak,  
 He had conceal'd some grunting elf,  
 Or was a real hog himself.

A search

A search was made—no pig was found—  
With thund'ring claps the seats resound,  
And pit, and box, and galleries roar,  
With — O rare! bravo! and encore!

Old *Roger Grouse*, a country clown,  
Who yet knew something of the town,  
Beheld the mimic and his whim,  
And on the morrow challeng'd him,  
Declaring to each beau and bunter,  
That he'd out-grunt th' egregious grunter.

The morrow came—the crowd was greater—  
But prejudice and rank ill-nature  
Usurp'd the minds of men and wenches,  
Who came to hiss, and break the benches.

The mimic took his usual station,  
And squeak'd with general approbation.  
Again encore! encore! they cry—  
'Twas quite THE THING—'twas VERY HIGH.  
Old *Grouse* conceal'd, amidst this racket, —  
A real pig beneath his jacket, —  
Then forth he came — and with his nail  
He pinch'd the urchin by the tail.  
The tortur'd pig, from out his throat,  
Produc'd the genuine natural note.  
All bellow'd out, 'twas very sad!  
Sure never stuff was half so bad!

That like a pig! — each cry'd in scoff,  
Pshaw! Nonsense! blockhead! off! off! off!

The

The mimic was extoll'd, and *Grouse*  
 Was hiss'd and catcall'd from the house. —  
 Soft ye, a word before I go,  
 Quoth honest *Hodge* -- and stooping low,  
 Produc'd the pig, and thus aloud  
 Bespoke the *stupid*, partial croud —  
 BEHOLD, AND LEARN FROM THIS POOR CREA-  
 TURE,  
 HOW MUCH YOU CRITICS KNOW OF NATURE.



To Miss KITTY BENNET and her Cat CROP.

## I.

FULL many a heart, that now is free,  
 May shortly, fair one, beat for thee,  
 And court thy pleasing chain;  
 Then prudent hear a friend's advice,  
 And learn to guard by conduct nice,  
 The conquests you shall gain.

## II.

When *Tabby Tom* your *Crop* pursues,  
 How many a bite and many a bruise  
 The amorous swain endures?  
 E'er yet one favouring glance he catch,  
 What frequent squalls, how many a scratch  
 His tenderness procures?

## III.



III.

Tho' this, 'tis own'd, be somewhat rude,  
And pufs by nature be a prude,  
Yet hence you may improve;  
By decent pride and dint of scoff,  
Keep caterwauling coxcombs off,  
And ward th' attacs of love.

IV.

Your *Crop* a mousing when you see,  
She teaches you œconomy,  
That makes the pot to boil:  
And when she plays with what she gains,  
She shews you pleasure springs from pains,  
And mirth's the fruit of toil.



*A Pair of* SPECTACLES.

**O**F all the spectacles to mend the sight,  
Devis'd by art for viewing objects right,  
Those are most useful, which the prudent place  
High on the handle of the human face.  
Some on the temples fix 'em, I suppose,  
Lest they shou'd seem to snuffle thro' the nose;  
Some in one hand the single convex hold,  
But these are prigs, asham'd of being old.  
None are in news or politics so wise,  
As he whose nose is saddled with his eyes;

And

216      *The* NONPAREIL;

And if the taper tube regale his snout,  
 There's nought so secret but he'll smell it out.  
 Shou'd gammer *Gurton* leave these helps at home,  
 To church with bible 'tis in vain to come;  
 The plainest sermon is the most perplext,  
 Unless she carefully turns down the text.  
 Lo! how the parish clerk, with many a hum,  
 By turns now fits 'em to his nose or thumb;  
 Methodically regular, as need  
 By turns requires him, or to sing, or read:  
 His thumb then held them, if report says true,  
 When on the lovely lass he leer'd askew;  
 With snow-white bosom bare, sweet slumb'ring in  
                  her † pew. }  
 Those who see dimly, may their eyes restore,  
 By adding two to what they had before;  
 And he who wou'd be deem'd profoundly wise,  
 Must carry in his head, and in his pocket—eyes.

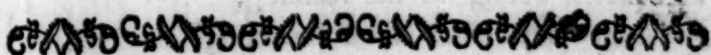
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† Alluding to a picture of HOGARTH's, which very humour-  
 ously describes a slumb'ring congregation.

WHIM.

A WHIM.

**F**ENNY, bright as the day,  
 And as buxom as *May*,  
 I happen'd to kifs;  
 When she angry, did say,  
 What's the meaning of this,  
 Why these freedoms, I pray?  
 Dear madam, I need no apology use,  
 Your charms for my crime are sufficient excuse.  
 Sure lips sweet as thine  
 Were for kissing decreed.  
 Cry'd she, very fine!  
 Very pretty indeed!  
 So I kifs'd her again,  
 Repeating this strain,  
 " Sure lips sweet as thine  
 " Were for kissing decreed."  
 I own this is fine!  
 This is pretty indeed!



*Where's the POKER? — A Tale.*

By EBENEZER PENTWEAZLE, of Truro, in the County  
 of Cornwall, Esq;

**T**HE poker lost, poor Susan storm'd,  
 And all the rites of rage perform'd;  
 As scolding, crying, swearing, sweating,  
 Abusing, fighting and fretting.

L

" No

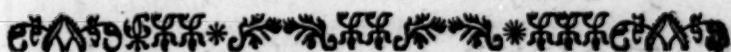
" Nothing but villainy and thieving ;  
 " Good heavens ! what a world we live in ?  
 " If I don't find it in the morning,  
 " I'll surely give my master warning.  
 " He'd better far shut up his doors  
 " Than keep such good-for-nothing whores,  
 " For wheresoe'er their trade they drive,  
 " We *various* bodies cannot thrive. "

Well may poor *Susan* grunt and groan ;  
 Misfortunes never come alone,  
 But tread each other's heels in throngs,  
 For the next day she lost the tongs :  
 The salt-box, cullender and grate,  
 Soon shar'd the same untimely fate.  
 In vain she vails and wages spent  
 On new ones — for the new ones went.  
 There'd been (she swore) some dev'l or witch in,  
 To rob and plunder all the kitchen.  
 One night she to her chamber crept  
 (Where for a month she had not slept,  
 Her master being, to her seeming,  
 A better play-fellow than dreaming)  
 Curse on the author of these wrongs !  
 In her own bed she found the tongs,  
 (Hang *Thomas* for an idle joker !)  
 And there, good lack ! she found the poker,  
 With salt-box, pepper-box and kettle,  
 And all the culinary mettle. —  
 Be warn'd, ye fair, by *Susan's* crosses,  
 Keep chaste, and guard yourselves from losses ;

For



For if young girls delight in kissing,  
No wonder that the poker's missing.



An EPIGRAM,  
On GENTLENESS;

By Mr. Walter Wisby-washy.

COME placid muse, come *Gentleness's child*,  
So soft, so smooth, so simple, and so mild;  
Oh! let me seek the quiet evening's cool,  
Where no rough wind disturbs the peaceful pool.  
There, where *Melpomene* her skill employs  
With see-saw sing-song, and with jingling joys;  
In soft insensibility embalm'd,  
And by serene security becalm'd.  
So pretty-pert! and finiking so fine!  
To tickle, sooth, and lull the niggling nine,  
With suckling baby-rhimes the mind to please,  
And give to *easiness* the means of EASE.

*To the Rev. Mr. \* \* \* \*, on the Non-performance  
of a Promise he made the Author of a Hare.*

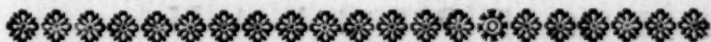
FRIEND, with regard to this same hare,  
Am I to hope, or to despair?  
By punctual post the letter came,  
With P——'s hand, and P——'s name;  
Yet there appear'd for love or money,  
Nor hare, nor leveret, nor coney.  
Say, my dear *Morgan*, has my lord,  
Like other great ones, kept his word;  
Or have you been deceiv'd by 'squire;  
Or has your poacher lost his wire;  
Or in some unpropitious hole,  
Instead of pufs, trepan'd a mole?  
Thou valiant son of great *Cadwallader*,  
Hast thou a hare, or hast thou swallow'd her?

But, now, methinks, I hear you say,  
(And shake your head) " Ah, well-a-day!  
" Painful pre-eminence to be wise,  
" WE WITS have such short memories.  
" Oh, that the act was not in force!  
" A horse! — my kingdom for a horse!  
" To love, — yet be deny'd the sport;  
" Oh, for a friend or two at court!  
" God knows, there's scarce a man of quality  
" In all our peerless principality —

But hold—— for on his country joking,  
To a warm *Welchman's* most provoking.  
As for poor pufs, upon my honour,  
I never set my heart upon her.

But

But any gift from friend to friend,  
Is pleasing in its aim and end.  
I, like the cock, wou'd spurn a jewel,  
Sent by th' unkind, th' unjust, or cruel.  
But honest P ——— / ! ——— Sure from him  
A barley-corn wou'd be a gem.  
Pleas'd therefore had I been, and proud,  
And prais'd thy generous heart aloud,  
If 'stead of hare (but do not blab it)  
You'd sent me only a *Welch* rabbit.



The PRICE.

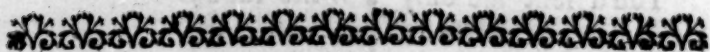
SOME four years ago I made *Phillis* an offer,  
(Provided my suit she wou'd hear)  
Of a thousand good pounds, to put in her coffer,  
Nor thought I the purchase too dear.

About two years after a message she sent me,  
She was for the thousand my own;  
But unless for a hundred she now wou'd content me,  
I fairly reply'd, — I'd have none.

E'er six weeks were over, she told me her favour  
I should for my hundred receive;  
But I bow'd, and assur'd her, with careless behaviour,  
'That ten was the most I cou'd give.

T' other day the coy nymph for a guinea was willing,  
 Which I then thought a great deal too dear ;  
 And told her, except she'd comply for a shilling,  
 To seek out a chapman elsewhere.

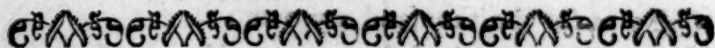
This morning she came, and wou'd fain come to *gratis*,  
 But she's now grown so fulsome a whore,  
 That methinks even nothing a far dearer rate is,  
 Than all that I offer'd before.



### An EPIGRAM,

*On a COQUETTE.*

**T**O be long'd for, and talk'd of, fair *Flora* is  
 mad ;  
 To be 'spy'd all the day, and to 'spy ;  
 Like the man in the EDISTONE, she would be glad  
 For to live in a lanthorn, and die.



An ODE on the 26th of January,

*Being the Birth-day of a young Lady.*

I.

**A**LL hail, and welcome, joyous morn,  
 Welcome to th' infant year ;  
 Whether smooth calms thy face adorn,  
 Or low'ring clouds appear :

Tho'



Tho' billows lash the sounding shore,  
And tempests thro' the forests roar,  
Sweet *Nancy's* voice shall sooth the sound;  
Tho' darkness shou'd invest the skies,  
New day shall beam from *Nancy's* eyes  
And bless all nature round.

II.

Let but those lips their sweets disclose,  
And rich perfumes exhale,  
We shall not want the fragrant rose,  
Nor miss the southern gale.  
Then loosely to the winds unfold  
Those radiant locks of burnish'd gold;  
Or on thy bosom let them rove;  
His treasure-house there *Cupid* keeps,  
And hoards up, in two snowy heaps,  
His stores of choicest love.

III.

This day each warmest wish be paid  
To thee, the muse's pride,  
I long to see the blooming maid  
Chang'd to the blushing bride.  
So shall thy pleasure and thy praise  
Increase with the increasing days,  
And present joys exceed the past;  
To give and to receive delight,  
Shall be thy task both day and night,  
While day and night shall last.

*A Week's Invitation from Parson A to Parson B.*

## An EPISTLE.

**T**HIS letter claims its annual due,  
 A visit from your rib and you :  
 We here have been this month preparing,  
 Mending, making, washing, airing ;  
 So that our house so spruce is grown,  
 We hardly know it for our own :  
 Could you but see my awkward folks,  
 Waddling along with pales and yokes ;  
 How unlac'd *Nell* the bucket tugs,  
 For sweetheart *John* to wash his mugs ;  
 Or how my lazy rogue contrives  
 To whistle to an edge his knives ;  
 You'd laugh to see the pains they take,  
 The hurricane to brew and bake.  
 But first, before I venture further,  
 Know how you are the cause of murther.  
 A turkey-cock, whose fierce demean  
 Long kept a certain office clean,  
 Gobbles no more, nor boasts a tail,  
 But hangs a breathless bird, and pale :  
 Two chicks, who oft together popt  
 Their pliant necks for white bread sopt,  
 To pointless steel resign'd their breath,  
 And felt a century of death.  
 For which the boy was sent last week  
 To chimney's top to fetch a cheek ;

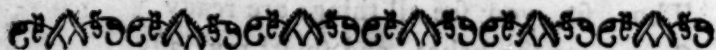
Sprouts

Sprouts from the hall perhaps may come,  
 Supposing that th' squire's from home;  
 To these tythe pig, roast pork, and goose,  
 The best my little tythes produce,  
 May for one week, we hope, contrive  
 To keep you and your folks alive.  
 O come, my friend, I long to see  
 Your one horse chair's antiquity.

Lord, what a week I've undergone!  
 How catechiz'd to set things on:  
 First 'tis, My dear, I think it proper  
 To have those chickens drest for supper:  
 Just as *you* please, perhaps I say;  
 Why then, 'tis no, they'll keep a day.  
 Thinks and re-thinks, and what more strange is,  
 Disrelishes her own exchanges.  
 Poor *Jack* sometimes, twice in the hour,  
 Is sent for white bread, plumbs, and flour;  
 For our judicious blockhead makes,  
 For one right errand, five mistakes  
 Then blames the maid, and what is worse,  
 Drives back again, and lames my horse.  
 Thus, sir, you see all things are ready,  
 Spruce are the babes, and smart my lady.  
*Molly* is dressing brother *Billy*  
 So fine, the very babe looks silly,  
 Who, when he sees the patty-pans,  
 Cries cake, mamma, and claps his hands.  
 The stable's fit; the window's glazing,  
 For your's, my steeds are sent a grazing;

226 *The NONPAREIL.*

At which, poor *John*, in doleful dumps,  
Groans out, poor lads, and strokes their rumps.  
Your *John*, and mine shall pig together,  
Admiring thro' the roof the weather.  
My wife sends compliments, and wishes  
She could set forth in *China* dishes.  
But, Lord, our country red arm'd wenches  
May stop the bull from breaking fences;  
But as to *China*, down they go,  
Then all surprize, the fool says, so;  
And if my wife perchance engages,  
'Tis madam stops a body's wages.  
O! how I long to hold discourse,  
Could I but see the white-fac'd horse,  
Then grumbling *John* might broach the ale,  
And port should lengthen out the tale.  
What's wealth, and all the littleness of power,  
To the sweet comforts of a social hour;  
What joys so vast can life or fortune give,  
As those which friends impart, and mutually re-  
ceive.



EPITAPH on an Infant in Wisbech Church-  
yard.

**B**ENEATH a sleeping infant lies,  
To earth her body's lent;  
More glorious she'll hereafter rise,  
Tho' not more innocent.

And



*The* NONPAREIL. 227

And when the archangel's trump shall blow,  
And souls with bodies join,  
Millions shall wish their life below  
Had been as short as thine.

\*\*\*\*\*  
*To the Memory of Master \* \* \*, who died of a  
lingering Illness, aged eleven.*

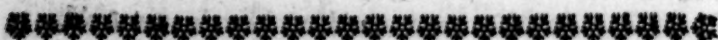
**H**enceforth be every tender tear suppress,  
Or let us weep for joy, that he is blest;  
From grief to bliss, from earth to heav'n remov'd,  
His mem'ry honour'd, as his life belov'd.  
That heart o'er which no evil e'er had pow'r!  
That disposition, sickness cou'd not sour!  
That sense, so oft to ripen years deny'd?  
That patience, heroes might have own'd with pride!  
His painful race undauntedly he ran,  
And on the eleventh winter died a MAN.

\*\*\*\*\*  
*To my worthy Friend, Mr. T. B. one of the Peo-  
ple call'd Quakers, written in his Garden, July  
1752.*

**F**REE from the proud, the pompous, and the  
vain,  
How simply neat, and elegantly plain,  
Thy rural villa lifts it's modest head,  
Where fair convenience reigns in fashion's stead;  
Where

228      *The* NONPAREIL

Where sober plenty does it's bliss impart,  
 And glads thine hospitable, honest heart.  
 Mirth without vice, and rapture without noise,  
 And all the decent, all the manly joys!  
 Beneath a shadowy bow'r, the summer's pride,  
 Thy darling † *Tullia* sitting by my side;  
 Where light and shade in vary'd scenes display  
 A contrast sweet, like friendly *yea* and *no*,  
 My hand, the secretary of my mind,  
 Left thee these lines upon the poplar's rind.



EPIGRAM

*On the* BRITISH LION.

OUR Lion once did roar, and look'd so grim  
 That his own Shadow durst not follow him;  
 But now he's so dejected and dismay'd,  
 He cannot face the Shadow of his Shade.

---

† Mr. B-----'s daughter.

A B A L L A D:

Compos'd by Miss NELLY PENTWEAZLE,  
a young lady of fifteen; and may, with great  
Propriety, be sung at *Christenings*.

The Tune of, *Lumps of Pudding*.

I.

OF all my experience how vast the amount,  
Since fifteen long winters I fairly can count!  
Was ever poor damsel so sadly betray'd,  
For to live to these years, and yet still be a maid!

II.

Ye heroes triumphant, by land and by sea,  
Sworn vot'r'es to love, yet unmindful of me,  
You can storm a strong fort, or can form a blockade,  
Yet ye stand by, like dastards, and see me a maid!

III.

Ye lawyers so just, who with slippery tongue  
Can do what you please, or with right or with wrong,  
Can it be or by law, or by equity said,  
That a buxom young girl ought to die an old maid?

IV.

Ye learned physicians, whose excellent skill  
Can save or demolish, can cure or can kill,  
To a poor forlorn damsel contribute your aid,  
Who is sick—very sick—of remaining a maid.

V. You,

W. B. A. L. A. G.

W. B. A. L. A. G.

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AN  
INDEX to MANKIND:  
OR  
M A X I M S

Selected from  
The WITS of all NATIONS,  
For the Benefit of the *Present Age*, and of *Posterity*;  
By Mrs. MARY MIDNIGHT,  
Author of the *Midwife*: Or, *Old Woman's MAGAZINE*.  
Intermix'd with some  
CURIOUS REFLECTIONS by that Lady,  
AND  
A PREFACE, by her good Friend, the late Mr. Pope.

---

*My Son, attend unto my Wisdom, and bow thine Ear to  
my Understanding. PROVERBS V. 1.*



## V.

You, fops, I invoke not to list to my song,  
 Who answer no End, and to no sex belong;  
 Ye echoes of echoes, and shadows of shade, —  
 For if I had you ——— I might still be a maid.





# P R E F A C E.

*B*Lessed is the Man who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed.

A. POPE.

I N.

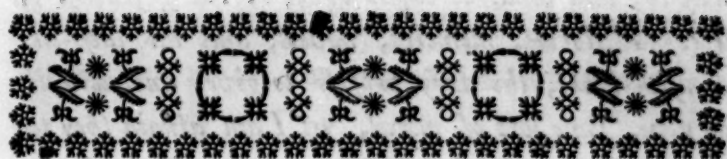
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OF THE

PREFACE

Blissed is the man who  
sees nothing, for he shall  
never be disappointed.

A. POPE





# INTRODUCTION.

**T**HAT “The proper knowledge of mankind is MAN,” was a maxim of that prodigy of genius and learning, the universally admired Mr. POPE; but the sentiment, with men of sense, must of necessity have been as old as the creation. To promote this knowledge the following sheets are presented to the public, as a methodical, rational, and entertaining common-place-book. Many things of this nature (far too many!) have lately been produced:--- But some of them are so ill connected, that they seem only calculated to puzzle, not instruct the reader.— Others are so formally disposed, that they have the pedantic regularity of a dictionary; and others again consist only of such obvious, and eternal truths, as a man must be a very idiot not to know.

Amongst the many uses, I humbly presume this little collection may promote, it is calculated to call a man home to his own heart, to make him reflect on himself, by viewing as in a mirror what he is, what he  
may

## ii INTRODUCTION.

*may be, and what he ought to be, in every station of life. Histories, memoirs, novels, and all such-like amusive books, tho' they profess to give, and actually do give, some sort of moral, yet I am afraid they too often call off a man's attention, and while he is applauding, commiserating, envying, or hating fictitious personages, he is lost to that which is the essence of all reality, HIMSELF.*

*What is here offered to the reader is more what I have digested, than what I myself have wrote; and therefore I may, without vanity or partiality, commend it. — It is the knowledge of mankind, of the best of mankind, and the good sense of our ancestors. — To give it the grace of novelty, many fresh maxims are added to this work, if such an expression may be allow'd of — for in propriety of speech, there can be no such thing as a new maxim, for maxims are founded upon truth; and truth, like her author, is eternally and invariably the same.*

MARY MIDNIGHT.

A N



AN  
I N D E X  
TO  
M A N K I N D.



*Of the* PRINCE.

 RINCES should govern according to law; yet little innovations are often made, for which they plead conscience; for a politician's conscience is like a pair of breeches, to be taken up or let down, as it may suit the ease or convenience of the wearer.

The prince is to be envied for nothing so much as the supremacy of his power to do good; and if his inclination be equal to that power, he must of necessity be the best man in his realm.

'Tis much more honourable to govern than conquer; as a wise head is better than a strong arm.

The diadem is not so soft lined, but that it sits heavy on every monarch's brow.

The prince must be careful to remember that he is a *man*, or his subjects will forget that he is a *prince*.

The king is the life of the law, and cannot have a prerogative that is mortal to it.

The

The law is to have a soul in it, or it is a dead thing. The king is, by his sovereign power, to add warmth and vigour to the meaning of the law. We are by no means to believe there is such an antipathy between them, that the prerogative, like a basilisk, is to kill the law whenever it looks upon it.

In a limited monarchy, prerogative and liberty are as jealous of one another, as any two neighbouring states can be of their respective encroachments.

Power is so apt to be insolent, and liberty to be faucy, that they are very seldom upon good terms.

They are both so quarrelsome, that they will not easily enter into a fair treaty: for indeed it is hard to bring them together; they ever quarrel at a distance.

If prerogative will urge reason to support it, it must bear reason when it resisteth it; for it is a diminution, instead of a glory, to be above treating upon equal terms with reason.

The good-will of the governed will be starv'd, if it is not fed by the good conduct of the governors.

That prince, who falleth out with the laws, breaks with his best friends.

His exalting his authority above his laws, is like letting in his enemies to surprize his guards; for the laws are the only guards he can be sure will never run away from him.

Where the least useful part of the people have the most credit with the prince, men will conclude, that the way to get every thing is to be good for nothing.

When a prince's example ceaseth to have the force of a law, it is a sure sign that his power is wasting, and that there is but little distance between men's neglecting to imitate, and their refusing to obey.

A king may be a tool, a thing of straw; but if he serves to frighten our enemies, and secure our property, it is well enough. A scare-crow is a thing of straw, but it protects the corn.



The prince that maintains the reputation of a true, fast, and generous friend, has an army always ready to fight for him, maintain'd to his hand without pay.

Passive obedience, unlimited power, and indefeasible right, seem to have something of a venerable meaning in them; whereas they only imply, that a king has a right to be a tyrant, and that the people are obliged in conscience to be slaves.

Men naturally love their princes, as appears by the court made to them in the beginning of their reigns; yet it seldom lasts long, by reason princes often mistake their true interest, and enrich their courtiers at the expence of the people; preferring, as it were, the *Parroquet* and *Monkey*, that are of no solid use to them, to the sheep and oxen that cloath and feed them.

Changing hands, without changing measures, is as if a drunkard in a dropsy should change his doctors, and not his diet.

Princes think it necessary to promise sometimes, when they know it would not be wisdom to perform.

Princes, as they are said to be the fountain of honour, should never be dry by being worse than their words.

A prince 'tis certain ought to be religious, but it is absolutely necessary he seem so; for the people will never promise themselves any felicity under him, if they do not think God on his side; and, on the contrary, will be apt to impute the disappointments of every year to his want of devotion.

A prince has not fortune enough to pay a man for a base compliance, if he considers what it costs the man who gives it; nor too much power to punish him, if he measures his vengeance by the wrong done him.

In a mix'd monarchy, salaries should not be so great as to make those desire them who do not want them.

If kings had not gilded the profession of arms with honour and advantage, no reasonable man would be a sacrifice to their ambition and injustice, and profess him-

himself an open enemy to those who never did him any harm.

A monarch that deservedly fills a throne, sometimes finds it extremely pleasant to debase himself, to leave the theatre, quit the buskins, and act a more familiar part with a confident.

A prince may be familiar with his subjects without derogating from his majesty, but not supercilious without danger.

Men are not capable of a felicity on earth more natural, more sensible, and sublime, than to know they are tenderly beloved ; and if kings are men, can they purchase their subjects hearts at too dear a rate ?

It is the misfortune of kings, that the grandeur of their rank will not permit them to taste the felicities of a private life.

A prince who parts with his friend to please his enemies, cools the one, and inflames the other.

Beasts of pleasure are seldom beasts of profit ; but of the two, a prince had better make a favourite of his minister, than a minister of his favourite.

*Charles* the Fifth was wont to say, that the clemency of a prince is like the heat of the sun, which hardeneth dirt whilst it softeneth wax.

How happy is that post, which every minute furnishes opportunities of doing good to thousands ! but how dangerous is that which every moment exposes to the injuring of millions !

A prince's negligence or fear, or sometimes a word from a favourite, or importunity from somebody else, make a pardon pass for an act of mercy, when his clemency had nothing to do in it.

A prince who sells his pardons, sells the innocent blood of his subjects, and is in some measure guilty of the shedding of it.

A luxurious and proud monarch is like a shepherd adorned with gold and jewels, a golden crook in his hand, a collar of gold about his dog's neck, and a golden string to lead him : but what's his flock the better for all this ? or what avails it against the wolves ?

Of

Of MINISTERS of STATE.

**A** Mercenary minister is like a large pike in a pond, that feeds upon the other fish, and is the only one that grows fat.

Those will never value how much money they give the king, who are to divide it when given.

No abilities should qualify a noted knave to be employed in business. A knave can by none of his dexterities make amends for the scandal he brings upon the crown.

The nicest constitutions of government are often like the finest pieces of clock-work, which depending on so many motions, are therefore more subject to be out of order.

The world deals with ministers of state as they do with ill fiddlers, ready to kick them down stairs for playing ill, though few of the fault-finders understand their music enough to be good judges.

Men are so unwilling to displease a prince, that it is as dangerous to inform him right, as to serve him wrong.

If the boys were to chuse a school-master, it would be one that would not whip them; it would be the same thing, if the courtiers were to chuse a minister: they would have a great many play-days, no rods, and leave to rob orchards.—The parallel will hold.

At court, if a man hath too much pride to be a creature, he had better stay at home: a man who will rise at court must begin by creeping upon all fours. A place at court, like a place in heaven, is to be got by being much upon one's knees.

Men in business are in as much danger from those that work under them, as from those that work against them.

When the instruments bend under the weight of their business, they are like weak-legged horses, that bring their riders down with them: when too strong, they throw them off.

A man coming to the water-side is surrounded by all the crew; every one is officious, every one making

M

appli-

applications, every one offering his services ; the whole bustle of the place seems to be only for him. The same mangoeing from the water-side, no noise is made about him ; no creature takes notice of him, all let him pass with utter neglect. — The picture of a minister when he comes into power, and when he goes out.

'Tis with followers at court as with followers on the road, who first bespatter those that go before, and then tread on their heels.

The tallest trees are most in the power of the winds, and ambitious men of the blasts of fortune. Great marks are soonest hit.

Many great actions owe their success to chance, tho' the general and statesman run away with the applause.

The example of the great has an effect on all below them, and virtue in those of the most exalted station generally propagates itself to all beneath it. The truly wise statesman knows that the virtues of a people are the greatest security of a happy government ; and therefore, even tho' he had not virtue in himself, he would affect to appear to have it : and a continued affectation has very many of the effects of reality.

He that is truly great will never be proud ; as always the most generous wines carry the least head.

Affiduity is one of the best qualities in a courtier to recommend him to his master. As prince *Maurice* was once at dinner, in came a huge mastiff, and took sanctuary under the table : the page beat him out of the room, and kick'd him ; but, for all that, *Monsieur le Chien* came punctually at the same hour next day, and so continued his visits, tho' they still continued the same treatment to him. At last, the prince ordered them to beat him no more, and made much of him : from that time the mastiff commenced a perfect courtier, followed the prince where-ever he went, lay all night at his chamber-door, ran by his coach-side, as duly as one of his lacqueys ; in short, so insinuated himself into his master's favour, that when he died he settled a pension upon him for life.

The



The whole series of virtues are the business, the interest of a minister; and he will find them all contribute to his greatness, and to the continuance of it.

A gentleman is judged by his company, a workman by his tools, and a prince by his ministers.

All superiority is odious, but in a subject over a prince it is ever foolish, or fatal: an accomplished man conceals vulgar advantages, as a modest woman hides her beauty under a negligent dress.

When ministers refuse to serve but upon their own terms, they are no longer servants, but masters.

Ministers that are allowed to put in and out when they please, make themselves friends, but their prince enemies.

What signifies a king's prerogative of chusing officers, military and civil, while his courtiers have that of disposing of places.

A wise prince should suit his gifts to men's capacities, not their cravings.

Men should be employed in what they are fit for: a good coachman should not be made your cook, only because it is a better place, and he has a mind to it.

Princes usually make wiser choices than the servants whom they trust for the disposal of places. I have known a prince, more than once, chuse an able minister; but I never observed that minister to use his credit in the disposal of an employment to a person whom he thought the fittest for it. One of the greatest of this age owned and excused the matter, from the violence of parties, and the unreasonableness of friends.

I have known several persons of great fame for wisdom in public affairs and counsels, govern by foolish servants.

---

*Of POLITICIANS and PARTIES.*

**P**oliticians of opposite parties are like the waves of opposite currents, always destroying each other; and their followers are their bubbles.

There are men who shine in a faction, and make a figure by opposition, who would stand in a worse light, if they had the preferments they struggle for.

The best party is but a kind of conspiracy against the rest of the nation. They put every body else out of their protection. Like the *Jews* to the *Gentiles*, all others are the Off-scouring of the earth.

Party cuts off one half of the world from the other, so that the mutual improvement of men's understanding by conversing, &c. is lost; and men are half undone when they lose the advantage of knowing what their enemies think of them.

They forget insensibly that there is any body in the world but themselves, by keeping no other company; so they mis-calculate cruelly. And thus parties mistake their strength, by the same reason that private men over-value themselves; for we, by finding fault with others, build up a partial esteem of ourselves upon the foundation of their mistakes. So men in parties find fault with those in the administration, not without reason; but forget that they would be exposed to the same objections, and perhaps greater, if it was their adversaries turn to have the fault-finding part.

Ignorance makes most men go into a party, and shame keeps them from getting out of it.

Popularity is a crime from the moment it is sought; it is only a virtue where men have it whether they will or no.

A man that will head the mob is like a bull let loose, tied about with squibs and crackers. He must be half mad that goes about it, yet at some times shall be too hard for all the wise men in a kingdom; for though good sense speaks against madness, yet it is out of countenance whenever it meets it.

Party is the madness of many, for the gain of a few.

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead. However, such instruments are necessary to politicians; and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some dead weight hanging at them,

them, to help and regulate the motions of the finer and more useful parts.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor.

A person who is too nice an observer of the business of the crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the labour of the bees, will often be stung for his curiosity.

Politics, as the word is commonly understood, are nothing but corruptions, and consequently of no use to a good king, or a good ministry; for which reason courts are so over-run with politics.

A person was asked at court, what he thought of an ambassador and his train, who were all embroidery and lace, full of bows, cringes, and gestures: he said, it was Solomon's importation, *gold and apes*.

Some people pretend to be zealous patriots, only to cloak their malice and ambition; therefore they are always railing at governments, if they can have no hand in them.

An *English* malecontent is like a dog shut out of doors in a cold night, who only howls to be let in.

Parties in a state generally, like free-booters, hang out false colours: the pretence is the public good; the real business is to catch prizes. Like the *Tartars*, whenever they succeed, instead of improving their victory, they presently fall upon the baggage.

People will ever suspect the remedies for the diseases of a state, wherever they are excluded from seeing how they are prepared: for that conduct often seems ridiculous, the secret reasons of which are wise and solid.

Debauching a member of the house of commons from his principles, and creating him a peer, is not much better than making a woman a whore, and afterwards marrying her.

He will never be thought a disinterested member, who receives a pension from the crown.

A place at court is a continual bribe.

It is harder to find an honest man than an able one; business, which improves the one, corrupts the other.

They who live under *tyranny*, and have learn'd to admire its power as *sacred* and *divine*, are debauched as much in their religion as in their morals.

When a man is made a spiritual peer, he loses his surname; when a temporal, his christian name.

Greater things might and would be done, were we not so severe upon miscarriages. A *Roman* consul had the thanks of the senate, though he was beaten, because he did not despair; when if *we* lose one ship, we are presently for changing the admiralty.

A traitor that impeaches is twice a villain; yet we see some dignified, all rewarded, while men of real good service want bread.

The thoughts of freedom make people easy in a republic, though they suffer more than under an arbitrary monarch.

He that would rise at court must have a large throat to swallow indignities, and a good strong stomach to digest them afterwards.

He that carries merit to court will soon be crowded out of the ring.

Why should we wonder that *Commodus* is exalted, when scum will be always uppermost, as well as cream?

### *Of the PEOPLE as a Body.*

A People can no more stand without government, than a child can go without leading strings. As old and as big as a nation is, it cannot go by itself, and must be led. The numbers that make its strength, are at the same time the cause of its weakness and incapacity of acting.

There are as many apt to be angry at being well, as at being ill governed; for most men, to be well governed, must be scurvily used.

Many, who carry the liberty of the people highest, serve them as they do trouts, tickle them till they catch them.

There is an accumulative cruelty in a number of men, though none in particular are ill-natured.

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The angry buz of a multitude is one of the bloodiest noises in the world.

The common people are but ill judges of a man's merits. They are slaves to fame; their eyes are dazzled with the pomp of titles, and a large retinue; 'tis no wonder they bestow their honours on those who least deserve them.

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*Of RELIGION and the CLERGY.*

THEY who may be said to be of God Almighty's household, should shew by their lives that he hath a well-disciplined family.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.

Religion is exalted reason, refined and sifted from the grosser parts of it: It dwells in the upper region of the mind, where there are fewest clouds or mists to darken or offend it: it is both the foundation and the crown of all virtues: it is morality improved and raised to its height, by being carried nearer heaven, the only place where perfection resides.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.

Atheists put on a false courage and alacrity in the midst of their darkness and apprehensions; like children, who, when they go in the dark, will sing for fear.

A sick person has usually confidence in his physician, credits what is told him, and uses what is prescribed; but an immoral man seldom believes that his mind is sick, flights his doctor, and applies not the proper remedies.

Virtue is that which must tip the preacher's tongue, and the ruler's sceptre, with authority.

Profaneness in conversation passes for sprightliness and wit; whereas it is a sign of wanting both judgment and manners.

Religion is nothing else but the knowledge of the most excellent truths, the contemplation of the most

glorious objects, the hope of the most ravishing pleasures, and the practice of such duties as are most serviceable to our happiness, and to our peace, our health, our honour, our prosperity, and our eternal welfare. But it would be a great acquisition in morality, if divines demonstrated by their example, that they really believed their own virtuous precepts.

When a vicious preacher censures vice, his congregation thinks he is joking. He may exclaim and denounce as much as he pleases, in hopes of prevailing; but he convinces no mortal of the wickedness of his ways, nor makes one sinner repent.

True devotion is the source of repose; it supports us in life, and sweetens death.

The law of God is but the law of reason, revealed and established under the high rewards and punishments of Heaven and Hell.

The care of *religion*, and of our souls, is *the one thing necessary*. He that neglects the obligations of virtue and humanity, dies without doing that for which he was made to live.

*Christianity* is the highest exaltation of nature and right reason, the only excellent and compendious art of happy living. Piety towards *God*, justice and charity towards *men*, and temperance and chastity in reference to *ourselves*, are tasks that are rewards, and precepts that are a divine sort of alchymy, to sublime at once our natures and our pleasures.

Who would ever imagine, did not experience daily lay it before our eyes, how difficult a thing it is to persuade a man to be happy? Or who would think that there should be occasion for an order of men designed for that purpose, to prepare long speeches, to make use of all the soft and eloquent expressions they can think of, to study the very tone with which they deliver them, to use gestures, and such violent motions, that they put themselves in a sweat, and spend all their spirits; who, I say, could imagine that all these things were needful for the bringing of a christian, that is endow'd with reason, and labours under a desperate

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rate fit of sickness, to chuse rather to be eternally happy, than to lose his own soul?

An irreligious and profane clergyman does but declaim when he preaches. On the contrary, there are some holy men, whose character seems to prevent their persuasion. They appear, and all the people who attend to hear them are moved, and are, as it were, already persuaded by their presence: their discourse afterwards does the rest.

The papists would fain have the doctrine of the protestants thought new inventions. One asked a protestant, where his religion was before the time of *Luther*: *Did you wash your face this morning*, replied the protestant? *Yes*, answered the other: *Then where was your face*, said the protestant, *before it was washed*?

A handsome wife and a fine house is a country parson's coat of arms; a tythe-capon and a tythe-pig are the two supporters.

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### *Of the LAW and LAWYERS.*

**D**ivision crowns the labour of the lawyer, and keeps his practice alive, in spite of all opposition. Whereas certain malevolent persons, having evil designs against the law, would traiterously, feloniously, and of malice afore-thought, stifle good causes in their birth, or not suffer them to grow to maturity. A sensible lawyer here steps in, with his art of division, and prevents the fatal mischief, by inspiring both parties with courage; and spiriting up their languid forces, compels them to join issue, and drag the languishing cause to the bar.

Justice without mercy is extreme injury; and it is as great tyranny not to mitigate laws, as iniquity to break them. The extremity of right is extremity of wrong.

Judges ought to be more learned than witty, more reverend than plausible, and more advised than confident: above all things, integrity is their portion, and proper virtue.

A judge that is prepossessed in any cause, and does not hear both sides indifferently, though the judgment he gives be right, yet himself errs ; for there can be no integrity, where there is any partiality.

An advocate for injustice is like a bawd, that is worse than her client who committeth the sin.

If books and laws continue to increase as they have done for fifty years past, I am in some concern for future ages, how any man will be learned, or any man a lawyer.

The rich man who attempts at his own expence to make all knaves honest, will quickly see his error, or die a beggar. But the poor fool that rashly engages in a law-suit, commits himself to the house of correction, where he must labour stoutly to pay his fees.

Whoever flies to a knavish lawyer for succour, as the sheep to the bushes in a storm, must expect to leave good part of his coat behind him.

There never was heard a finer piece of satire against lawyers, than that of astrologers, when they pretend by rules of art to tell when a suit will end, and whether to the advantage of the plaintiff or defendant ; thus making the matter depend entirely upon the influence of the stars, without the least regard to the merits of the cause.

### *Of the* PHYSICIAN.

**L**UXURY and idleness are sworn friends to the physician, and fancy and folly fill his pockets.

Physicians frequently obtain a name for cures performed by nature or accident, or by help of the patient's imagination.

Many diseases may be changed, or even cured by the passions, as surprize, joy, and strong expectation ; of which there are numerous instances : yet in such cases, the ignorant multitude give all the credit to the doctor ; though he did no more than visit the patient, without prescribing. This is betraying as gross ignorance



norance as the country-girl, who consulted a doctor about finding a lost sheep; and he, out of a joke, gave her a purge: but as the sheep was found during the operation, the girl made herself sure the medicine was the cause, and the doctor a conjurer.

Though the doctor may have carefully observed a great number of patients, yet every sensible patient has had the best and longest experience of himself, and may therefore be the best guide to his doctors. If a patient's judgment be sound, he shall have my consent to be his own physician.

All patients are not so happy as the *Swiss*, who falling sick upon a journey, and being in a hurry to get on, took the physic of eight days at once, and recovered.

The person that, being provoked by excessive pain, thrust his dagger into his body, and thereby, instead of reaching his vitals, opened an imposthume, the unknown cause of all his pain, and so stabbed himself into perfect health and ease, surely had great reason to acknowledge providence for his surgeon, and the guider of his hand.

Of all professions, the *physicians* have this advantage, that the sun makes manifest what good success happens in their cures, and the earth buries the faults they commit.

If a physician, in his own case, refuses to take the same medicine he prescribes to others, we can have no confidence in him.

It gives us but an ill impression of the capacity of the gentlemen of the faculty, to see medicines have their fashions, like hats and wigs; nothing is cured now without *Jesuit's powder*, opium, and steel.

That sick man does ill for himself, who makes his physician his heir.

*Of WISDOM, LEARNING, and GOOD SENSE.*

**N**O man is wise or safe, but he that is honest.  
A rich fool among the wise is like a gilt empty bowl among the thirsty.

If he is only rich who wants nothing, a very wise man is a very rich man.

Were angels, if they look into the ways of men, to give in their catalogue of worthies, how different would it be from that which any of our own species would draw up! we are dazzled with the splendor of titles, the ostentation of learning, the noise of victories: they, on the contrary, see the philosopher in the cottage, who possesseth his soul in patience and thankfulness, under the pressures of what little minds call poverty and distress. The evening's walk of a *wise man* is more illustrious in their sight, than the march of a general at the head of a hundred thousand men. A contemplation of God's works, a generous concern for the good of mankind, and an unfeigned humility, only denominate men *wise, great, and good*.

The wise man is cured of ambition, by ambition; he aims at such great things, that riches, preferment, fortune, and favour cannot satisfy him. He sees nothing good and solid enough in such poor advantages to engage his heart, to deserve his care or his desire. The only good that is of temptation to him, is that kind of honour which is derived from pure and unmixed virtue.

He is a wise man, who, though not skilled in science, knows how to govern his passions and affections. Our passions are our infirmities. He that can make a sacrifice of his will is lord of himself.

Great reading, without applying it, is like corn *heap'd* that is not *stirred*, it grows musty.

A learned coxcomb dyeth his mistakes in so much a deeper colour: a wrong kind of learning serveth only to embroider his errors: and a man that hath read,  
without

without judgment, is like a gun charged with goose-shot, let loose upon the company.

The reading of most men is like a wardrobe of old cloaths, that are seldom used.

'Tis a silly conceit, that men without languages are also without understanding: it is apparent in all ages, that some such have been even prodigies for ability; for 'tis not to be believed that wisdom speaks to her disciples only in *Latin, Greek, and Hebrew*.

Men are apt to over-value the *tongues*, and to think they have made a considerable progress in learning, when they have once overcome these; yet in reality, there is no internal worth in them, and men may understand a thousand languages without being the wiser.

There needeth little care to *polish* the understanding; if true means are used to *strengthen* it, it will polish itself.

When a man owns himself to be in an error, he does but tell you in other words, that he is wiser than he was.

Wit is the nimbleness of the understanding, wisdom the strength: a witty man seldom says a foolish thing, a wise man never does one. They are commendable apart, but admirable together.

There is as much difference between wit and wisdom, as betwixt the talent of a buffoon and a statesman; and yet, in the ordinary course of the world, one passes often for the other.

Many, by endeavouring to purchase the reputation of being *witty*, have lost the advantage of appearing *wise*; and, by too often trying to excite laughter, made themselves ridiculous.

There is as much wisdom in bearing other people's defects, as in being sensible of their good qualities: and we should make the follies of others rather a warning and instruction to ourselves, than a subject of mirth and mockery of those that commit them.

Good manners is such a part of good sense, that they cannot be divided; but that which a fool calleth good breeding is the most unmannerly thing in the world.

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The less knowing a man is in any thing, the more practicable he takes that thing to be; whilst the most intelligent are usually timorous and dubious. The ignorant man knows not his own weakness, but fancies himself strong enough to perform any thing; whereas, the intelligent man knows his own strength and weakness, and is therefore often inclined to doubt, suspend, and suspect.

A man's house may be so fill'd with furniture, that he shall want room to stir; and a man's head may be so stuff'd with other people's thoughts, that his own shall be stifled. But moderate learning, and useful labour, make a wise and virtuous people; for moderate learning strengthens the understanding, and useful labour suppresses vice. Too much eating does not make a man healthy, and too much reading does not make him wise. Reflection is the soul of study.

Witty men commit the most fatal errors, as the strongest horses make the most dangerous stumbles: a moderate genius goes fair and softly, and advances slowly, but more certainly, to a design.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half as useful as common sense. There are forty men of w. for one man of sense: And he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of readier change.

The best jewellers use the least silver: and he that will set his thoughts to advantage must not over-load them with words.

The best way to prove the clearness of our mind, is by shewing its faults; as when a stream discovers the dirt at the bottom, it convinces us of the transparency and purity of the water.

A wise man thinks no one his superior, who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other, by forgiving it.

A wise man maintains the strength of his body, not by delicacies, but by temperance; and drinks wine, as sick men take physic, merely for health. Reason is his rule, conscience his counsellor, and his actions are ever contrary to those he finds fault with. Age renders him



him neither morose nor imperious; his knowledge influences and tempers his mind with all the humanity, goodness, calmness, strength and sincerity of a sound and unaffected philosopher, and makes his conversation so affable, pleasant, and instructive, that both young and old delight in it, and improve by his counsels.

A wise man neither suffers himself to be governed, nor attempts to govern others; 'tis his reason alone which always governs him.

The constancy of the wife is only the art of keeping their perturbations to themselves.

Fancy and wisdom seldom go together, nor are the fruits of the same soil or season.

Sublime fancy may by age and experience cool into wisdom: out of such the great men of the world have been ever formed.

When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

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### *Of WEALTH and HONOUR.*

**T**HE situation of the rich differs not considerably from that of the poor. Want and superfluity may be attended with equal inconveniencies; as intense cold and heat have equally bad effects.

A golden shield is of great defence.

It is not uncommon to see dejected countenances in gilt coaches, and merry faces behind them.

He is the richest man who desires no superfluity, and wants for no necessary.

The discontented rich are poor; and those unhappy, whom small misfortunes subdue.

A gentleman may be poor in the midst of plenty; but to be discontented with riches, is accumulated poverty.

The bad side of poverty is not the want of money for ourselves, but for other people; for how trifling is  
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the mortification of self-denial, compared to that of being obliged to the ungenerous, or disappointing the worthy? and how can either be avoided by the indigent and generous man?

It is a melancholy consideration, that the difficulty of gaining reputation or riches, should be great in proportion to the want of them.

Some people are all quality; you would think they were made up of nothing but title and genealogy: The stamp of dignity defaces in them the very character of humanity, and transports them to such a degree of haughtiness, that they reckon it below them to exercise either good nature, or good manners.

If gentility be a virtue, that man loses his title that is not virtuous: if it is not a virtue, it is hardly worth his care.

Title and ancestry render a good man more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible. Vice is infamous, though in a *prince*; and virtue honourable, though in a *peasant*.

Be circumspect and courteous; bear the faults of some, the unpoliteness of others, and pardon every body sooner than yourself.

Though an honourable title may be conveyed to posterity, yet the ennobling qualities, which are the soul of greatness, are a sort of incommunicable perfections, and cannot be transferred. Indeed, if a man could bequeath his virtues by will, and settle his sense and learning upon his heirs, as certainly as he can his lands, a good ancestor would be a mighty privilege.

If 'tis a happiness to be nobly descended, 'tis no less to have so much merit, that our birth is the least thing consider'd in us.

He only is worthy of esteem, who knows what is just and honest, and dares do it; that is master of his own passions, and scorns to be a slave to another's: such an one, in the lowest poverty, is a far better man, and merits more respect, than those gay things who owe all their greatness and reputation to their rentals and revenues.

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'Tis very strange, that no estimate is made of any creature, except ourselves, but by its proper qualities. *He has a magnificent house, so many thousand pounds a year,* is the common way of estimating men, though these things are only *about them*, not *in them*, and make no part of their character.

A man of wit, who is born proud, loses nothing of his pride or stiffness for being poor; on the contrary, if any thing will soften him, and render him more sweet and sociable, 'tis a little prosperity.

There is not in the world a surer sign of a little soul, than the striving to gain respect by such despicable means as dress and rich cloaths: none will depend on these ornaments, but they who have no other.

A fine coat is but a livery, when the person who wears it discovers no higher sense than that of a foot-man.

We may see the small value God has for riches, by the people he gives them to.

Idle *gentlemen*, and idle *beggars*, are the very pests of the commonwealth.

'Tis true that greatness constitutes glory, and virtue is the cause of both: but vice and ignorance taint the blood; and an unworthy behaviour degrades and dis-ennobles a man more than birth and fortune aggrandize and exalt him.

He that depends *wholly* upon the worth of others, ought to consider that he hath but the honour of an image; and is worshipped, not for his own sake, but upon the account of what he represents. It is a sign a man is very poor, when he has nothing of his own to appear in, but is forced to patch up his figure with the reliëts of the dead, and rife tomb-stones and monuments for reputation.

When riches and favour forsake a man, we see presently he was a fool, but nobody could find it out in his prosperity: for 'tis in vain to pretend to turn a rich blockhead into ridicule; the laughers are still on his side.

There is no character more deservedly esteemed, than that of a country-gentleman, who understands  
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the station in which heaven and nature have placed him. He is a father to his tenants, a patron to his neighbours, and is more superior to those of lower fortune by his benevolence than his possessions. He justly divides his time between solitude and company, so as to use the one for the other : his life is employ'd in the good offices of an advocate, a referee, a companion, a mediator, and a friend.

As one man, by often affirming he has seen some miraculous sight, persuades himself he really has ; as another, by hiding his age from others, comes to believe at last he is as young as he would be thought : so the man who, though meanly born, has taken a habit of talking of his grandfather that own'd this or that great seat, or of his great grandfather that was lord of this or that manor, which they perhaps never heard of ; this man, I say, has the pleasure of fancying himself at length to be descended from some considerable family.

Great men are like wolves ; we must not strike at them unless we are secure of our blow, for if we miss they will be sure to tear us to pieces.

### *Of the LADIES.*

**T**HOSE that talk least talk the best, for what is said in a few words has the greatest weight.

The wife of an angry man should say little, but rather write down her answers, that her husband may cool while he is reading.

Ladies will easily pardon a man's want of sense, but rarely his want of manners.

Nature has been very kind to some young ladies, but they are not sensible of the happiness : they spoil by affectation those gifts which they enjoy by the distinguishing character of heaven.

The formal lady is all show and words ; the conduct of the wise woman is better than her words. One follows



lows her humour and fancy, the other her reason and affection. This is precise and austere, the other is on all occasions exactly what she ought to be. The first hides her failings under a plausible outside; the second covers a rich treasure of virtues under a free and careless air. Formality puts a constraint on wit, neither does it hide age or wrinkles; it gives cause to suspect them often: wisdom, on the contrary, palliates the defects of the body, and ennobles the mind. It renders youth more charming, and beauty more dangerous.

A woman is not to be proud of her fine gown; nor, when she hath less wit than her neighbours, to comfort herself because she hath more lace.

Some ladies put so much weight upon ornaments, that if one could see into their hearts, it would be found, that even the thought of death is made less heavy to them by the contemplation of their being laid out in state.

If women were form'd by nature, what they make themselves by art; if they were to lose in a minute all the freshness of their complexion, and were to have their faces as thick with red and paint as they lay them on, they would look on themselves as the most wretched creatures in the world.

Tell a woman of her age, and perhaps you make her as deeply blush, as if you accused her of incontinency.

Women are the first that are possessed of an opinion of their own beauty, and the last that quit it.

A coquet is one that is never to be persuaded out of her inclination; for affectation attends her, even in sickness and pain. She dies in a high head and colour'd ribbons. She takes a compliment for a demonstration, and sets it up in evidence even against her looking-glass.

A woman that has but one gallant thinks she is no coquet; she that has more thinks herself but a coquet.

When a lady brags of her virtue, it looks as if it cost her much pains to get the better of herself.

When she would appear unreasonably humble, one may see she is so excessively proud, that there is no enduring

## 24 *An INDEX to MANKIND.*

during it. There is such an impertinent smile, such a satisfied smiler, when she faintly disowns some fulsome compliment which a man happens to throw upon her against his conscience, that her thanks are more visible under that disguise than if she should print them.

He that contemns a shrew, to the degree of not wording it with her, does worse than *beat* her.

When a woman no longer loves a man, she forgets him so much, as not to remember the favours he has received from her.

The women are not at so little trouble to express what they never feel, as the men are to express the real sentiments of their hearts.

A beautiful woman, that has the qualities of a man of honour, is of all the conversation in the world the most delicious. In her alone is to be found all the merit of both sexes.

Women should be acquainted, that no beauty has any charm, but the inward one of the mind; and that gracefulness in their manners is much more engaging than that of their persons; that meekness and modesty are their true and lasting ornaments: for she that has these is qualified as she ought to be, for the management of a family, for the education of children, for the affection of her husband, and submitting to a prudent way of living. These only are the charms that render wives amiable, and give them the best title to our respect.

A prudent woman is in the same class of honour as a wise man.

Nothing can atone for the want of modesty and innocence, without which beauty is ungraceful, and quality contemptible.

'Tis not the lustre of gold, the sparkling of emeralds and diamonds, nor the splendor of the purple tincture, that adorns or embellishes a woman, but gravity, discretion, humility, and modesty.

'Tis not chastity to be insensible of youth and beauty, nor sobriety not to love wine. 'Tis not abusing the creature that is a virtue, not omitting the use of them.

Of LOVE and CONJUGAL VIRTUE. )

**A** Fine face is the finest of all sights, and the sweetest music is the sound of the voice of her we love.

As nice as we are in love, we pardon more faults in love than in friendship. In friendship we only see those faults which may be prejudicial to our friends : in those we love we see no faults, but those by which we suffer.

No disguise can long *conceal* love where it is, nor *feign* it where it is not.

Love lends his name to many a correspondence, wherein he is no more concerned than the *Doge* in what is done in *Venice*.

The madness of love is to be sick on one part, and cured in another : the madness of jealousy, to seek diligently, yet hope to lose one's labour.

Women in love sooner forgive great indiscretions, than small infidelities.

Prudence and love are inconsistent; as the last increases, the other decreases.

As love will often make a wise man act like a fool, so will interest often make a fool act like a wise man.

Solid love, whose root is virtue, can no more die than virtue itself. But without constancy, there is neither love, friendship, nor virtue in the world.

A husband seldom has a rival, whom he does not make himself; and whom he does not, as it were, make a present of to his wife.

A woman's knowledge of her duty to her husband should appear so perfect, that it should seem like a cement which joins obedience so well with command, that it can hardly be distinguished who commands, and who obeys.

He who gets a good husband for his daughter hath gained a son; and he who meets with a bad one hath lost a daughter.

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When a sedate temper meets with a brisk one, a passionate man with a quiet woman, an extravagant husband with a frugal wife, &c. the bond of union is rather strengthen'd than relaxed.

The Emperor *Conrade*, when he besieged *Guelpho* Duke of *Bavaria*, would not accept of any other conditions than that the men should be prisoners; but that the women might go out of the town without violation of their honour, on foot, and with so much only as they could carry about them: which was no sooner known, but they contrived presently to carry out upon their shoulders their husbands and children, and even the Duke himself. The Emperor was so affected with the generosity of the action, that he treated the Duke and his people ever after with great humanity.

In love there are two sorts of constancy: one arises from our continually finding in the beloved person fresh motives to love; and the other proceeds from our making it a point of honour to be constant.

Love is easier to counterfeit than conceal; yet if women did not flatter themselves, we should not so much impose on them. It is the nature of the creature makes the honeyfuckle poison to the spider and not the bee.

As there is little or no use to be made of a mirror, though in a frame of gold, enchased with all the sparkling variety of the richest gems, unless it renders back the true similitude of the image it receives; so there is nothing of profit in a great portion, unless the conditions, temper, and humour of the wife be conformable to the disposition and inclination of the husband, and that he sees the virtues of his own mind exactly represented in hers.

A virtuous woman, when the candle is taken away, and her body not to be seen, her chastity, her modesty, and her peculiar affection to her husband, ought then to shine with the greatest lustre.

Beauty in a virtuous woman is like the bellows, whose breath is cold, yet makes others burn.

If you will be happy, never have above one woman in your bed, one friend in your bosom, and one faith in your heart.

A father-



A father-in-law loves his daughter-in-law, a mother-in-law her son-in-law; so both are reciprocal.

A cruel stepmother hates her husband's children; and the more she loves her husband, the more she hates them.

An unquiet life between man and wife lessens both in the esteem of their neighbours.

What ridiculous oeconomy is there between a rampant wife and a couchant husband!

If you be able to live of yourself, and out of debt, and design to marry, have a care you make not too great a jointure out of your lands, especially if you have children by a former wife: if you do, it will be more fatal and calamitous to your family than any debt.

A man who spends his estate without marrying his daughters, paying his debts, or laying it out to advantage, may be well enough approved by every one but his wife and children.

*Herodotus* tells us, that in cold countries beasts very seldom have horns, but in hot they have very large ones. This might bear a pleasant application.

'Tis not always courage makes a man fight, nor chastity that keeps women from being whores.

Reputation is a greater tie upon women than nature, or they would not commit murder to prevent infamy.

When a woman has granted one thing, she can afterwards deny nothing.

A woman may appear the greater fortune, but not a greater beauty, for her dress: and as fools are never more provoking, than when they are endeavouring at wit; so ugly women are never more nauseous, than when they would be beauties.

What they do in heaven we are ignorant of; what they do not we are told expressly, that they neither marry, nor are given in marriage.

*Venus*, a beautiful good-natured lady, was the goddess of love; *Juno*, a terrible shrew, the goddess of marriage: and they were always mortal enemies.

*Of the PASSIONS.*

**S**O much injustice and self-interest enter into the composition of the passions, that 'tis very dangerous to obey their dictates: we ought to be on our guard against them, even when they seem most reasonable.

The weakest judgments have the strongest passions.

The passions are the only orators that always succeed. They are, as it were, nature's art of eloquence, fraught with infallible rules; and the plainest spoken man, assisted by passion, will persuade more than the most eloquent without it.

Absence lessens small passions, and increases great ones; as the wind extinguishes tapers, and kindles fires.

Passion often makes a fool of a man of sense, and sometimes a man of sense of a fool.

Our passions are like convulsion-fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us the weaker ever after.

He that overcomes his passions conquers his greatest enemies.

There is no ill thing which a man does in his passion, but his memory will be revenged for it afterwards.

While the heart is still agitated by the remains of a passion, 'tis more susceptible of a new one than when entirely at rest.

A good-natured man has the whole world to be happy out of. Whatever good befalls his species, a well-deserving person promoted, a modest man advanced, an indigent one relieved, all this he looks upon as a remoter blessing of providence on himself; which then seems to make him amends for the narrowness of his own fortune, when it does the same thing he would have done, had it been in his power: for what a luxurious man in poverty would want for delicacies, for horses and footmen, a good-natured man wants for his friend or the poor.

Great

Great numbers are not of much import in armies where courage is wanting; for, as *Virgil* says, it never troubles the wolf how many the sheep be.

None but the resolute can be truly good-natured; such as commonly seem so are only weak, and are easily soured.

Dastardly men are like sorry horses, who have but just spirit and mettle enough to be mischievous.

We often hate we know not why, without examining either the good or bad qualities of the person; and this senseless aversion of ours will sometimes fall upon men of extraordinary merit. 'Tis the business of reason to correct this blind passion, which is a reproach to it; for is there any thing more unjust, than to have an aversion to those that are an honour to human nature?

There is a dignity in good sense, which is offended and defaced by anger.

To be angry is to revenge the faults of others upon ourselves.

It is impossible that an ill-natured man can have a public spirit; for how should he love ten thousand men, who never loved one?

Men mean so very well to themselves, that they forget to mean well to any body else.

He that can be quite indifferent when he sees another man injured, hath a lukewarm honesty that a wise man will not depend upon.

Cruelty is so contrary to human nature, that it is distinguished by that scandalous name, *inhumanity*.

There is a kind of shame in being happy at the sight of certain miseries.

He that hinders not a mischief, when it is in his power, is guilty of it.

The general cry is against ingratitude, but sure the complaint is misplaced; it should be against vanity: none but direct villains are capable of wilful ingratitude, but almost every body is capable of thinking he hath done more than another deserves, while the other thinks he hath received less than he deserves.

The ungrateful person is a monster which is all throat and belly, a kind of thoroughfare or com-

mon fewer for the good things of this world to pass into.

The temper of mind is no more in my power, than the health of body; and we cannot ensure ourselves from being angry to-morrow, any more than from having a fit of the cholic.

Anger may have some excuse for being blind, but malice none; for malice hath time to look before it.

Malice may be sometimes out of breath, envy never: a man may make peace with hatred, but never with envy.

Malice is a greater magnifying glass than kindness.

Malice is of a low stature, but it hath very long arms: it often reacheth into the next world; death itself is not a bar to it. If it did not sometimes cut itself with its own edge, it would destroy the world.

The most tolerable sort of revenge is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy: but then let a man take heed that the revenge be such that there is no law to punish; else a man's enemy is still beforehand, and is two for one.

Not to do evil is better than the sharpest sorrow for having done it, and to do good is better and more valuable than both.

He that envieth maketh another man's virtue his vice, and another man's happiness his torment; whereas he that rejoiceth at the prosperity of another is partaker of it.

It is impossible for a man engaged in any wicked way, to have a clear understanding of it, and a quiet mind in it together.

Praise is the daughter of present power.

A little vanity may be allowed in a man's train, but it must not sit down at a man's table.

Without some share of vanity, men's talents would be buried like ore in a mine unwrought.

If vanity does not overturn all the virtues, it certainly makes them totter.

Vanity is the poison of agreeableness; yet as poison, when artfully and properly applied, has a salutary effect



## *An INDEX to MANKIND.* 31

effect in medicine, so has vanity in the commerce and society of the world.

The strongest passions allow us some rest, but vanity keeps us perpetually in motion. *What a dust do I raise!* says the fly upon the coach-wheel: and, *What a rate do I drive at!* says the same fly upon the horse's buttock.

A man should never glory in that which is common to a beast; nor a wise man in that which is common to a fool; nor a good man in that which is common to a wicked man.

A seeming modesty is a surer evidence of vanity, than a moderate degree of assurance. A gnat that had planted himself upon the horn of a bull, very civilly begg'd the bull's pardon: *But rather than inconvenience you,* says he, *I'll remove.*

The same pride which makes a man mount himself haughtily over his inferiors, forces him to crawl vilely before those who are above him.

If we were not proud ourselves, we should not so much complain of the pride of others.

That pride which leads to a good end cannot be a vice, since it is the beginning of a virtue.

A moderate degree of pride has this advantage, that it prepossesses several in our favour, while the bashful are too often thought to deserve nothing.

The greatest ornament of an illustrious life is modesty and humility, which go a great way in the character even of the most exalted Princes.

Humility is no doubt a great virtue; but it ceases to be so when it is afraid to scorn an ill thing.

Modesty, if it were to be recommended by nothing else, this were enough, that the pretending to little leaves a man at ease; whereas boasting requires a perpetual labour to appear what he is not. If we have sense, modesty best proves it to others; but if we have none, it best hides the want of it: for as blushing will sometimes make a whore pass for a virtuous woman, so modesty may make a fool seem a man of sense.

Modesty, non-pretension, and delicacy of behaviour, when joined to the accidental dignity of riches, and an elevated station, will certainly succeed and be admired; but when joined only to intrinsic dignity without those accidental advantages, they will serve perhaps, only to hide that dignity in an obscure station.

Hope is generally a wrong guide, though it is very good company by the way: it brushes through hedge and ditch, till it comes to a great leap, and there it is apt to fall and break its bones.

Affection is still a briber of the judgment, and it is hard to admit a reason against the thing we love, or to confess the force of an argument against interest.

The best need afflictions for a trial of their virtue. How can we exercise the grace of contentment, if all things succeed well? or that of forgiveness, if we have no enemies?

No line holds the anchor of contentment so fast as a good conscience; this cable is so strong and compact, that when force is offered to it, the straining rather strengthens, by uniting the parts more close.

It is a common observation, that no man is content with his own condition, though it be the best; nor dissatisfied with his own wit, though it be the worst.

If he only is poor who desires much, and is always in want, the ambitious and the covetous languish in extreme poverty.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is perform'd in the same posture with creeping.

We pass often from love to ambition, but we seldom return from ambition to love.

To judge of love by most of its effects, one would think it more like hatred than kindness.

The motives of the best actions will not bear too strict an enquiry. It is allowed that the cause of most actions, good or bad, may be resolved into the love of ourselves; but the self-love of some men inclines them to please others, and the self-love of others is wholly employed in pleasing themselves. This makes the great distinction between virtue and vice. Religion is  
the

the best motive of all actions, yet religion is allowed to be the highest instance of self-love.

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*Of VIRTUES and VICES.*

**E**STEEM to virtue is like a cherishing air to plants and flowers, which makes them blow and prosper; and for that reason it may be allowed to be, in some degree, the cause as well as the reward of it.

The best judges of pleasure are the best judges of virtue.

A virtuous habit of the mind is so absolutely necessary to influence the whole life, and beautify every particular action; to over-balance or repel all the gilded charms of avarice, pride and self-interest; that a man deservedly procures the lasting epithets of *good* or *bad*, as he appears either swayed by, or regardless of it.

We are so prejudiced in favour of ourselves, that we often take for virtue what is but vice in the shape of virtue.

The true way to advance another's virtue is to follow it; and the best means to cry down another's vice is to decline it.

Every virtue gives a man a degree of felicity: honesty gives him a good report; justice, estimation; prudence, respect; courtesy and munificence, universal affection. Temperance confers on him health of body; and fortitude, such a steady and quiet mind, as not to be moved, whatever happens.

A man of virtue is an honour to his country, a glory to humanity, a satisfaction to himself, and a benefactor to the whole world: he is rich without oppression or dishonesty, charitable without ostentation, courteous without deceit, and brave without cruelty.

Virtuous persons are by all good men openly revered, and even silently by the bad; so much do the beams of virtue dazzle even unwilling eyes.

You must labour and climb the hill, if you would arrive at virtue, whose seat is upon the top of it: it is a

## 34 *An INDEX to MANKIND.*

great encouragement to well-doing, that when you are once in the possession of virtue it is your own for ever.

That calm and elegant satisfaction, which the vulgar call *melancholy*, is the true and proper delight of men of knowledge and virtue. What we take for diversion is but a mean way of entertainment, in comparison of that which is found in considering and knowing ourselves.

Virtue is like precious odours, fragrant by being crushed; for prosperity best discovers vice, but adversity best discovers virtue.

When a man has got such a great and exalted soul, as that he can look upon life and death, riches and poverty, with indifference; and closely adheres to honesty, in whatever shape she presents herself; then it is that virtue appears with such a brightness, as that all the world must admire her beauties

Goodness is generous and diffusive; 'tis largeness of mind, and sweetness of temper; modest and sincere, inoffensive and obliging. Where this quality is predominant, there's a noble forwardness for public benefit; an ardour to relieve the wants, to remove the oppressions, and better the condition of all mankind.

Hardly any sight raises ones indignation more than that of an enlarged soul joined to a contracted fortune, unless it be that so much more common one, of a contracted soul joined to an enlarged fortune.

Ask the man of adversity how other men act towards him, ask those others how he acts towards them; adversity is the true touchstone of merit in both; happy if it does not produce the dishonesty of meanness in the one, and that of insolence and pride in the other.

A man of merit is a flower, which is not valued for its colour only; we call it by its name; 'tis cultivated for its odoriferous scent and beauty; 'tis one of the graces of nature; one of those things which beautify the creation: it has been admired by all men in all ages; our fathers set a high value on it, and we in imitation of them have as great an opinion of it; nor can the disgust and antipathy of any particular persons injure its reputation.

Virtue



Virtue is never the less venerable for being out of fashion.

If 'tis common to be touched with things rare, how comes it that we are so little touched with virtue !

He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place.

There is a mean in all things ; even virtue itself has its stated limits, which not being strictly observed, it ceases to be virtue

Innocency is the greatest felicity, and a good conscience is a continual feast : this is the music which makes a merry heart ; this makes the prisoner sing, when the jailor trembles.

To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act a man is capable of ; it is in some measure doing the business of God and providence.

A forwardness to oblige doubles the intrinsic worth of the obligation : in these cases, whatever is done with pleasure is always received so.

If the giver appears unwilling to part with his gift, or if it cleaves to his fingers, it proves a more disgusting thing than a civil refusal.

Gifts are never so much esteemed for their own sake, as for shewing the benign disposition of the giver.

Charity and liberality is a paradox to the covetous. The doctrine that teaches alms, and the persons that need them, are by such equally sent packing. Tell a miser of bounty to a friend, or mercy to the poor, and point him out his duty with an evidence as bright and piercing as the light, yet he will not understand it, but shuts his eyes as close as he does his hands ; he resolves not to be convinced.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

There is no excess in the world so commendable as an excess of gratitude.

No object is more pleasing to the eye, than the sight of a man whom you have obliged ; nor any music so

agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor.

There is nothing worth being dishonest. Crimes, though secret, are never secure, providence has set up racks and gibbets in the consciences of transgressors; they all carry *Cain's* fears about them. He that deserves punishment expects it, and is ever in apprehension till detected; his very sleep is painful, and life a terror.

'Tis safer sleeping in a good conscience than a whole skin.

Nothing is truly infamous but what is wicked, and therefore shame can never disturb an innocent and virtuous mind.

There need but one bad inclination to make a man vicious; but many good ones are necessary to make him virtuous.

Vicious habits are so great a stain to human nature, and so odious in themselves, that every person actuated by right reason would avoid them, though he was sure they would always be concealed both from God and man, and had no future punishment entailed upon them.

'Tis difficult for a man of sense to be a knave: a true and sharp genius conducts to order, truth, and virtue.

When one knave betrayeth another, the one is not to be blamed, nor the other to be pitied. When they complain of one another as if they were honest men, they ought to be laughed at as if they were fools.

There is no such thing as a venial sin against morality, no such thing as a small knavery: he that carries a small crime easily, will carry it on till it grows a great one. But the little knaves are the greater of the two, because they have less the excuse of temptation.

Every state and condition of life, attended with virtue, is undisturbed, and perfectly delightful.

Knavery is so humble, and merit so proud, that the latter is thrown down because it cannot stoop.

A knave leans sometimes so hard upon his own impudence, that it breaks and lets him fall.

There

There is not so pleasant a quarry, as a knave taken in a net of his own making.

Nothing can be more unjust or ungenerous, than to play upon the belief of a harmless person; to make him suffer for his good opinion, and fare the worse for thinking me an honest man. There cannot be a greater treachery, than first to raise a confidence, and then to deceive it.

The use of talking is almost lost in the world by the habit of lying.

A man that renounceth truth runs away from his trial in the world.

A lie is like a vizard, that may cover the face indeed, but can never become it; nor yet does it cover it so, but that it leaves it open for shame to enter. It brands a man with a lasting indelible character of ignominy and reproach; and that indeed so foul and odious, that the usurping heftors, who pretend to honour without religion, think the charge of a lie a blot upon them not to be washed out, but by the blood of him that gives it.

To lie to the prejudice of others argues malice and villainy; to lie in excuse of ourselves, guilt and cowardice.

Half the truth is often as arrant a lie as can be made.

A man that doth not tell all the truth ought to be hanged for a clipper.

An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie; for an excuse is a lie guarded.

By one single lie a man loses all his good name; deceit goes for false coin, and the deceiver for the coiner, which is still worse.

One of God's judgments against swearers is, that the number of their oaths discredits the truth they would enforce.

Perjury is not only a wrong to particular persons, but treason against human society; subverting at once the foundations of public peace and justice, and the private security of every man's life and fortune.

Treachery attended with perjury is in reality more execrable even than atheism. The man, who binds himself with an oath to that faith which he intends to,

violate, declares he despises God, and that he fears his fellow-creatures; and what system can appear to the eye so absurd and monstrous, as this of being a coward in regard to men, yet hardy against their creator?

Take heed of drunkenness; it is like a wound in the sword-hand; a man is disabled in that which should defend him; he drops his guard, and his heart lies open to the next pass.

The sight of a drunkard is a better sermon against that vice, than the best that ever was preached upon that subject.

Whores participate so far of the nature of devils, that they are not only instrumental in the sin, but many times in the punishment.

There is much more true pleasure in subduing our lusts, than in fulfilling them. Earth affords no joy equal to the peace of a good conscience. Excess is a pleasurable evil, that smiles and seduces, enchants and destroys.

There are very few who know how to be idle and innocent: by doing nothing, we learn to do ill.

'Tis a mistake to imagine, that only the violent passions, such as ambition and love, can triumph over the rest; laziness, languid as it is, often masters them all; she indeed influences all our designs and actions, and insensibly consumes and destroys both the passions and the virtues.

An idle person is a kind of monster in the creation; all nature is busy about him. How wretched is it to hear people complain that the day hangs heavy upon them, that they do not know what to do with themselves! how monstrous are such expressions among creatures who can apply themselves to the duties of religion and meditation, to the reading of useful books; who may exercise themselves in the pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser and better than they were before!

A breach of trust is as heinous an aggravation of theft, as pretended friendship is of murder.

'Tis as impossible for a dishonest person to be a good servant, as it is for a madman or an idiot to govern



vern himself, or others, by the laws of common sense.

Virtue and retirement in obscurity, is like a coal under the ashes, wasting away itself, and profiting nobody.

The humour of exploding many things under the notion of trifles, fopperies, and only imaginary goods, is a very false proof either of wisdom or magnanimity, and a great check to virtuous actions. For instance, with regard to fame: there is in most people a reluctance and unwillingness to be forgotten. We observe even among the vulgar, how fond they are to have an inscription over their grave. It requires but little philosophy to discover and observe, that there is no intrinsic value in all this; however, if it be founded in our nature, as an incitement to virtue, it ought not to be ridiculed.

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*Of EXTRAVAGANCE and AVARICE.*

SOME rich men starve to day, for fear of starving to-morrow, (as a man leaps into the sea to avoid being drown'd) and the indigent often consume in an hour, what they may feel the want of for a year: as if old people hoarded money because they cannot want it, and young ones threw it away because it is necessary to their subsistence.

If covetousness resembles a dropsy, extravagance resembles madness; and it would be as just to prescribe laws for extravagants, as guardians to ideots.

We daily see young flaunters in gilt chariots, dashing the dirt upon wiser people; then presently afterwards walking the streets, and receiving the dirt of others.

The hoarding miser torments himself, and the spendthrift punishes the innocent. The hoarder heaps up for others; and the prodigal scatters what others had heaped. The hoarder thinks so much of the time to come, as to forget the present; the squanderer has his thoughts so much taken up with the present, as to for-

ge:

get the future. The first lives as if he was never to die, and the last as if he had but a day to enjoy. Both are unprofitable members of society ; the one occasioning a stoppage in the circulation, and the other an hæmorrhage. The hoarding miser is like a fog that infests the air ; the prodigal resembles an outrageous storm, that overturns all in its way. The hoarder passes restless nights, tho' he has nothing to fear ; the squanderer sleeps sound, and leaves want of repose to his creditors. The hoarding miser is a ridiculous creature, and the prodigal a noxious animal.

When we are young, we keep for old age ; when we are old, we save for death. A prodigal makes a pompous funeral, and devours the rest.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more thro' some niggardliness, or ill grace, in little and inconsiderable things, than in expences of any consequence. A very few pounds a year would ease a man of the scandal of avarice.

Coveting what we need not, takes from us the true use and fruition of what we already have.

Considering a miser's fears, his starting sleeps ; that whilst he has all the anxious and distracting cares and vexations that attend the possession of an estate, he is so bewitched as to undergo all the inconveniences of poverty ; his condition is so very wretched, that one of the greatest curses a man can wish him is, that he may live long.

He is rich enough that needs neither flatter nor borrow, and truly rich that is satisfied : want lies in desire.

Sordid selfishness contracts and narrows our benevolence, and causes us, like serpents, to infold ourselves within ourselves, and to turn out our stings to all the world besides.

History tells us of illustrious villains, but there never was an illustrious miser in nature.

'Tis as disagreeable to a prodigal to keep an account of his expences, as 'tis to a sinner to examine his conscience ; the deeper they search, the worse they find themselves.

There

There cannot be a more ridiculous folly than to spend high, in confidence of reversions and distant expectations.

Examples make greater impressions upon us than precepts: The sight of Sir *Edward B.* running after a coach for six-pence, will sooner reclaim a prodigal than a sermon.

There are some people who are badly lodged, lie hard, wear wretched cloaths, and eat the worst meat; who deprive themselves of the society of men, and live in a continual solitude; who are in pain for the time present, past, and to come; whose lives are a perpetual penance; who have cunningly found out the most troublesome way to perdition: I mean the covetous.

Misers mistake gold for their good, whereas it is only a means of attaining it.

Avarice is more opposite to oeconomy than liberality.

Extreme avarice almost always makes mistakes. There is no passion that oftner misses its aim; nor on which the present has so much influence, in prejudice of the future.

A covetous rich man may be said to freeze before the fire, to be a mere dog in a wheel, that toils to roast meat for other men's eating.

## Of FRIENDSHIP.

*CICERO* used to say, that it was no less an evil to be without a friend, than to have the heavens without a sun. And *Socrates* thought friendship the sweetest possession, and that no piece of ground yielded more pleasant fruit than a true friend.

Only good and wise men can be friends; others are but companions.

The kindneses of a friend lie deep; and whether present or absent, as occasion serves, he is solicitous about our concerns.

A friend,

A friendship with a generous stranger is commonly more steady than with the nearest relation.

There is no pre-eminence among true friends ; for whether they are equally accomplished or not, they are equally affected to one another.

Anger among friends is *unnatural*, and therefore, when it happens, is more tormenting.

An estranged friend is apt to overflow with tenderness and remorse, when a person that was once esteemed by him undergoes any misfortune.

The best friendship is to prevent a request, and never put a man to the confusion of asking. To *ask* is a word that lies heavily on the tongue, and cannot well be uttered but with a dejected countenance. We should therefore strive to meet our friend in his wishes, if we cannot prevent him.

A man may have a thousand intimate acquaintance, and not a friend among them all.

If you have one friend, think yourself happy.

An enemy, that disguises himself under the veil of friendship, is worse than he who declares open hostility.

A man may easily secure himself from open and professed enemies ; but from such as under a pretence of amity, design him an injury, there is no sanctuary. Who would imagine, that a pleasing countenance could harbour villainy, or that a smile could sit upon the face of mischief ?

Whosoever would reclaim his friend, and bring him to a perfect understanding of himself, may privately admonish, but must never publicly reprehend him. An open admonition is an open disgrace.

Two persons will not be friends a long time, if they cannot forgive each other little failings.

All men have their frailties ; whoever looks for a friend without imperfections, will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves with all our faults, and we ought to love our friend in like manner.

It is with sincere affection, or friendship, as with ghosts and apparitions ; a thing that every body talks of, and scarce any body hath seen.

Who-



Whoever moves you to part with a true and tried friend, has certainly a design to make way for a treacherous enemy.

Some cases are so nice, that a man cannot appear in them himself, but must leave the soliciting wholly to his friend. A man cannot recommend himself without vanity, nor ask many times without uneasiness: but a kind proxy will do justice to his merits, relieve his modesty, and effect his business without blushing.

There is requisite to friendship more goodness and virtue, than dexterity, wit, or height of understanding: it being enough that men have sufficient prudence to be as good as they should be, in order to the completing a virtuous friendship.

A true friend unbosoms freely, advises justly, assists readily, adventures boldly, takes all patiently, defends courageously, and continues a friend unchangeably.

We are not much troubled at the misfortunes of our friends, when they give us an opportunity of signalizing our affection for them.

Never make a coward your friend, nor a drunkard your privy-counsellor; for the one, upon the approach of the least danger, will desert you; and the other will discover all your secrets: both are dangerous to human society.

Never make a friend on a sudden; for though the first affection makes the deepest impression, yet that love is held most permanent which dives into the soul by the soft degrees of mutual society, and comes to be matured by time.

Harmony of temper begets and preserves friendship; but disagreeing inclinations are like improper notes in music, that serve only to spoil the concert and offend the ear.

If my friend falls into any notorious vice, yet I have a regard for him; for though the friend be gone, yet still the man remains: and though he hath forfeited my friendship, yet still I owe him my charity.

Recommend the good actions of your friend, rather than publish his bad ones.

A man

A man hath not the relief of being angry at the blows of a mistaken friend.

There must be a nice diet observed to keep friendship from falling sick ; nay, there is more skill necessary to keep a friend, than there is to reclaim an enemy.

Those who slight and disoblige their friends shall infallibly come to know the value of them, by having none when they shall most need them.

The common people look upon friendship as an offensive and defensive alliance, on all occasions, good, bad, and indifferent.

If a man, out of love to his friend, should fight a duel for him, that is, should risk the losing of his body and soul for his friend, this is certainly sinful ; unless we presume it an heroical virtue to be damn'd for a friend.

When a drunkard, a robber, an adulterer, &c. is accused, these vulgar wretches think it their duty to defend or bring off their friends, and censure those who will not endeavour to blanch and conceal such enormities. But if this be friendship, the patronizing of thieves and robbers is virtue.

As hatred hath a stronger and quicker effect than friendship, one enemy may do us more hurt than ten friends can do us good. Therefore avoid chusing an angry man for your friend, as you would blows, dishonour, and clamour ; and chusing a drunkard, or a whoremonger, as you would the discovery of your secrets.

*Antisthenes* wondered at those, that, in buying an earthen dish, were careful to sound it, lest it had a crack, yet so careless in the choice of friends, as to take them flawed with vice.

Do good to thy friend, for that will increase his friendship ; and do good to thy enemy, for that will lessen his hatred.

The wounds of an ancient enmity leave their scars behind them, which seldom are healed so well to the sight but they lie open to the memory.

The lukewarmness of a friend is more nauseous than the satire of an enemy.

It

It is more dishonourable to distrust a friend, than to be deceived by him.

That kind of deceit which is cunningly laid, and smoothly carried on, under a disguise of friendship, is of all others the most impious and detestable.

Though the general friendships of the world ill deserve the name of friendships, yet a man may make use of them on occasion, as of a traffic whose returns are uncertain, and in which it is usual to be cheated.

The greatest effort of friendship is not the discovering our faults to our friend; it is the pointing out to him his own.

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### *Of SECRECY.*

**A** Man without secrecy is an open letter for every one to read.

An habit of secrecy is both politic and moral. Where there is depth secrets are ever best concealed; for there must needs be a great deal of room, and large spaces, where all that is thrown in may be easily kept. Reservedness proceeds from the great command one has over one's self, and that is indeed a real triumph. We pay tribute to as many persons as we discover ourselves to.

Never reveal thy secrets to any, except it is as much their interest to keep them, as it is yours that they should be kept. Only trust thy self, and another shall not betray thee.

The tongue is a wild beast, very difficult to be chained again, when once let loose.

We seldom repent talking too little, but very often talking too much.

Silence is the sanctuary of prudence: A resolution discovered seldom meets with due esteem. He that declares himself is obnoxious to censure; and if he succeeds not, he is doubly wretched.

Look upon secrets entrusted to you, as pledges you cannot in honour part with, except where the interest of your country is concerned.

He that hath entrusted his secret to another hath made himself his slave.

When

When you let the secret of your friend go out of your lips, believe that friendship, fidelity, honour, honesty, wisdom, and justice, go out of your soul at the same time; and that the difference between you and a beast is, that the brutality of the beast consists in not being able to speak, and yours in not being able to hold your tongue.

Be careful of the secrets of the family where you live, from whence hardly the most indifferent circumstance must be divulged; for he that will drop any thing indiscretely, may very justly be thought to retain nothing; and those who are upon the watch for information, will, from a very remote hint, conjecture all the rest.

It is much safer to be ignorant of secrets which are difficult and dangerous *to be kept*, than to know them.

All trust is dangerous, if it is not entire; we ought on most occasions to speak all, or conceal all. We shall presently tell him too much, from whom we think it convenient to hide the least circumstance.

### MERCHANTS and TRADESMEN.

**A** Tradesman's principle is too often his interest, and his interest his principle.

He that keeps his accounts will keep his family, but he that keeps no account may be kept by the parish.

A knave may get more than an honest man for a day, but the honest man will get most by the year.

A diligent careful master makes a good servant, but he that is careless makes all his people partners.

Settle your differences yourselves, if you would make an end of them; but if you would have them endless, call in the lawyers.

Every man is honest till he is found out, and when that happens every body knew it.

A tradesman's catechism is contained in his ledger, and his alphabet is the key to it.



The parson tells you the three best books are the *Bible*, the *Common-prayer*, and the *Whole duty of man*; but the tradesman refers you to his *Waste-book*, *Journal*, and *Leidger*.

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### YOUTH *and* EDUCATION.

**W**HERE a child finds his parents his perverters, says Dr. *South* in one of his sermons, he cannot so properly be said to be *born*, as to be *damned* into the world; and better were it by far to be *unborn* and *unbegotten*, than to come to ask a blessing of those whose conversation breathes nothing but contagion and a curse. So impossible, and so much a paradox is it, for any parent to impart to his child his blessing and his vice too.

Youth is a continual drunkenness; it is the fever of reason.

It is a real hardship for a young man to be trusted with himself and his estate, before those years that give maturity to his reason and judgment.

Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands, but in unskilful the most mischievous,

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, and the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and have brought to light.

That man must have a strange value for words, when he can think it worth while to hazard the innocence and virtue of his son for a little *Greek* and *Latin*; whilst he should be laying the solid foundations of knowledge in his mind, and furnishing it with just rules to direct his future progress in life.

To be prudent, honest, and good, are infinitely higher accomplishments than the being nice, florid, learned, or all that which the world calls great scholars and fine gentlemen.

## Of CONVERSATION.

**R**esolve to speak and act well in company, in spite of those that do ill; whose vice set against thy virtue, will render it more conspicuous and excellent,

It is a sure method of obliging in conversation, to shew a pleasure in giving attention.

The wit of conversation consists more in finding it in others, than shewing a great deal yourself.

There are braying *men* in the world, as well as braying *asses*; for what is loud and senseless talking, huffing, and swearing, any other than a more fashionable way of *braying*?

Conversation is generally confined to indifferent, low, or perhaps vicious subjects; and all that is serious and good is almost banished the world. Some are so black in the mouth, as to utter nothing that is decent; supplying want of wit with want of modesty, and want of reputation with want of shame.

It is good not to conceive such a high notion of people, as to become bashful in their presence.

A jest, told in a grave manner, has the better effect; but you extinguish the appetite of laughter in others, if you prevent them by your own.

Good-nature (says a polite author) is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance, which is more amiable than beauty.

It is ungenerous to give a man occasion to blush at his own ignorance in any one thing, who perhaps may excel us in many.

People seldom speak ill of themselves but when they have a good chance of being contradicted.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we converse, is more than to speak in exact order.

Common swearing in a man shews a perpetual distrust of his own reputation, and is an acknowledgment that he thinks his bare word not to be worthy of credit.

Men

Men are pleased with a *Jester*, but never esteem him. A *merry fellow* is the *saddest fellow* in the world.

He that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he need be afraid of others memory.

The talent of turning men into ridicule, and exposing those we converse with, is the qualification of little ungenerous tempers. The greatest blemishes are often found in the most shining characters: But what an absurd thing is it, to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities; to observe his imperfections more than his virtues!

In company have due regard to ages, sexes, characters, professions, time and places, let nothing escape you that may offend any of the senses.

Hold yourself in restraint, without putting any restraint upon others; and if any make a step to oblige you, make two to acknowledge it.

Lolling, drumming with the fingers, whistling, laying up the legs, yawning, sleeping, or any thing that implies weariness or disrespect, is carefully to be avoided in all companies.

The reciprocal *respect* that is due from man to man ought always to appear in company, and curb all the irregularities of our fancies and humours, that hinder those we converse with from being pleased both with us and themselves.

Let a man be never so perfect, he sometimes stands in need of counsel: He that will take none is an incorrigible fool. The most intelligent person ought to make room for good advice.

If judgment be necessary in writing a letter, which is premeditated conversation by paper, far more is it required in ordinary conversation, which brings the merit of people under a sudden test.

Take heed not to be vain in censuring of words, lest that make thee to be taken for a pedant. To speak to the purpose is more necessary, than to speak eloquently.

It is flattering some men to endure them: present punishment attendeth the fault.



A *following* wit will be welcome in most companies; a *leading* one lieth too heavy for envy to bear. Out-doing is so near reproaching, that it will generally be thought very ill in company: as any thing that shineth doth in some measure tarnish every thing that standeth next to it.

Endeavour to make peace among thy neighbours; it is a worthy and reputable action, and will bring greater and juster commendations to thee, and more benefit to those with whom thou conversest, than wit or learning, or any of those so much admired accomplishments.

All societies of bad men are gangs of conspirators.

Ill company is like a dog, who dirties those most whom he loves best.

A resolution never to deceive exposes a man to be often deceived.

Good sense should be the test of all rules, both ancient and modern; whatever is incompatible therewith is false.

It is in disputes as in armies, where the weaker side sets up false lights, and makes a great noise, to make the enemy believe they are more numerous and strong than they really are.

### *The BUFFOON.*

**B**Uffoonry and scurrility are the corruption of wit, as knavery is of wisdom.

Buffoons are a sort of insects which breed in all countries; we can scarce step for fear of treading on them.

Be not ingenious at the cost of another man; which is more odious in you, than prejudicial to him.

There are abundance of obscene, a great many more railing and satirical wits, but very few delicate. A man must have manners and politeness to trifle with a good grace, and a copious fancy to play handsomely on little things,



things, to create matter of raillery, and make something out of nothing.

Seeing there is no protection against the sting of a malevolent wit and licentious tongue, if at any time you chance to be touched to the quick, turn wittily into a jest what was rudely said in earnest.

'Tis easier to ridicule than commend; a very little understanding serves for the first, but a man must have a good deal of judgment to do the latter properly.

Drolls and buffoons, whilst they think to make sport for others, commonly become laughing-stocks themselves, to all but those who pity them.

That which stirs up our laughter most commonly excites our contempt: to please, and to make merry, are two very different talents.

There are tyrants in conversation, as well as on the throne, who are not men of half the merit of those they insult.

To laugh at deformed persons is inhuman, if not impious.

Old age is too venerable for raillery, and should be revered.

He who makes a jest of the frailties of nature, upbraids the God of nature.

The unfortunate are fit subjects of compassion, not of raillery.

Those who injure the reputation or fortune of another, for the sake of a jest, deserve an infamous punishment.

'Tis monstrous to consider how easy and pleased we are, when we rally, play upon, and despise others; and how angry and cholerick when we are ourselves rallied, played upon, and despised.

There is nothing more disagreeable than continual jesting: by endeavouring to purchase the reputation of being pleasant, one loses the advantage of being thought wise. Some minutes are to be allowed to mirth, and the rest to seriousness.

There is somewhat that borders upon madness in every exalted wit.

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He that affects always shewing his wit, seldom fails of letting the world know he has little or none.

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### The CRITIC.

**B**Y a critic was generally understood a good judge; but now, with us, it signifies no more than an unmerciful fault-finder, two steps above a fool, and a great many below a wise man.

Finding faults is the most easy and vulgar part of a critic; whereas nothing shews so much skill and taste, as the being thoroughly sensible of the sublimest excellencies.

There may be two pictures of the same person, one handsome, the other ugly, and yet both like the original: it is the same thing in the accounts we have of men and things: let us then "with caution trust them."

The laws of civility generally oblige us to commend, what in reason we cannot blame. Men should allow others excellencies, were it but to preserve a modest opinion of their own.

A little wit, and a great deal of ill-nature, will furnish a man for satire; but the greatest instance of wit is to commend well.

Some will read over a book with a view to find fault: like venomous *spiders*, extracting a poisonous quality, where the industrious *bees* sip out a sweet and profitable juice.

Censure always with modesty and caution, lest you forwardly condemn what you have not skill to understand.

If no man was to be allowed to censure an excess in another, who was himself guilty of a contrary one, what a sudden dearth of moralists and critics should we have in the world!

By the rules of justice, no man ought to be ridiculed for any imperfection, who does not set up for eminent sufficiency in that way wherein he is defective.

If we had no faults ourselves, we should not take such pleasure in observing those of others. He

He that can probe himself to cure his own faults, will seldom need either the surgery of his friends or of his enemies.

Ill critics, said the Duke of *Buckingham*, are of all sorts of writers the most contemptible. They are no better than little dogs that bark at a traveller; if he be such a fool as to stop his journey, or so much as slash his whip at them, he will draw on more noise, and the boys of the town to boot; but if he rides on his way, the poor curs sneak away home, and are no more taken notice of.

'Tis a sign of the last necessity in an author when he is forced to steal from himself; 'tis worse than robbing the spital.

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### Of FLATTERY.

**F**lattery is compounded of the most sordid, hateful qualities incident to mankind, *viz.* lying, servility, and treachery.

Flattery is a sort of bad money, to which our vanity gives currency.

He that reviles me, it may be, calls me fool; but he that flatters me, if I take not good heed, will make me so.

If we did not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others could do us little harm.

'Tis rude to refuse indifferently all sorts of praises: we ought to be sensible of those which come from good men, who praise sincerely what is really commendable.

Few are so wise as to prefer useful reproofs to treacherous praise.

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### The FOP.

**W**E are never made so ridiculous by the qualities we have, as by those we affect to have.

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There

There are a thousand fops made by art, for one fool by nature.

It is to affectation the world owes its whole race of coxcombs; nature, in her whole drama, never drew such a part; she has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of a man's own making.

A beau dress'd out is as the cinnamon-tree, the bark is more worth than the body.

Though a coat that a fool wears be never so fine, 'tis still but a fool's coat.

Some fops measure their deserts by the bulk of their estates: others assert a claim to brains, for their accuracy in modes and fashions; though at the same time their manners are corrupted, and minds infected.

There is no such fop as my young master, who is a fool of his lady mother's making: she blows him up into a conceit of himself, and there he stops, without ever advancing one step farther: she makes a man of him at sixteen, and a boy all the days of his life after.

How great is the madness of some particular men, who, by being possessed of great estates, which their fathers got for them by trade and industry, form themselves after the manner of princes, have their wardrobe, their equipage, and by excessive expences and ridiculous stateliness provoke the laughter of the whole town, which they a while fancy is dazzled with their lustre, till they ruin themselves in the end with striving to make themselves ridiculous.

Let your apparel be fitted as nicely to your estate, years, and profession, as to your person.

If we cast an eye into the gay world, what see we for the most part, but a set of querulous, emaciated, fluttering, and fantastical beings, worn out in the keen pursuit of pleasure; creatures that know, own, condemn, deplore, yet still pursue their own infelicity; the decaying monuments of error, the thin remains of what is called delight?



Of GAMING.

**H**OW strangely infatuated are those, who, simply committing their fortunes to mere chance, throw away their estates, and entail want upon their issue!

'Tis a pity such madmen are not restrained from ruining their poor innocent wives, children, relations, creditors, dependents, &c. by a law, that if any commoner lose above a hundred pounds at a sitting, he shall be deemed a lunatic, and have a commission of lunacy granted against him to his next of kin.

Gaming, like a quick-sand, swallows up a man in a moment. Our follies and vices help one another, and blind the bubble, at the same time that they make the sharper quick-sighted.

A good man will love himself too well to lose, and his neighbour too well to win, an estate by gaming.

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Of QUARRELS.

**I**F you be affronted, it is better to pass it by in silence, or with a jest, though with some dishonour, than to endeavour revenge. If you can keep reason above passion, that and watchfulness will be your best defenders.

Disputes commonly begin in mistakes, are carried on with heat and fury, and end in reproach and uncharitable names, and frequently in blood.

None more impatiently suffer injuries, than those that are most forward in doing them.

He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

To carry inflaming tales between persons at variance, is as dangerous an office as holding a wolf by the ears.

What men want of *reason* for their opinions, they usually supply and make up in *rage*.

A weather-cock, that is the sport of every wind, has more repose than a choleric man; sometimes exposed to the scorn, sometimes to the resentment, and always to the abhorrence of all who know him.

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is superior. *To err is human, to forgive divine.*

True honour will pay treble damages, rather than justify one wrong by another. To wrong another, is not the way to right thyself: hurts are not healed with hurts, nor wounds with wounds.

Make yourself agreeable, as much as possible, to all; for there is no person so contemptible, but that it may be in his power to be your best friend, or worst enemy.

Many take a pride to insult over the timorous; and mean and low submissions do but swell them up to a more extravagant and remorseless barbarity.

### OF DETRACTION.

**S**LANDERERS are like flies; they leap over all a man's good parts, to light upon his sores.

The worthiest people are most injured by slanderers: as we usually find that to be the best fruit, which the birds have been pecking at.

To be slandered ranks us with men of the greatest merit, who could never escape the calumnies of the envious.

It is harder to avoid censure, than to gain applause; for this may be done by one great or wise action in an age; but to escape censure, a man must pass his whole life without saying or doing one foolish thing.

We are no more to hear calumnies than to report them. It is a sign of a bad reputation, to take pleasure in blasting the credit of our neighbours. He who sells his neighbour's *credit* at a low rate, makes the market for another to buy his at the same price.

As a great body is not without a like shadow, neither can eminent virtue escape without much detraction.

We

We often use envenomed praise, which by a side-blow exposes in the person we commend, such faults as we durst not any other way lay open.

Superiority in virtue is the most unpardonable provocation that can be given to a base mind: innocence is too amiable to be beheld without hatred; and it is a secret acknowledgment of merit, which the wicked are betrayed into, when they pursue good men with violence. This behaviour visibly proceeds from a consciousness in them, that other people's virtue upbraids their own want of it.

Men's words are bullets, which their enemies take up and make use of against them.

There can hardly be a severer thing said to a man in this age, than that he is like the rest of the world.

Slander would not stick, if it had not always something to lay hold of.

A man who can allow himself the liberty to slander, hath the world too much at his mercy.

We tell others their faults more out of pride than a desire they should mend, and call them to account out of ostentation, as if we ourselves were innocent.

Two women seldom grow intimate, but at the expence of a third person; they make friendship as kings of old made leagues, who sacrificed some poor animal betwixt them, and commenced strict allies: so the ladies, after they have pulled some character to pieces, are inviolable friends.

What mischief is it the craft and subtilty of a double tongue cannot work upon a credulous fool! tale-bearers ought to be hung up by the tongue, tale-hearers by the ears.

He whose guilty conscience reflects dismal images of himself, is willing to put the like ugly shape upon others, and to conclude all men the same, were they closely inspected: and when he can see but the least glimmering of a fault, takes it as a proof of his hypothesis, and with an envious joy calls in as many spectators as he can.

Mankind being apter to believe evil than good, even doubtful accusations leave a stain behind them,

and often prove indelible injuries to the party accused.

Believe nothing against another, but upon good authority; neither report what may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to conceal it.

Hear not ill of an enemy: believe not all you hear, nor report all you believe.

Where jealousy holds the scale, a drop of detraction will turn the balance.

All men revenge themselves on an evil-speaker, by speaking evil of him: and since he is alone, he will be sooner overcome than those he flanders, who are numerous. Calumny ought never to be the subject of satisfaction, nor the comment of it. A detractor is eternally hated; and if sometimes great men converse with him, it is more for pleasure to hear his satires, than for any esteem they have for him.

Those who are incapable of great crimes do not readily suspect others of them.

### *Of OLD AGE.*

**E**VERY man desires to live long, but no man would be old.

Old age gives *good advice*, being no longer able to give *bad example*.

Old age is a tyrant, which forbids the pleasures of youth on pain of death.

The defects of the mind, like those of the face, grow worse as we grow old.

The vices of old age have in them the stiffness of it too: and as it is the unfittest time to *learn*, so the unfitness of it to *unlearn* will be found much greater.

An old wrestler loves to look on and be near the lifts, though feebleness will not let him offer at the prize. An old huntsman finds music in the noise of hounds, though he cannot follow the chase. An old drunkard loves a tavern, though he cannot go to it, but as he is supported and led by another, just as some are observed



observed to come from thence. And an old wanton will be doating upon women, when he can scarce see them without spectacles.

The devil can neither drink, nor whore, nor play the epicure, though he enjoy the pleasures of all these at second hand, and by malicious approbation.

There is as much difference between the pleasure a man takes in his own sins, and that which he takes in other men's, as there is between the wickedness of a man, and the wickedness of a devil.

An insufficient old man marrying a young wife, is like the vanity of taking a fine house, and being forced to lett lodgings to help to pay the rent.

Old men have in some degree their reprisals upon younger, by making nicer observations upon them, by virtue of their experience.

An old man concludeth from his knowing mankind, that they know him too, and that maketh him very wary.

An inquisitive and virtuous soul improves daily in knowledge; and though the body decays, and all bodily pleasures with it, wisdom and counsel, piety and devotion, are the crown and glory of age.

It is insolent, as well as unnatural, to trample upon the venerable decays of human nature: he that acts in this manner does but expose his own future condition, and laugh at himself beforehand.

The clouds of dotage, in the evening of man's life, no less obscure his prudence, than the mists of ignorance, that usually attend the first dawns of reason in infancy.

Few people remember that they have been young, and how hard it was then to live chaste and temperate. The first thing men do when they have renounced pleasure, either out of decency, surfeit, or conviction, is to condemn it in others.

A wise old man, who has a faithful memory, is an inestimable treasure: we may receive from him the history of the age, adorned with many curious circumstances, which we could never meet with in all our reading; from him we may learn such rules and maxims  
for

for the regulation of our conduct as may be depended upon, since they are founded on experience.

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### Of DEATH.

**I**N speaking of the *dead*, fold up your discourse so handsomely, as their virtues may be shewn outwards, and their vices wrapt up in silence.

Men take more pains for this world, than heaven would cost them; and, when they have what they aim at, do not live to enjoy it. The grave lies unseen between us and the object we reach after: where one lives to enjoy whatever he has in view, ten thousand are cut off in the pursuit of it.

A man in health questions whether there is a God, as he does whether fornication be a sin. If he is sick and given over, his misis is laid aside, and the dread of his Maker leaves no room for his doubts.

'Tis an excellent proof of wisdom, frequently to meditate of the eternity of our worthiest part, and to consider, that this compact of the elements must soon suffer a dissolution. Beauty is a flower which soon withers, health changes, and strength abates; but innocence is immortal, and a comfort both in life and death.

There are a great many miseries, which nothing but death can give relief to. This puts an end to the sorrows of the afflicted and oppressed; it sets the prisoners at liberty; it dries up the tears of the widows and fatherless; it eases the complaints of the hungry and naked; it tames the proudest tyrants, and puts an end to all our labours: and the contemplation on it supports men in their present adversities, especially when they have a prospect of a better life than this.

The reflection upon a holy and virtuous life, and the consciousness of a man's uprightness and sincerity, are a spring of joy and peace to him, which refresheth his mind with unspeakable comfort and pleasure, under all  
the

the evils and calamities of life, and especially at the hour of death.

Life is a kind of sleep : old men sleep longest ; they never begin to wake, but when they are to die. If then they run over the whole course of their lives year by year, they find frequently neither virtues nor commendable actions enough to distinguish them one from another. They confound their different ages ; they see nothing sufficiently remarkable to measure the time they have lived by. They have had confused dreams, without any form or coherence. However, they fancy, like those who awake, that they have slept a long while.

When a man is taken sick, his senses are busied about his disease, or distracted between physician, lawyer, and minister, so that his friends are unwelcome, strangers troublesome, visits offend, his own servants cannot please, others discourses tire him ; to speak spends, to be silent grieves him ; not to be told how he does, vexes him ; to be told how ill he is discomforts him ; to see his wife and children weeping and lamenting, bitterly afflicts him. Thus distressed and distracted with sickness, pain, and grief, and still, as death approaches, the worm of conscience gnawing, and evil spirits moving to despair, how miserably disabled and unfit will the heart of a sinner be, to lift up itself to God by a sincere repentance ! when surrounded by these *deplorable horrors*, how wretched is that man, who cannot look backward but with *shame*, nor forward but with *terror* ! what comfort will his riches afford him in his extremity ; or what will his sensual pleasures, his vain and empty titles, robes, dignities, and crowns, avail him in this day of his distress !

The time is near, when the great and the rich must leave his land, and his well-built house ; and of all the trees of his orchards and woods, nothing shall attend him to his grave, but oak for his coffin, and cypress for his funeral.

How deplorable is the blindness of human pride ! which must have their dead bodies laid in state, pompous funerals, superb monuments ; which fills men in a  
manner

manner with their own emptiness; which turns the saddest warnings God gives them, in order to humble them, into the most dangerous illusions; which endeavours to fix upon marble or brass a transitory grandeur, that passes away with so much rapidity; which endeavours to secure to itself a portion of a worldly life, in the very empire of death itself!

When I look upon the tombs of the great, says Mr. *Addison*, every emotion of envy dies within me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind; when I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died as yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**V**ERY few men, properly speaking, live at present, but are providing to live another time.

Remedies for the mind, as well as the body, are often disgustful in proportion as they are salutary.

Custom is the plague of wise men, and the idol of fools.

Use makes every posture familiar to the body, and every opinion to the mind.

If a man will observe as he walks the streets, I believe he will find the merriest countenances in mourning coaches.

Gravity.



Gravity is a mysterious carriage of the body, invented to cover the defects of the mind.

A good grace is to the body, what good sense is to the mind.

If a man walks lame, he is pitied; if he dances lame, he is laughed at: the one is unavoidable, the other is not.

The desire of *appearing* persons of ability often prevents our *being* so.

Our humour has more faults than our understanding.

He who is pleased with nobody is much more unhappy than he with whom nobody is pleased.

Familiarity, it is true, breeds contempt; but love is not to be gained without some degree of it.

There are no accidents so *unlucky*, but the *prudent* may draw some *advantage* from them: nor are there any so *lucky*, but the *imprudent* may turn them to their *prejudice*.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable, for the happy impute all their success to prudence or merit.

There sometimes wants only a stroke of fortune to discover numberless latent good or bad qualities, which would otherwise have been eternally concealed; as words written with a certain liquor appear only when applied to the fire.

Our head is never to be trusted in our own concerns, for it is always a prejudiced party: the advice of another is ever more disinterested; and the only requisites in another person are, that he is honest and prudent.

Nothing is less sincere than the manner of asking and giving advice. He who asks it seems to have a respectful deference for the opinion of his friend; though he only aims at making him approve his own, and be responsible for his conduct. And he who gives it repays the confidence reposed in him by a seemingly disinterested zeal; though he seldom means any thing by the advice he gives, but his own interest or reputation.

The

The stoical scheme, of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

Dishonest men conceal their faults from themselves and others; honest men know them well, and confess them.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves, than to have others so.

No fools are so troublesome as those who have some wit.

Silence may hide folly, as a vizard does an ill face, but then it is but for a time.

The happiness and misery of some men depend no less on their temper than fortune.

The good we have received from a man should make us bear with the ill he does us.

We always love those who *admire us*, but we do not always love those whom *we admire*.

The modesty that seems to decline praise, only desires to be praised more delicately.

Our bad actions do not expose us to so much persecution and hatred, as our good qualities.

Happiness is in the taste, not in the thing; and we are made happy by possessing what we love, not what others think lovely.

Where diligence opens the door of the understanding, and impartiality keeps it, truth is sure to find both an entrance and a welcome.

A man ought to be deaf to all insinuations of liberality, till he has satisfied the clamours of right and justice.

The pleasure of eating lies nor in what you eat, but in yourself: therefore exercise makes delicacies.

He who desires to live, merely for living's sake, has not a worthy notion of his being: he only puts a right value upon life, who desires it that he may do good.

'Tis no great misfortune to oblige ungrateful people; but 'tis an insupportable one to be forced to be under an obligation to a scoundrel.

The

The merriest people are not always those whose hearts are most susceptible of joy.

The well concerted project of a sensible man must often depend for success on the will of a fool.

Unbecoming forwardness oftner proceeds from ignorance than impudence.

The mind has often a strong appetite and a weak digestion as well as the body, so that science degenerates into error, as food into morbid qualities.

The artful doing of an indifferent thing sometimes gains a person as much reputation as true merit.

While laziness, timidity, and shame keep us within the bounds of our duty, our virtue often runs away with the honour.

Fear may keep a man out of danger, but courage only can support him in it.

Magnanimity is sufficiently defined by its name; yet we may say of it that it is the good sense of pride, and the noblest way of acquiring applause.

Some men have been thought brave, because in the heat of the battle they were afraid to run away.

We should not judge of a man's merit by his great qualities, but by the use he makes of them.

Raillery is more insupportable than wrong; because we have a right to resent injuries, but it is ridiculous to be angry at a jest.

He that laughs at mischief tells us he is pleased that it is done, though he is sorry that he had no hand in it.

He that sins that he may repent, surfeits that he may take physic.

Lovers generally find the most noble and amiable qualities in their mistresses, and will tell you that those qualities are the occasion of their passion: But in reality the passion is generally the occasion of those qualities.

A young fellow that falls in love with a whore, may be said to fall asleep in a hog-sye.

Over-earnest asseverations give a suspicion that the speaker is conscious of his own falsities.

The invention of parchment is a scandal to humanity.

What a shame is it that men cannot keep their words without being forced to it!

To undertake what is not in our power to perform, is to mortgage an entailed estate, which is downright knavery.

There is but one real misfortune which can befall a man, and that is to have any thing to reproach himself with.

He that is in the wrong often times deserves our pity; but he that is unwilling to be in the right should have nothing but our contempt.

All the sense in the world is useless to him that has none; he has no fight, and cannot be profited by another man's.

To feel the want of reason is next to the having it: a fool is not capable of this knowledge. The best thing we can have, after wanting sense, is to apprehend that we need it; without sense a man might then know how to behave himself so as not to be an impertinent, a fop, or a coxcomb.

To know when to let things alone is a high pitch of good sense; but a fool hath an eagerness, like a monkey in a glass-shop, to break every thing in the handling.

The only way to be revenged on a person who talks too much is not to give him the hearing.

Interest speaks all languages, and acts all parts, even that of the *disinterested* person.

Interest which blinds some people, enlightens others:

The shortest and best way to make your fortune is to convince people it is their interest to serve you.

An ordinary wit that applies itself, goes farther than sublime one without application.

Reputation is got by indefatigable labour. Virtue and application are the only arbiters of a man's fate; for as imprudence is the source of all the crosses of life, so is prudence the cause of all its happiness.

Take care to know well the persons you have to deal with; examine their nature, their temper, their manner, their inclination, their virtues and their vices; but above all things, that inexpressible something, which actuates and guides them in all their actions, and which we call their humour.



Some men are so over-cautious, that they will hazard nothing ; but a true sportsman will hook a gudgeon to catch a jack.

He who sollicitis for others has the confidence of one that demands justice ; and he who speaks for himself, the confusion and bashfulness of him that implores mercy.

A man throws himself down whilst he complaineth ; and when a man throws himself down, nobody cares to take him up again.

Nothing hath an uglier look to us than reason, when it is not on our side. We quarrel so often with it, that it makes us afraid to come near it. A man that doth not use his reason is a tame beast, a man that abuses it a wild one.

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, &c. beginning from his youth, and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last !

It is a strange desire which men have to seek power and lose liberty.

A man of sense and some fortune thinks he pays dear enough for an employment if he parts with his liberty, by giving his honest and diligent attendance ; therefore such seldom get into any.

People will despise their own virtues, and censure their own vices, in others. Nobody laughs at the folly of another so much as a fool ; no man believes another so little as a liar ; no people censure the talkative more than great talkers : misers daily condemn covetousness, and squanderers rail at extravagance. If one young lady calls the chastity of another in question, she gives suspicion of herself.

Disagreeable qualities are often heightened by restraint, as the power of a spring is encreased by drawing it back.

He that sees ever so accurately into the motives of other people's acting, may possibly be entirely ignorant as to his own : it is by the mental as the corporal eye, the object may be placed too near the sight to be seen truly, as well as too far off.

*Silenus*

*Silenus*, the foster-father of *Bacchus*, is always carried by an ass, and has horns on his head. The moral is, that drunkards are led by fools, and have a great chance to be cuckolds.

Men of superior sense and candour exercise a ready and flowing indulgence towards those who intreat their favour, and are never better pleased than when they have an opportunity to make their talents more serviceable to mankind.

He that procures the benefit, will sometimes be thought the benefactor.

Continual apologies for every thing at table are a thousand times more troublesome than the faults they would excuse.

A nice man is a man of nasty ideas.

Being complemental and cringing on all occasions passes with many for good breeding, whereas it is just the contrary; for good breeding is judging well, when to be formal, and when to be familiar.

If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is he keeps his at the same time.

They are thought to have read much, who speak of it often; which is only a sign of not digesting what they read; just as a man's bringing up his supper is a proof of eating, but a very disagreeable one.

A long preface to a short book is like a large porch to a little house.

I must beg leave to end these maxims of mine with one which is inserted in the third number of my magazine, and which I borrowed from the wise son of *Sirach*.

*Blessed is the man who hath a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be double.* ECCLESIASTICUS.

F I N I S.

